

Poetry Series

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL(29-06-1976)

a teacher and bilingual poet...an avid English lover and dedicated learner...fond of poetry specially a resolute brevity lover...believe in terse but not trash poetry. Muse India, India`s top-most web journal has awarded him with YS poetry Prize for December of his early poems got published in Wave, once-published weekly supplement of The poems have been selected for RAINBOW HUES, the anthology of 7th International Poetry `ll be felicitated there in Andhra Pradesh.

' All Is Not Lost '

When many hopes dash against a rock reality
all of them never perish; the reduced bits
rise from their forced grave- -
At least one of them like a phoenix
returns to life and regains all lost vigor;
maybe imperceptibly but surely it occurs.

That is why the majority never embraces nihilism
or resorts to violent anarchy...
one spotless messiah must stand out
in the crowd of tainted leopards;
a poor farmer envisages ' the golden grace '
when hundreds of rodents scamper in his stomach
and the loud agony that nests in their hut
fails to stunt his ' full-plate' dream!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

.....Yet.....

My halo has been stolen!
Yet my head is ready for a chaplet.
My face looks glum.
Yet I am smiling inside.

My mind has gone numb.
Yet an acute pain stings.
Maybe feeling has lost its language!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

....Real Poetry.

i have got down
from a poetry spacecraft
on a widening beaten track
that runs into the hearts
of many villages, towns and cities
and into the yawning truth of beautiful earth.

all the true sights and sounds around me
slap on my once luxury dreams
grown wildly like weeds in many fluffy poems.

as it were, as a photographer
i was aiming at high above
and shooting some fleeting plumes of broken clouds
with an illusory background of the empty sky.

many faces smeared with smiles or dented with mute pain
were then looking up to my camera and the dreamy zoom lens.
my eyes missed the wild waves in the sea of common people
and ears missed all caws and open hisses in homes within houses
and nose missed the smell of burning earth in the bed of earth!

like a wizard night
the abstract art pulled my hands
and took me to one exotic land
where fancy hills and fancy seas
sang to me some magic songs
what like a wonder lullaby put me to the sleep of daydreams.

when i watched some art films
later getting out of that lazy stupor
i saw in them the real art in very real lives
and the magic of hard realty
has taken me inside its real poetry

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

100 Years Later...

the carbon monoxide of cynical advance
will endanger the humane greenhouse.
warmongers will gather in a luxury mart
displaying more nippy and eye gloating cart.
creeds will stand as thin and feeble veil
as the paradise will lean against the adjacent hell.
the atrocity unleashed by the banshee mobocracy
in a raven`s voice will sing for the plutocracy.
the strides and strums of puffed-up science
will crush tender grasses as only ugly choice.
a flower plant will covet for its own motherly garden
throwing off indignantly all the spiritual burden.
kids will rocket to the maritime Eden Gardens
and homes will dwindle in myriad minuscule heathens.
peace sucked gaudy goblins will saunter like monarchs
and bills stuffed scarecrow like effigies will salute in honor.
the bleak morning frightens the portentous nights
all the coaxing hands are devilishly turning off the lights.
no savior can save the giant ship that is dipping fast aground
plenty of carcasses and corpses but vultures won`t be found.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

2016

The dawn of this new year
has lighted up my dim eyes
that see her rocking a cradle
where will grow REALIZATION.
And where will grow my soul
with the grey feet of wisdom.

And things in a crowd around me
may get nippy in a long highway
or may pile up in her sway.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

30 Years From Now

i am yet alive
as a poet never dies
i am yet alive
as death has not loved me that much
may be not yet sure
whether i should be taken to the hell or to the heaven
may be i am yet meant to unload some more poems
though love has come to me many times in many ways
and has brought many gifts as nails for my all parts
i have endured all of them with my poetry and old monk
look at the awards and trophies looking at your eyes
from the old showcase some rewards for sad sweats
some stoned tear drops and signature melancholic hours
and some smiles long left for the paradise pavilion
i am yet alive and very happily alone

i am yet dying to listen to the poem
unwritten in my study and poetry chamber without me
where silence is ruling like a despot without my silence
where mosses on my non existence are winning the walls
where my left behind breaths are wreathing some empty garlands
i am yet dying to see all my girlfriends streaming with seas or rivers or puddles
in their now the sun baked courtyards
at the death of their old flame and a controversial soul
and my matey readers missing a hamlet poet
having lost him in the bay never to be discovered

i am yet alive
only because i am not dead
and a bit sick of the claps at different poetry ceremonies
on reading out some poems after their hearts
i am long tired and too tired to drag on any more
my daughters are mothers now and my girlfriends too
and i am too old even to look a bit young
i wanted to die young as a hero dies young
but death has not loved me yet that much
and i am alive yet
why i am alive yet

7th International Poetry Fest-2014 And The Anthology Rainbow Hues

I wrote as I write two poems one day
keeping in mind the theme of the fest;
the caption like quotation struck my chord
the household Muse swayed her rod
and strummed all the nerves of my bard-guitar:
Two flows came out from their mellifluous tune
and rushed as a gush to leap into the 'Rainbow Hues'.
I`ll sprinkle my joy and take shower from many other fonts
I`ll be there for sure to tune up my humble instrument.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Bad Stuff For Good Gossip!

I am the talk of the town
for some good and bad reasons.
I keep climbing up to high peaks
and in the plain I play with butterflies!

Local gossip mongers are highly encouraged
by my wild horses drawn big life carriage!
Each of the butterflies touches me with a wand-wing:
The wild horses gain good butterfly wings!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Big Question.....

Is poetry a staple food for mind
or a supplementary nutritious item?
Answers vary as two minds are never alike.
It depends on whether we have knack
for fast mental age and mental agility.
Nimble minds may go for mental gymnastic.

Poetry has its own language to speak
both the reality and super fiction.
Reading poetry is a unique exercise
for both sound minds and brains.

But asking people to get all knowledge
and information mainly through poetry
will be like asking blind persons to look
at a delicate thing through a magnifying glass.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Big Thanks Poem...

Sweetheart, O my sweetheart;
you have won my heart.
Dunno how many thanks I should give?
For such a lifetime gift!

When you step towards me with the Alps grit,
this morning star gives in to your bold grip!
I am blowed to dive into your Pacific love!
For us you can rage a crusade against the world!

How many will dare to unveil the cruel future?
My sweetheart, you are so original with wild nature!
You weave white lies into a wall to hide our honeycomb!
Your eyes are blind to my feet getting close to a near tomb!

You are no less good than the ideal Lucy!
Been Wordsworth here, he would burn in envy!
Keats` pathos would turn into white pearls
to see this couple of pigeons brisk with chirps!

No worries about the path ahead.
All roads are not long thoroughfare!
We will draw the new atlas abed!
And will make this unequal pair a unique pair!

Sweetheart, O my sweetheart;
you have won my heart.
Dunno how many thanks I should give?
For such a lifetime gift!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Bitter Nut...

Every day is a mystery.
We discover it to happy or sad surprise.
Often a day feels like a heavy dream
When a bad dream like things
Occur in a bizarre reality.
We accept truth as we accept death.
No sea of tears is an apt solace.
Who is happy to be dwarfed into a funny Lilliput?
Who knows who is there behind such dreams?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Bizarre Harmony...

how can you keep your cool
when I flare up and do swear?
are you an ocean then
that can bear with the volcanic fire?

how do you hold up the candle aflame
and never let it put off even against the gust
of a strong storm? how do you make it?

yeah, only you can make it
one who loves a gnarled rock
one who knows the magic how to
melt a stoned-heart into love joy

you have put me again in love
that I fear ever the most
you have won over my heart
and I am again there lost.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Black Demon

O the giant black demon
you eat up the huge ball of fire
and diminish the whole today
into a diminutive dwarf...
when along with deathly silence
you play impish pranks
timid selves cringe to a crumb!
an ice-cold spooky touch
runs all over the nooky parts!
eager eyes strain hard
but vision goes bone nerd!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Bleak View...

Puppy-love jerks and lovey-dovey cookies
Race keeping in pace with sleek gadgets
Jet-set wed hearts make a day many days
So smartly cast away mud-fish yester rays
Lavishly hug libertine glitzy pageant marts
Lovingly clutch a live-in fling in a whore apartment
Rampant break-ups fail to kill the sexy lugworms...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Body That Observes Austerity...

a teetotaler mind
haunted by juicy grapevine!
leaping flames like burning desires
inside are smothered by solemn oaths;
even the smoldering fire is calmly hushed-up!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Bold Voice Sings...

Enough is enough.

Enough is enough.

Tears have flooded all the rivers

of my mind and the lands there too are flooded.

All the crops of lately toil have met their deadly fate!

How sad the molten sorrow has killed them just before the harvest!

(Refrain)

Enough is enough.

Enough is enough.

All the patience that was in has run out.

Cannot put up with the divine torture any more!

The bitter patience has soured the tongue of my heart.

Now I stop crying and I won't cry any longer.

I`ll brace the monster waves and see the devil!

I`ll venture out and now taste the peril!

(Refrain)

Enough is enough.

Enough is enough.

I`ll reach out to even the farthest laughter.

I`ll steal the sun and play with it a kiddy banter!

No more laughingstock! I`ll just go and rock!

I`ll burn the world with my lyrical match sticks!

I`ll get to your hearts and conquer love

not like an old Knight but as a poet and song dove!

(Refrain)

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Bug Bugs....

Why spring air fails to stir you up
the way it does with the rest of the earth?
How can a young tree stand so still
when the whole of the garden bathes in thrill?
It gets me mad and I feel like killing you!
Then it makes me sad `cause I will miss you!
This volcano fumes yet it does love you.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Casino.....

A casino enjoys
all the furtive glances
and the flirtatious smiles
of so many aces...

A casino looks on
deflated hopes and blooming dreams;
listens in the loud hisses of an invisible raconteur
and the mirrors there frown at the fleeting shadows.

A casino laughs at all the stupid wits
that play cards with very tall claims;
they are so blind to such clever games!
The card with the victory sign knows well the right hands.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Comedy From Ritual Tragedies.

I and my girlfriend both are infamously short tempered.
Oftentimes we bandy words with such violent barks that
we may seem to be chilling in our leisurely yaks and yaps.
We have got used to our quarrels at grumpy hours.

Offline and at our rendezvouses she is a fountain ladylove
but she gets a waterfall and at my monsoon incitement
she turns a river with swirling currents in hurt sentiment spate.

Even at ill-hours she hurls throaty words with sorrow moist eyes
and then with sharp pain at my heart I keep fueling 'the cock-fight'.

We lose to each other long before a childish fight loses its ground
and we go asunder just for nano-time only to be more tightly bound.

Our prickly qualms at the end of an angry bout of fighting spree
propel our love rocket by burning our regret gases to a blissful glee.

We stray like two blind proses only to be unified into our dream poetry.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Common Fear...

my heart will bleed in blue sorrow
if minus you comes any tomorrow

once He grants me you for ever
nothing and never shall i borrow...

when plus you brings a jackpot joy
that floods me to the rosy core
a fear often brings a coffin cold
what shall i do if you aren` t with me any more

not in any wild dream
i dreamed of any Belmont
never did i dream of any Monsieur or centaur

you came to me like a happy dream
ah! so real a joy...
more than a fancy pleasure
in half-sound a slumber

yet a fear pulls me apart
and draws out all tears
what shall i do
if we ever go asunder

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Common Riddle.

If the mysteries in the Earth were the waters of the Earth
humans were all aquatic creatures!
From two plus two equals to four;
from a square to a triangle
to end up in a geometry puzzle
constitutes the Homo sapiens genetics.
Thanks to the God all mysteries are not hardcore thrillers!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Common Tragedy..

When worries tick like a clock- -
round the clock, grey turn black head
and bushy beard. Four legs totter ahead
maybe very soon reach for the last cremation.
Liver has no fault; daily sorrow hits hard.
The booze of blue pain eats up the whole self.

Drawing a three-wheeled chariot
brings just half-meal to six waiting mouths.
The spasms of asthma hide in sleepless quiet night.

The three wheels daily run on this road and that road.
Passengers daily shout, 'Hurry up, hurry up'.
Yet the address comes daily a bit late.

The better-half is not okay;
now blessed with bloody tuberculosis.
She works at three homes and pants in evenings.

The eldest son is a cleaner;
works in a big bus.
Earns sum paltry yet a worker.

The middle one left school last year;
now hawks in a running train.
He earns very little. Yet very novice.

Two girls are too small.
They go to free school.
They are happy with free meal.

When worries tick like a clock- -
round the clock, grey turn black head
and bushy beard. Four legs totter ahead
maybe very soon reach for the last cremation.
Liver has no fault; daily sorrow hits hard.
The booze of blue pain eats up the whole self.

A Crazy Song...

(chorus)

Don` t take my love away.
I` ll lose all my colors.
Don` t put your black sway.
I fear though nothing can blind stars.
Keep off your iron hands- -
They may shower burning sands.

Swear in your chosen words
Railing my love as feeble parts.
Aren` t you afraid of losing your dear treasure?
If you have any such that`s way far any measure?
Even the soldiers however brave
In the frontier before the bullets-rain
Harken the death-knell and fear the grave.

Don` t take my love away.
I` ll lose all my colors.
A true one is so rare and dear
gained by a great chance or a pious prayer
made so ritually year after year....

The Earth is so lovely place
With her love and world of romance!
It` ll turn into the goblin Pluto
If we ever part our ways.

Just don` t take my love away.
I` ll lose all my colors.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Crazy Travelogue Of An Ongoing Travel....

Several typhoons and tsunamis turn the woody pages of my unwritten autobiography topsy-turvy. Perched on the feeble bough of wisdom tree this wild bird stares into the empty space. This blunt chisel strikes love marks into Muse embodied bark. Martial Art and Occult Science are now almost drowned in very personal oblivion. This gardener of saplings sprinkles ritual rains on a holy mission.

Chew and swallow many divine bugs. Some are sour some are bitter and some are bloody pungent. Muse came in a dream before my birth but for years we were estranged in this stupid earth. She woke me up and reminded to wield the quill that was idly asleep in my unknown slumber. At one amorous moment we together brought forth the maiden poem and they now breed at the pace of mosquitoes so many butterfly wings. The awakened spirits may turn a dead volcano once the madding tinkles of the dancing figure cease to exist.

50 Bengali butterflies briskly fluttered into a hard cover sanctuary dearly christened Kabita Pagal Katha and 115 sea waves rushed ashore to Oyster. Between these two steps lies the extinguished pyre of the best friend. Third one and many others now look for clever connoisseurs. The tryst of trust and doubt stretches hands out to an alien vine.

As a henpecked lover I carry out her order. Again she smiles on my bold efforts. Anything that stirs all the bale of nerves brings out venting verses. Some poems are slushy pulp of my bloody bludgeoned skull. One queer hammer often hits hard to null.

Glutton for large vocabulary is sad for the weak liver. Now possessed by sleek brevity the insane brain uses the incisor for obscure concision. The matter is not yet a concession. Like a weird conjuror the thrilled mind juggles sharp words. Like a freak of beautiful diction....

Many verses come out when a severe earthquake wrecks all the interior regions in the trembling cranium. Kind verses piece together all the torn up thread like nerves. The diver- zeal often swims in a deep well just for a stupid thrill. A new poem is a new birth to a poet.

Play hide and seek with great Blake's symbols; drown in the calm sea of Eliot's obscurity; chill with the Browning poetry art films; drink gallon of Keats' pathos and flirt with Byron's love.

The pupils of my pupils are now empty oceans. Once they are blessed with high waves and all choppy ripples they too will make so many wonders. A poet's eyes look for many poets.

Nothing can stop a will that lives on a mighty thrill. Poets are made in the farthest land. Passport and visa are buried in the Arabian sand. Toil and sweats alone are blunt tools in carving sublime poetry in the cosmos-bosom. All my poet friends know that poets are born smeared with stardust.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Cry From A Bedlam

you ask me or forbid
I will write like a machine
for I can not but write

write like a crazy worshiper
in due or odd hour
like a punch-drunk conjuror

no pause, no break, no recess
before the final long rest
I have gone off my mind

and stay now in poetry-asylum
call my names or kill me
but I will write non-stop

they add feathers to my dreams
they keep me awake in my half-death
like state and they will lull me to a full stop

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Curse And Blessing.

I am born with a curse.
I can not compromise.....
I suffer many losses.
I earn loneliness.

Again this rigidity is a gift.
I don` t have to scratch other back.
I don` t have to meekly bow before some.

Thanks to this I am a volcano.
Thanks to this I am a storm.
And, above all, I am like myself!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Daily Fun!

When I lose hope on anything or anybody,
it feels like power cut in that area of thought.
Somebody in me gropes for a match stick!
Somebody ever unseen offers a match box!
Striking is done and a flame is flashed.
I light a cigarette up and puff in some courage.
The burning end peeps through the cold darkness!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Desire Of Any Poet.

no desire for hereafter peace
ever bothers me the least.
materialistic and pragmatic desires
vernal lustful carnal desires
are ever naughty and restless
like road-side pranksters and urchins.
as I take my ego for my soul
never believe in invisible immortality.
no never any desire for celestial attainment.
crave for my poems to survive
my death into many next eras and epochs.
yearn for my poems having a successful access
to multitude hearts as ever useful treasure.
daily wishes and dreams intensify my desire
for awards as token of very worthy recognition.
the domineering desire is to die the death
of a poet with all great love and earnest regards.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Disease.....

Many try to prove how intelligent
they are simply by being clever.
They use lies and excuses as weapons
and the cover of smartness as armor.

They love to stuff themselves with dreams
and miscarry them like feeble wombs.
Their lives may turn sickly and airy
as they may end up cheating themselves.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Drooping Cherub And A Desperate Mother

We were aboard an express-train;
the iron-wheels were racing then.
Things were there as they are ever-
blaring cries from trotting hawkers
frolicking tattles of riotous commuters
amidst restless jerks and often-swerves;
with the robotic centipede gaining motion!
Blank gazes were clambering up and down-
young and old, waiting for the station
counting beads with a child's patience!
The outside things just ?ed and ?ew
on a split-second's stay like ?gment-hue!
Who knows when 'the unruly kite'
slid out through an open window
and teamed up with a rover ?ight
above a paddy right as if with a task to winnow?
Just then a call came and sounded a thud
and thrust back the escapist and exotic bird!
Back to the senses and back in the place
took some extra time as a duffer or crass;
noticed a mother crying and begging for alms
held a drooping tot in her motherly arms.
As pretty and lovely as any little one
but cut in two halves; one rests and the other gone!
Loud prayer blurred and faded to a murmur:
the poor little thing, born a disease-ridden;
who'l1 stop up the cavity on the little throbbing ticker?
The slim wallet came up and out
humble hand ?rmly stretched out;
the giver was given a prized alms
the moist eyes greeted the modest ones:
We were aboard the same poor train
and the wheels were hustling yet then!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Festival....

Festival crazy hearts
sniff at the festive flavor
way far ahead of the prescribed day.
The waft of joy in the air
relaxes all worked up nerves.

A festival is a common way
to get to old places and the past,
walking down the present time;
sometimes discovering a new road
to the future with a new wayfarer.

A festival is a common door
that opens to the pristine hall
of ancient tradition with the chandelier
of customs above and aroma of the culture
everywhere in the jumbo religious monument.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Few, Very Few, Too Few...

A few, very few, too few
will tell you- -
'O poet plant, you grow
up a big poet tree with a high crest;
with all new leaves everyday
on many branches and boughs.'

'O poet plant, you grow up a big poet tree
with the spirits of nature and life carefree:
We will quench up your thirst
when and as need be;
we will keep you in the sun
for you to gain life and fun! '

Do you not know
why there are a few, very few, too few
who will tell you
such and such things?

They love to look after farmlands
orchards and kitchen gardens
as they love crops, grains, fruits and vegetables.

No worries.
For poet plants have mostly grown in wild air
with little love and with little care...
They learn in the open with time
that the world loves them when they reach their prime!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Fight-Back...

I mustn` t give in to fate
In such a feeble way...
I mustn` t take it lying down;
I` ll brace myself and turn around
To take it now right head-on.

I know I have to put up a brave fight.
Only then a day may come breaking through a night.
I have to clear up the mess that time has made;
Maybe I pull through, maybe I fail;
I mustn` t see through it keeping just idle.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Firm Cradle In A Fair Heart

Deeper behind the bust
the softer bosom
cradles a pre-natal infant.
Did Helen ever lightly
imprint her sinister lips
On the forehead of the God's child?
Are not all Helens and Aphrodites
the crunchy faggots to be burnt
to pathetic tiny ends?
Were not the womb the mother earth,
There would lie in the lower part
just a long Mumbai highway!
A woman is more than a man
For she is a mother and goddess.
The arms are so strong that
they carry and rock
many many children;
her own and others.
Why should one 'adopt an Asp'
When she is a blessed, born-mother?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Fostering Blessing.

An undaunted honey-suckle
is climbing up across an aristocrat wall
jolly conceited to sport a Hellenic mural.

The Grecian vanity
sneers at the climbing up beauty
and at its neoclassical audacity.

But when the fatherly eye of the day
sees the courage only with a golden smile,
the silver mother drives away the glances dark and vile.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A God-Game...

Don` t take my words as gospel truth;
feel your heart and check them out.
Don` t float in a boat that sinks just in fear of a storm
and madly whirls in swirls of just a mad confusion.
Must you know, love is never a silver cream.
Must you know, it`s only trust that brings a divine beam.

True love never dies though days may wither;
Against the cruel time it is rooted far deeper
and like old wine with time gets daily richer.
Who should care what lies in the lap of near or far future?
When two hearts are ready to die for each other
and love the same as ever; what should they bother?

Confusion occurs to a feeble mind that believes in a circle.
Lovers may be close or far; their love survives whatsoever.
Brave minds know well that even in new moon love will sparkle.
Love is God-Game in which even a loser is a winner.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Good Physique Is.....

A good physique is ever a great asset.
It is like a strong tree and in it a good mind
could nestle in the nest of the warm soul.
It is ever hard to determine the age of such a tree.

Many ancient sages and hermits were both
wise and strong and much less sickly.
A physique is a temple and a decrepit structure
may cause eeriness though it may be a shrine.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Grand Secret...

Lovers often fail in their love race
as they prefer sprinter to marathon.
It is ever hard to keep the momentum
all the way down the long track....
When many laps come in the course
ace athletes try not to wear fully out
on the way and their rhythmic pace
sighs only breaking through the ribbon.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Great Art Indeed!

She is an engineer of excuses.
She constructs them with her masterful expertise.
Her works won` t be featured in wonder of Engineering.
But her crafty lies build very subtle bridges....
She can so easily get herself over the other side
Of a wide river; even when it is furious in spate.
Lying nakedly is her solid background.
She did master`s in vile wiles
On many diplomas and degrees in vixen arts.
It`s really a worry that every blessing has a hidden curse.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Great Performer!

Lord Shiva brought about destruction
to bring about a new creation.
His trident gives away a great message.
It stands for physical, mental and emotional balance.

He knows the laws of Time
and the spell of the stoic Destiny.
A destruction is an event in the sports of the Cosmos.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Hard Practical Joke...

My heart is burning.
The heart is frozen.
The flames are leaping up
To scare me more...
In no time it goes dead-numb
As if it settles down in very north zone.
Waves are lashing on
but little feels the shore.

The sneak-peak is over;
Fate has shown its full ugly face.
It peeled off its cover
And leaves a blue trace.

My heart is burning.
The heart is frozen.
Luck is tossing and fate is laughing.
They love to play me and see me broken.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Hayabusa And Her Chiseled Rider!

Is it not hard to be wise with the brakes
of a quick and high pick up baby
for a road hog that just crazily loves
to tune up the accelerator of his ladylove
to set the welcoming thoroughfare on warm fire
and crazily loves to gear her up to the top most gear?

Straddling the smugly curvacious comfort
the motorist gets himself more macho and hunk
between her wide hands and his upright torso.

The excited speedometer blinks and blips amazed
at the nippy game between the stirred up air and the duo.

A bold highway nudges the hayabusa and her chiseled rider!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Hostile Host...

I caught some sorrow
from a place a little dark.
It put up in my heart
and felt more than just at home.
It looked like to stay on-
what pissed me off.
Now that I stopped being a host
it felt the place cold and soon itself left.

Since then I take my eyes off
anything even little dark.
They say catching sorrow
is like catching cold and cough;
so common though a bit rough!
I am taking lots of vitamin-C fun
to ward off the infection in case I run
into any dark alley out of crazy run!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A King Cobra Is Like A King Cobra

King cobra has its own stature.
His loaded fangs can kill some elephants;
His raised hood quite high from the ground
Tells who should be the king of all poisonous reptiles.

Who wants him to be dwarfed?
Who wants his hood to be down?
Who wants his fangs to go blank and blunt?
Then they want a king cobra lose his crown.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Knight Errant!

Like a knight when I was wondering
In an exotic jungle at the foot of a tribal hill,
I came across a wild maiden who lost her way.
She cast a strong spell on me at the first glance!
My horse champed around the abundant grasses.
I along with her made our jungle love hut there.
Now our love child is fast growing up into a knight.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Letter To My Heart

pagli,

my heart,... missing you too hard. It`s been ages since we met last; folded each other in love warm embrace, sang or hummed to our eager hearts like any love-mad thrush. The south wind borne whispers tantalize this hard pined lover`s soul. The heap of pages with poems of our love basking heyday placed proudly on my study table casts a sad shadow on the stoic floor. With my heart wrenching as if twisted by the ugly hand of one banshee, I quite often dismantle the erect mound and indulge in browsing over self made shoddy doggerel. Sometimes just touch the pages tenderly and feel the scripture holy bliss; gaze at the slowly blurred lines and words with fast moistened eyes. In a little while stretching the sunk spirits, run through all the lines; between the lines and slowly delve into the passed by times; reading out line after line to you, sitting or lying close to you, scanning your blushed pink face and imbibing your amorous proud frequent smiles; would add all of them to the soul of these verses. How long should I languish in this black spell of bloody separation? okay, let the answer hang somewhere far till my last days. Still hopes flicker in my love lamp....

heart

with my whole

a poor love bird.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Life And Punctuation...

Like a sentence a life too needs punctuation.
Short or long life that ends with an exclamation mark
may not induce that much exclamation in others.
And a life that ends up with a snake like question mark
excites so many bitter or bizarre questions in the readers.
A life that has many commas gives a sense of a sloth like journey
that suffers too many halts and often some meaningless pauses.
A confused life or maybe very wise takes a sombre semi-colon
and the following part points out the elder incomplete one.
Again there are so many parts subsequent to each other
that go on like a sequel in a back-to-back bag of hours.
A life that wears a long respite colon largely rests with
the readers to discover an empty or full box of treasure.
A life within double inverted commas seems to be borrowed one.
Others may stress a life with a pair of single inverted ones.
And a life within the first bracket proves just a lame life.
A modern life wears never that many jewellery of marks
as one used to have at the time the old great Chaucer.
A life looks smart with the fewer the better marks.
A life that comes to an end with a final period is ever great.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Long Journey In A Small Place!

Our hearts strike and spark a fire.
we spring up from the inert mire!
Miracles occur more often than accidents.
We have many Bishnu Chakras and Shiva tridents!

We travel without the guide Narod
from Kailash to khir sagar!
These places are very near in the Earth!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Love Lyric...

You are right. Very right.
Right you are. O my sweetheart.
I am a poet and I am poor;
That is this and ever for sure.

You are right. Very right.
Right you are. O my sweetheart.
I am poet and I am poor;
That is this and ever for sure.

Oh! so sorry, my dear-
Never been like a Don Juan hero.
Never will I be a savvy smart.
But I tell you I do love
And I do have one lover-heart.

Go and ask when it rains
They will tell you ever true
My words are like heavy clouds
And the truth is known to every drops.

O my dearie, I am so sorry.
Never been so glitzy cult.
Neither bright nor that clever
Never like a royal street smart.

Right you are. O my sweetheart.
I am poor and I am a poet.
But I tell you I do love
And I do have one lover-heart.

Read mine and then read thine.
The two hearts will read three words.
The same eight letters will ever shine
Like today in all many years.

You are right. Very right.
Right you are. O my sweetheart.
I am a poet and I am poor.

That is this and ever for sure.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Love Rhyme.

Early this morning I find
your Good night last night
stayed up alone all night
with no partner Good night.

Last Night stole up behind my still feet
to steal me away from the nightly verbal feat.
It took me to a faraway land of lusty wild dreams
what I had sent you earlier to your hushed screams.

The lover tab held in its recess the parting word
what triggers this rhyme in this morning bard.
Like a pair of lover birds we will coo before long
with our impatient longing dancing to our love song.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Lover Pirate

I take to forbidden love
as much as I take to Old Monk.

Like a Caribbean pirate
I rob a young girl of her heart
when she like a ship in full sails
comes for a sail in my sea.

I fall on her
like a storm that closes on
and closes around daringly set sails
but never pulls up the mast.

And never like a tempest
I lash to stripe her off her mermaid like grace
lashing out with mid-sea monster waves.

And never turn her over
to sink deep down in the timeless oblivion.

And as a lover pirate
I hand my heart to her
to place it in her empty vault
and then I vanish into the sea and its sweet salt!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Myth...

A myth; a ten-headed demon
A mighty king of all demons
Mightiest with the boons of Brahma
The maker of this universe
The demon with mega power and pride
Ruled the proud golden kingdom
The god-father of many super demons
with power beyond real visions
had no need to abduct any woman
And the rest is a big myth too

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Nocturnal Visit!

Hey, girlie, how many steps are still to go?
Before I get to where your sweet dreams know
Your dream guy as they daily paint and show?

I can` t picture if your chamber is ready for courtly love!
I don` t know if you take nightly shower and your starved eyes rove!
If alarm clock bell wakes you up when you check out and count
The wild love signatures all over ... I did these at somnambulist bout!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Pair Of Poems

Your eyes...

No, I could not see your soul
through your open windows;
all the times I cast a fond or an intent gaze
I got me stuck in the pathway maze!
All the times I looked into your voiced pupils
I found my miniature self; auto-caricature image!
Your eyes have neither white nor black magic
but they have a divine pull of a virgin brown cascade!

O night, my night, my love...

O night, my night, my love-
I like your deep dark complexion
and our love lives in darkness.

Why should the silver disc
spy on us at our love hours?
Half or full this prying mellow plate
acts like a nosy paparazzo...

O night, my night, my love-
tell the maid of honor
not to adorn my lady with neon-lights.

Who`ll tell the fools that you hide your face
when they make a try with their stupid flashlights?
You are as you are under your black shroud;
I love you and my love makes me so proud.

We lovers do know how to escape a floodlit place
and we count our seconds by a clock of the space!

O night, my night, my love-
let us flee to the land of Arabian sands;
no, no, let us fly to the bosom of African forest- -
Oh, yes, yes, we can rest on the pacific breast!

A Pair Of Unique Parallel Lines

Long long ago the mother
philosophy bore four kids;
ethics, logic, epistemology
and the great metaphysics.
The most prodigy of the four
grew as a pillar of religion and mysticism
and dared to pop some brilliant puzzlers
what storm the brains of enigma lovers.

With the ancient crown of proud astronomy
physics turned a scion of natural sciences.
The laws of physics added a new dimension
and earned an independent ego in the regal domain.

Poetry is the wondrous descendant
of quaint folk-songs and oral epics.
From the Sumerian Epic of Gligamesh,
Vedas and Gathas, She has traversed about
3214 miles perhaps as the queen of all fine arts.

Aristotle discovered her primitive attributes
and Homer groomed her prototype structure.
Physics and poetry are often extremely opposites
and they gravitate one another with mutual attraction.

A poem that is a hard nut to crack
evokes the same sensation like electromagnetic theory
to any layman who makes the adventurous attempt.
Their inherent dignity may be misconstrued as conceit.

Physics opens the window to the pros and cons
of exterior world, even to the micro of a matter.
Poetry magnifies the invisible soul within
and reveals the x-ray copies of both macro and micro minds.

Interestingly, the lady imagination is their common lover
and they three often meet at the infinite rendezvous.
Albert Einstein and Tagore are the two important sides
of a precious coin bereft of what humans will turn merely animals.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Phantom Poem!

Help! Help! Help!

I am aflame.

Leaping tongues lash my prison
and lick the charcoal soul within.

I am burning.

I am shrinking.

I am dying.

It may mirror a fire incident

or a suicide or self-immolation.

Chatter or whisper later how fire caught my spire.

Douse me with your humane liquids.

No. None came forward...

The blood shedding eyes saw the bloody death.

The poor charcoal felt the fiery foe`s hell appetite.

The Earth told and spread and lost it far awry.

One blue eyed clairvoyant invoked

in one moon less night

just to unearth a mystery

as one weird poetry bug

loves to rape an abstruse piece.

Once you meet that certain pervert

you too may dig out the burnt-to-death history.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Phenomenal Plunge.....

a pitch dark image
invisibly visible
hazily clear!
the hallowed glow
a blinding vision
a gigantic Madonna!
the infant in the arms
takes after my base figure
sleek and polished bright
anointed with the paradise bliss!
badly blurred to the eyes open
daylight clear only to the musing shut ones!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poem On A Cancerous Shame...

We should be and we are proud of Her.
She may be and She is proud of us!

Those who are genteel mince their words;
Gnash inside but never flash the diabolical teeth.

Many of us crawl like ten-legged crabs
And vainly grip ' The morning Suns '.

Many of us love to clip the soaring wings
As cawing crows are jealous of Skylarks` aplomb.

So many of us love to hit with cunning whips
And the targets suffer all the vindictive swipes.

We hurt the sentiment of our first Nobel Laureate;
Xenophobic mouths hit out to the 'maiden glory'.

Many such aspects provoke the fast 'brain-drain'-
Ingenious work of native genius attains foreign acclamation.

Our home turf adds a feather to a ready crown!
Rather vile words are ready to rip through the pink hearts.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poem Report On My Oddity

As I write some poems
you may call me a poet.
But my life is an omnibus
of very different short stories.

I try hard not to make it a drama
or too long a novel; just a fiction or a thriller.
Poetry does not go with my nature or character.
I act and react in very much prose style.

As I love and practice art
you may call me an artist.
But the chronological drawing of my life
or the autopsy on my anecdote will deny...

I am out and out straightforward.
My life is an open book.
My tales are not poems.
And I am not poetry.

No. I am not suffering from split-personality.
My art is the art of reality.
I write poems with prose words.
And my poems stand on the poetry of reality.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poem Woven In Deference To

Myriad salutes to the first non-white fellow
who attained Nobel Prize for physics in 1930.
Our chests swell up to the Everest
with the pride of such Himalayan compatriots!

Mother nature fed him the elixir of Green;
the Mediterranean sky and the azure glaciers
took his fancy to the land of 'the scattering of light';
a stallion conviction galloped past the horizon!

His patriotism sparked even on the host soil;
the egoist soul held the head high against giant waves!
His lion heart could not swallow the sight of two senior heads,
so blatantly deprived of their very deserving foreign crowns!

The agnostic veteran mostly cocooned in his secluded cell;
loved to spread out among human flowers and tender nature.
As an octogenarian he finished most of his important tasks
before he set out on his final journey back to his real home!

He is yet alive in form of a tree that stands out
in the big crowd of all botanical kith and kin:
wind whispers to the leaves the tale of spectra;
how shafts steep things in glorious glow by a divine mantra!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poem-Letter To My Friends...

When you tell, you know me well;
why on earth you get me mad pretty often?
I get blind in the fume of toxic anger!
I know, anger is poison!
I cannot help it now; my inner self is blue!
If you truly know me well, you`ll never drive me crazy.
You must know then my evil wrath kills the wished mirth!
Won`t you help me to put this devil to sleep?
Or to keep it ever buried somewhere inside deep?
Anger once entered as an amoeba and now it has an octopus shape!
No true friend will ever incite me to my wild tantrum!

Cold airs of the hearts I like or love
send an uncanny sensation to all my parts.
Poppycock talks or ivory ideas terribly get on my nerves.
Half-hearted fellows ever in two minds get me nut.
And those who love to be trapped in a mucky pond
in fear of drowning in the big open sea get me sick!

I love to be soft with anyone soft.
My feet ever love to get to you with a comrade`s heart!
I love to love; pass or fail....!
If you step just few yards, I`ll go with you miles and miles!
May I be a poet, I am still like a child!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poet And Editor....

As a poet I was a lonely bachelor.
I used to have a sweet dalliance with darling poetry.
And now as an editor I feel like married to her
with a big family and huge responsibility.

My nearly feminine existence as an artist
has come to an end.
My stretched shoulders now get square
and I realize the exact weight of love.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poet And Nights...

I inhale nocturnal air wide awake.
I meet each of all unknown hours.
I talk to them at my strange work.
I look around and stir the still silence.

I often crave for love swamped hours.
And ruminates bygone warm romance.
A night is a corridor between past and present.
I get myself terribly tottered and newly assembled.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poet And Songwriter....

Nope, not born a song bird
Never been a dream to get a songster
Beating of a drum or any other percussion
Rather hit eardrum with a little reactions
Spanish guitar strings had a bit sweet ring
And the right fingers played through the air in a fling.

They`d say music comes from deep inside
They`d say music comes from far beyond the sky
A wonderful gift not for any pound or penny
Stupid mind smiled or just laughed it away
Now that a poet turns a songwriter
He comes across a heaven long ignored by a blighter.

Music has greatly worked wonder
It`s lovely spell has tuned up mad temper
Now cacti have made for many chrysanthemums
Yellow and red roses blossom in and out seasons
Hued with rainbow colors and glow-worm stars
May he be someday one of many good songwriters.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poet Has Nothing To Lose!

A poet has nothing to lose except poetry!
What`s a poet to lose except poetry?
Poetry is not like a beautiful girlfriend.
Heart pulsates as long as life sustains.
The bond between poetry and a poet
Stands as strong as an umbilical cord.
Who`ll dare to sever this holy union?
The pure delight of an artiste lies in
The gypsy-mad creative pursuit.
All the loud claps and lofty applause
Are safely reserved for prodigy performers!
When reptile lust incubates within for all such insect like plaudits
Psychosis constricts me like a python!
The fear of climbing up a steep ladder of many steps
And the resultant height brings me vertigo!
The phobia of peeling of many disguised masks
And somersaulting ahead to catch up with the lucky runners
Overpower me like a haunting hallucination!
What if this abracadabra appears in the last page
At the last bottom of many effervescent geniuses?
A poet lives on the unique sentiment
And in the crank pride of priceless creation!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poet Is Shocked And Teacher Is Ashamed!

How will the teachers` day be happy
if teaching turns a farce?
I am ashamed as I belong to this community!
One English teacher in an English Medium school
is teaching Tagore`s 'Where the mind is without fear'
with least knowledge as to whether it`s a sonnet or not!
One brave student protests and shows the teacher an
authentic reference book by Xavier Pinto.
The student was rebuked and the teacher persisted
in her opinion that the poem has eleven lines!
She does not know that only the octave part
is given in that syllabus let alone the sextet part!
In another Convent school William Blake`s Poison Tree
is read out to one class with the teacher`s personal interpretation.
Most of the short stories even American ones are just
read out in junior classes with little elucidation.
A sixth standard student is compelled to read Tennyson`s poems.
This is just the tip of a huge iceberg!
All these things are just mockery in the name of education!
Teaching wrong thing is worse than teaching something bad.
How could a teacher misguide students with arrogant authority?
Some students are alert and many others are just instruments.
It`s high time all stood up to this cancerous system.
Bullshit with the celebration if empty goes education!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poet`s Daily Prose-Poetry!

Drunk night
drowns in deep sleep.
Clumsy limbs limp in morning
until a brand new poem steams away all traces of last day.

As a day walks ahead
the feet under the yoke trudge
down the earthly track to till and sow and then to reap some happy crops.
Poets have the tug-of-war between 'the grey ground' and 'the blue sky'.

As sunset drops prose curtain
poetry bird spreads its wings in the sea mind.
The poet gleans his dream grains
in the stripped farmland to weave a garland for his muse.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poetical Scenery

So lovely is the view!
May come as match very few!
Now long put out into pink;
Look, how the sun will idly blink!
Calmly perched on the farthest bank
His mellow beam ?lls every blank.
The gloaming halo hails the sight,
Never with its too dazzling light!
The wind caressed ripples do giggle,
Many watery folds briskly wriggle!
The lush green freely sprawls around
A few mud-huts lie on the bushy ground.
Kingly crowned with gi1t—hay roof
Openings remain so widely open
As if blessed with peril proof!
The ?owers and the plants; yellow, green
Fence the yards with gorgeous sheen!
Twin palms stand there afar
So wonder-struck that blankly stare!
Above a ?ight their spread out wings
Glide on and spot the things.
Green clad the side slopes
Blushed lake ever gropes!
Over there a slender tree
Marks atop the leafy crest;
Fly above two clusters free
Under it now stall the rest!
A man, woman with their child
A bullock-cart the harvest piled
And two meek goats our eyes ?nd.
Their homeward move will never end
Nisi straightens a river-bend!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Poor Stuff...

Days without poetry have not been that bad.
Poetry of limbs with a certain skill covered the gap;
filled up many mobile pages.
Thinking and performing an act is never less good a poem.
Talking of something and doing the same thing is better than a poem.
For your words can deceive others more easily than your acts.
And when you talk, you climb up your fancied mountain
but when you work the same thing, you climb down a real mountain.
Is it not easier to draw a picture of an abstract land
than exploring a real land of vast stretch?
The spell on me of 'word poetry' is getting loose
as the spell of 'work poetry' is gripping me tightly.
A poet cannot remember how many poems the poet has written let alone what
lines in what poems the poet has written.
But you hardly forget your acts; good or bad and their results.

And, if I did not write this stuff, what would happen?
Any loss to anyone? No.
No loss even to me.
Never a loss to Poetry.

But the death of my work may cause loss to many.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Prayer To My Pagli...

Pagli, I know, you have lots to say
to me, your why hold them back
from me, your love, and pain both of us?
Don` t keep so quiet; it kills my heart.
Why you` re so mute since our start?

Or tell me in a word where you keep your words
that you may love to say but never ever say;
and if it` s your heart, I` ll brave the storms
to find them all and I` ll make hay.

Pagli, don` t keep mum.
Let me hear; let them come
out to my heart like love smart.
Your silence brings a spooky chill;
frosts in summer and kills the spring thrill.
Shower me with your words, the words of love;
and I` ll die as a white dove.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Problem Is Not A Problem.

Try to dodge a problem if you can
like a boxer ducks to ward off an enemy jab.

A problem is not a football that you will pass
it to somebody in your team who may....
for very few around you make such a team.

Then meet with this unwelcome stranger
like one hospitable host yet enough clever.
And if you hold a heart of valor steel
you will make such a devil lose and kneel.

Life is a game, many say.
Hardly funny, many must say.
Laughs come across a grumpy fray
for the Sun and rain makes a day.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Psychography

Rookie was on the verge of death
as one post-natal illness claimed so
but by the grace of God and medicament`s care
the infant survived: a chance delight to the near.

As feeble he was his temper was deadly high:
Even at small pretexts he threw a tantrum
and madly wanted all his whims to be prized
and fiddled with the world till they were realized.

His home bore the brunt of this hardcore imp;
the poor mother showed leniency and offered
quite undue leeway to her presumed jackpot
and doted her dear since he was mere an embryo.

His real self emerged when his calm surface was poked.
He took delight in defying what elders preached at him or told.
He loved to play a stubborn and went the whole hog like a born bold.
He had airs of a militant and sprayed filthy bullets once provoked.

He had acute consciousness of his void presumption.
Like a timid reptile he often raised his hissing hood
And hit even a lurking shadow with his empty pang;
At such futile fanatic attacks he growled and groaned.

The more he failed to steal the show here and there everywhere
The more hell-bent he grew out of sorrow and growing fear.
Drunk with the bitter juice of discontent he became more violent
Turned like an automatic gun that needs only a blank point.

His parched soul loved to suck top action thrillers.
He rejoiced at plummeting blows and random kicks.
He too was a fighter at the scenes in his daily dreams.
He was amused and puffed-up by all piteous screams.

His early teens burnt in many swirling flames
And youth is fuming on an yawning crater.
The poor mom keeps mum in utter shame.
Rookie incited himself to be an ugly terror.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Queer But Loving Fish!

Once I stayed with a dotty-potty genius
from the nocturnal hoots to the next dawn chorus.
Looked through his thoughts that love to wind
through sharp bends and long tunnels in a darn bind!

His mind is like a big sea: never calm ever rough
with high tides and leaping waves pretty gruff!
He talks himself out in the words of a good sailor
who has met with many tempests and seen his valor!

He bursts into a childlike guffaw when I call him a weirdo!
The ingenuous ship gifted with innovative sails cares little 'Bravo'.
He freaks out to others like one notorious prankster.
He cuts ready saucy jokes and triggers a thunder of laughter!

His brain is like a mighty dynamite that rocks and crushes.
He destroys things into poor debris to pass on new flashes!
Like an odd fish he wiggles and wriggles and suddenly goes mute!
Who will figure it out how blows such a uniquely romantic flute?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Rain Song....

I see it rains outside.
It rains in my heart.
I see trees are happy
As the soil`s now wet.

Maybe the summer`s gone.
Maybe tired the old Sun.
Maybe the rain`s come
To make our love a charm.

Who knows what`s what?
But things do start.
I see it rains outside.
It rains in my heart.

O birds, you take the shower.
You know the rain lots better.
O the leaves, you love the rain.
O the leaves, you look so newly green.

I see it rains outside.
It rains in my heart.
The sky`s getting bright.
The sky`s shedding the dark tight.

Now it rains outside.
It rains far and wide.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sack Of Rubbish...

I am a poet.

Quite a bit cockeyed poet
who never tries not to cock poetry up.

Nature,
beautiful or handsome or passable
works on me very little.

I am lot rough and coarse
and more than often I spew swear words.

I hate the engineers of hi-tech excuses.

The regular humans with their strangest instincts
wonder me more than other hundred wonders of the world.

I am amazed at how deftly many weave stories
with the lines of some white lies and black lies.

And passing the buck to others looks an awesome craft!

Who is not an actor or an artist among us?

Our general skill in practical lingo has gone up to master standard.
Most of us have as good communicative skill as salesmen

or representatives or receptionists or even eloquent statesmen.
Many of us are wise enough to try out different cheap adventures.
And daring enough to fall victim to even quite open traps.

A good piece of advice is nothing but just a shit to many.

I never doubt our brains so much as I do our intentions.
I am an arrogant ass and quite aloof for quite many years.

I hate real dramas and melodramas acted superbly everywhere.
I hate all the faces that put on the nice make-up of sober or glossy lies.
I hate the ones largely only driven by their super duper heads.

I ask you not to swallow or gulp or chew this rubbish.
You rather spit on it and throw it away to a gutter or...
And you better dump this poet or thrash or.....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sad Girl Sings...

Miss you, miss you, daddy;
miss you very hard.
It`s too long since that last day
when you said, you`d not be long.
Days and months have passed since then
all my waits have bathed in sun and wet in rain
but, daddy, you never came...

I don`t know what went wrong.
If it`s me who broke your heart,
If it`s me that made you sad,
I`m super sorry and beg you, dad;
please, come back; please, come back.

I give my word that I`ll listen to
what you say and won`t answer back.
I give my word, I`ll be a good girl
And never bring home any shame.
I`ll know your dreams of me
And will give them a hearty try;
Just make it sure, you come back soon
And I`ll then stop my cry.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sad Lyric...

All ways all paths that I take
Twist and turn like a snake
And my life looks like a big mistake.

Call me what you want
If you please you may shunt
In a song or you may rant...

Failure is my mother
And I am a son duffer
It`s been now too long
Since we got together.

Let me chuck me away
In a love song that has sway
I am not an orphan
Never ever a castaway.

Maybe aloof like an island
But the sun shines and the moon beams
On the waters here and the sand...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sad Prophecy...

We shall see our end
with our eyes wide open.'

We are racing in a tearing hurry
as we are up to mastering each split-second.
We love to see us moving
and vie with the mighty time.

We have to travel a set distance
and we loathe to lag behind...
we need oodles of calcium;
no matter if it saps our mother`s soul out.

We must win at any cost;
no matter what the toll is or what has to be lost.
We are deadly ready to dispose
what our father will surely propose.

We are able to realize our inherent sin
and proudly hobnob with the Satan`s kin.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sad Song...

I miss you, miss you hard.
Many hours have passed.
It`s too long, we talked last.
I miss you, miss you hard.

Time`s got snail.
And mind monorail.
Life`s so stuck;
Now how will it sail?

I heard them say
On their sad day;
Now I do feel
How it does feel.

Ah! I am so sick.
Both frail and weak.
I miss you, miss you hard.
It feels too bad.

Hours`re so heavy.
They weigh on my heart.
The moment meets you baby
I`ll hug you sweetheart.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sad Sot...

The heart feels a little light
Though the head gets lot heavy
On some very strong pints;
Sorrows like bugs bug the poor heart!
The carousel world whirls hell fast;
And a sot sings away deep pain;
Sings a clumsy song in a coarse tune.

In the lookout for wild rich honey
In a wild jungle he poked at a sweet beehive.
Alas! He couldn` t guess honey is never as easy
As a candy of a child. As luck would have it,
An army of bees closed in on him and stung
To their glee. A good reward for honey-hunt!
Blessed is the prince heart of red rose kingdom!

The heady flow now gets to the top;
In the same rhythm of a pet bear-dance
The bloody tom-tom conducts this deadly dance.
The blessed liqueur owns the empty stomach
And hard qualms fill up the poor heart.
Even a gallon won` t bring solace to the coffin bound life!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sad Story Song Lyric...

She`s too shy; talks so little;
never tells what she feels.
I said; she heard over and again;
spread a smile but spoke only within.
Smiles played in the corners of her a little wide mouth.
Blushed cheeks told, things were pretty okay.
Whenever we met at the time of our meeting,
whenever we`d act the lovers` cozy things;
she closed her eyes seemingly in full joy...
I`d get into the lap of so lovely a riddle!
She`s too shy; talks so little;
never tells what she feels.
I said; she heard over and again;
spread a smile but spoke only within.

She gave no word; never ever.
Ah! she`s a girl of few words.
No promise she ever made;
never said what she felt;
but things would go as they should go
and we had our love in a chair and in a bed!
She was often as stiff as a still pole
holding back her inner self as a whole!
But she never said 'No' to nothing!
And I never felt she was so out of her real self!
I thought it was just a matter of time
as she was jolly young and it was her first love.
Whenever we hugged each other I felt a real love.
All the parting embraces had tears smelling warmth!
But, what was to happen happened maybe a little early.
The break-up occurred as a strike to me so burly!

Now that we have parted our ways;
I get it clean that she was ever in two minds.
She came to me but she was never mine.
And I have lost nothing as she was never mine.
Ah! Wise men say, all happenings are good!
Ah! It sounds now so nice and feels damn fine!

A Sad, Hope Lyric...

while passing through a bad patch
many good claws gift some deep scratch.
gotta bear with all so love bruises
from bitter foes once so dear friends.
they love to hurt so hard in so many lovely ways;
maybe I`ll smile when I am through all these days.

happy to see them kiss the moon
when I go through a sultry noon.
never count all the thorns
that prick me hard in wild pains.
sorry if the hurts go deep wounds
and bring the blood of sad tears.

now I could see your full face
and could glean all scattered grace;
there`s a light in such a night
that opens up what`s truly bright.
if you yet love me the same as ever
you are mine and will be off never.

hope, you won`t fail me in a bad way;
we`ve the same path and that`ll pave the way.
hope, things will be okay again;
as after summer comes the rain.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Simple Love Song...

Let them say what they may...
we just don` t care.
We` ll see and walk around
anytime, anywhere.
(chorus)

Who should care the shit mouths
that are full with gossip worms?
(chorus)
We` re locked and we` re free
in our lovely charms!
(chorus)

We breath the same air that they take;
when we` re mad in love, why they mistake?
(chorus)
Who should pray for their flowers?
The rose-petal smiles?
Lovers are ever like lovers
and can travel all thorny miles!
No matter they bless or curse;
lovers obey only their hearts.
We worship the God in our love;
and believe it to be the holy Bible job!

We care little the devils
that are hell-bent to stop us!
As we are pious lovers,
the God must be with us!
They may throw abuses
or may be their hate stones.
But nothing could harm us
as we` re truly sworn lovers!

Let them say what they may...
we just don` t care.
We` ll see and walk around
anytime, anywhere.
(chorus)

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Slight Erotica...

your strawberry mouth
blows marijuana kisses.
you claw love back
with hot-piquant hisses.

wrapped in this lover`s arms
you blow up like a bomb.
kick-starts a wild game
and we lose in broken pieces.

you call on dormant libido
and brighten up the ancient art.
like a hell-bent matador
i rush to the game flag.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Snake In A Rose!

Tell me anything else
save that you love me.
For you too do not know
if you really do or not.

For years may belie this
and such a dream turns an impostor.
For this infuses a stupid heart with foolish joy
and only a little later the heart bleeds like a sobbing toy.

Tell me anything else
save that you love me.
For I have got more than my share
and I just can not take any more.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Soldier Is Not A Civilian...

A soldier on a special mission
has his eyes fixed on the bull`s eye.
While walking his way he may not love
to look around or back
as he loves to look up and ahead!
A firm headgear fits on his stiff head!
He hates to kneel down at any gun point.
He will never kiss the dust
as long as he has his flesh and blood.
He is more keen about his foes than friends!
He cannot seek help in the solo fight!
He may not bow before any altar!
He may ignore other close egos.
He knows that humility in a fight is not the fuel!
He has to pluck up his courage and duly put up.
He has to win the fight with his own might.
Only winners are heroes is a bitter truth.
He feels that he is born to win!
Defeat is worse than death.
Only the future knows what this history reads!
But he is happy to be a proud soldier!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Song From A Poem...

So lovely is the day!
I saw you in the way.
What if little while?
Can `t be just guile;
You too saw me there
And gave a smiley stare.

Poor went my heart
When I went past.
Chance was so great!
Why didn `t it last?
Who knows how you felt?
May be as I felt.

So lovely is the day!
I saw you in the way.
What if little while?
Can `t be just guile;
You too saw me there
And gave a smiley stare.

Nothing `s changed;
Same smile and look.
Time now tells:
"Correct the things"- -
Once we mistook.

See the color in the air;
Why not start over?
Why not bridge the gap
talking it over?

So lovely is the day!
I saw you in the way.
What if little while?
Can `t be just guile;
You too saw me there
And gave a smiley stare.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Song Lyric Of A Lover....

Break open my heart
and see who`s in there.
It`s you, you`ll see, deep in there;
deep inside everywhere!
Tell you, tell you something;
this is a poor lover
who loves to love and greatly suffer!
(Chorus)
When I say, I love you;
I mean it and mean it truly.
When you hear them, hear the sound
that flows with all my blood!
Who cares if this comes as a curse!
And I burn in the fire of pain!
I`ve bitten and I`ll bite that old apple;
poison may lie in the sweet fruit supple!

I`ve never been an impostor;
I fear the perdition!
The golden words of a preceptor
pulls me away from such an ugly rendition!
Breaking a heart is more sinful
than wrenching the heaven from Gods!
Suffering this pain is more painful
than what`s awarded to sinners by the hell`s lords!

No matter I drown deep in tears;
when you`re sad, I won`t ever say cheers!
A true lover is never way too clever!
A true lover cannot be ever a sinner!
When I say, I love you;
I mean it and mean it truly.
When you hear them, hear the sound
that flows with all my blood!
Who cares if this comes as a curse!
And I burn in the fire of pain!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Song Lyric On A Soft Sorrow!

You once liked me.
Liked me very much.
You liked me!
The world is the same place.
But your mind has changed.
Your mind has changed!

A change is good.
The change is beautiful!
You never liked me.
You never liked me.
I was a fool!
I was a fool!

You once loved me.
It was your first love.
You loved me!
Things looked so.
Yeah, things looked so!
It was your first love!

A change is good.
The change is beautiful!
You never loved me.
You never loved me!
I was a fool
It`s true, I was a fool!

You liked and loved me.
You changed your mind.
You changed your mind!
You know the art.
Your art is great!
You are good.
Your mind is great!

The world is the same place.
All other things are the same like before.
Only you changed your mind.

And changed your self!
You changed your mind!
And changed your self!
Ah! No god can help!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Song Lyric: A Ghost Sings.....

(1)

So kind of you!

Left me so early and showed the truth.

You smashed my heart into shreds.

You`re kind enough to bring about a quick death!

You left so early and saved me from rather a slow death!

So kind..... of you! S.....o kind of you!

(2)

You let the fruit fall off the bough it belonged:

Raw and green.....

You stopped it being ripe and ceased a fruitless journey!

You`re kind enough to let the fruit fall on the ground:

Raw and green with little less pain!

(3)

So kind of you!

You chose for me a quick death!

Ah! I love the way you did slay.....

You`re kind enough not to let me gasp for last breath!

(4)

So kind of you!

You chose for you to be Helen

And cast the fate in my mirror;

Threw me in the blessed Troy

And smiled away in a great joy!

(5)

So kind of you!

You loved so much your man!

Took just the right price!

Cut the lover-heart and bit off a bulky slice!

(6)

Guess the goofy song from the gutted soul

Sung by a roaming ghost never rakes up your memory chest

And rocks the guilty vault!

No fear baby; this ghost won`t hurt you!

No fear..... Baby; this ghost..... won`t hurt you!

You`re the holy maker of this thirsty ghost!

Through this song It thanks you.....

(1)

So kind of you!
Left me so early and showed the truth.
You smashed my heart into shreds.
You`re kind enough to bring about a quick death!
You left so early and saved me from rather a slow death!
So kind..... of you! S.....o kind of you!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Song Lyric: He Knows.....

(V1) [Repeat once]

He knows what I want.
He knows who I want.
I won` t speak in words.
I won` t make prayers.

(V2) [Repeat once]

I may sound like a mental
As sounds one too sentimental!
But I have a point to make
And I` ll make it point-blank!

(V3) [Repeat once]

He knows my wishes and issues.
He knows the tree and the fruits.
I won` t ever appeal like a beggar.
I am such a son of such a Father!

(V4) [Repeat once]

I won` t take pictures
To capture all the latest features!
He has the hidden camera
That zooms and gets the panorama!

(V5) [Repeat once]

I won` t ever gather the patent pains
And put in a humble petition!
My notion is my notion
And won` t ever change the motion!

(V2)

I may sound like a mental
As sounds one too sentimental!

But I have a point to make
And I`ll make it point-blank!

(V1)

He knows what I want.
He knows who I want.
I won` t speak in words.
I won` t make prayers.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Song Of A Real Dream!

You`re such a medicine
that makes me forget my famished wallet;
what if it`s just for a while?
it makes the day great!

Dreams from above come to my pocket!
I step on them and soar high like a rocket!
Fears flee and worries hide
when we play in our high tide!

Fears flee and worries hide
when we play in our high tide!

I stoop down to your level
to get to the top most summit!
I dare the fate and no more grovel
as you stop my poor plummet!

I dare the fate and no more grovel
as you stop my poor plummet!

All my positive thoughts like a stream
get you as a good turbine!
You are so real, again so much a dream!
Whatever it is, it feels so fine!

You are so real, again so much a dream!
Whatever it is, it feels so fine!

You`re such a medicine
that makes me forget my famished wallet;
what if it`s just for a while?
it makes the day great!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Song On My Pagli...

I wanna get my Pagli back.
She`s lost for long time.
Time has taken away
And kept her somewhere.
I know not the place
But she must be very near.

I wanna get her back.
She is my dear...
Never ever think
That she left her way.
Never ever think
Goodbye she could say.

Know not how and when
But she must be here
And put out the fire
Of so long wait and pain.
Once I get her back
I`ll lock her in my arms
And bind her with tighter love spell.
We`ll be there in our love charms
Beyond the time we hear last knell.

I wanna get my Pagli back.
She`s lost for long time.
Time has taken away
And kept her somewhere.
I know not the place
But she must be very near.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Song To My Father...

I feel you, feel you in me all times;
in all waves; in thunder and chimes.
The bell that rings somewhere near
rings too deep in here....

I hear you voice; clear, very clear.
When my poems read and songs sing
I see you in them and hear....

It`s you who makes me do things good.
All ill-thoughts are undone.
It`s you who turned the world shrewd
to the world of earthly fun.
You woke up a benign volcano
and make it walk ahead and run!

I feel you, feel you in me all times;
in all waves; in thunder and chimes.
The bell that rings somewhere near
rings too deep in here....
I hear you voice; clear, very clear.
When my poems read and songs sing
I see you in them and hear....

You pray for me and listen the prayer;
make it true; so kind and dear!
So kind to this son, dear Father;
I know it, know it for sure, it`s not favor!
You`re in me just a little deeper.

I feel you, feel you in me all times;
in all waves; in thunder and chimes.
The bell that rings somewhere near
rings too deep in here....
I hear you voice; clear, very clear.
When my poems read and songs sing
I see you in them and hear....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Spiral Journey...

Who knows if this moment is barren or fertile?
And if this moment looks to be fruitless;
Shall we let it limp away with idle yawns?

Those who love to look often into the future
miss so many close things like long-sighted ones.
And ignored moments turn impotent to pay off.

Each moment is like a step of life-long stairway.
We better climb up with each step on each step.
Hopping is never a better option on the spiral ladder.

Why do we not live for the present moment?
One step leads to another and then to other.
Each step has a story; one or many in life`s journey.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Street-Poet

See, what is happening here!
All my next poems have ganged up
and are yelling like rogue street-dogs.

Yea, you may say, they are putting up a demonstration
in my rummaged and vandalized poetry laboratory.

They are demanding that they be stripped off
all grand ranks and royal grandeur and.....

I am trying hard to avoid any altercation with them
for if they boycott me I will not be a poet anymore.

They all are looking rowdy type urchins overnight.
I have just had some talks with some of them;
those who are stout and sharp tongued- -

They are calling for absolute freedom;
the wild freedom enjoyed by our savage ancestors.

A final meeting has been decided to settle the issue.
I have thought over it and maybe have already made my mind.

What if my poems prance like innocent calves
down any rustic white path or across some idle fields?

Or they play in muddy slush as mirthful game
played by the young ones of the sons of soil?

Or they monkey about here and there
caring little of being wise humans?

What if you love to call them by names
and shoo them off your civilized doors?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Strong Strife!

Poems and songs
are pulling hard my two hands.
I loved them to walk hand-in-hand!

Poems make a point
that my voice is never good for melody.
Songs cross the point
and say, they are the wizards to draw out remedy!

My thunder is cracking for the explosive poems.
It cannot lilt with the ripples of romantic flow.

Those who love to see me as a gurgling waterfall
never like to get me into a mellifluous fountain.
They say, they love my stallion like strut and strides!
And they feel, my very unromantic approach sparks rapture!
To their eyes I am as wild as wind that never comes under a windmill!

They talk like my poems...
My song lyrics differ and believe in change.
Some others who love to see me calm and quiet,
cheer to get going and to get along with music,
echo the tune of oft-heard soft tone!

I have to make my mind
well before I am ripped into two things of not that good use!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Stupid Lover...

no beep
no green light
no text from you my sweetheart

missing you
missing you hard
harder than anytime before

my mind is playing a child
beating my skull as a drum
and
heart is racing like a race horse
on the course
and
off the course

time is grazing on time grass
time is galloping with the feet of my sighs
time is flying with the wings of my empty hours
making faces at my sulky face

time is killing this lover
for the time being
and
time may put my life back to me
at the time you get back to me

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sudden Strange Grip!

a feeling with a strange or no flavor possessed all my senses. my intuitive curious tongue lapped up the whole lot of it to the last microscopic trace. in a while sadly the tongue gave up. by that time the whole of my self assimilated the alien but exotic feeling into something for what all inside exploration and expedition ran for quite some time. the cobweb intricate numerous nerves have taken all the pains with the unfortunate strange silly gain!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Sweet Dream...

Some sweet dreams are not like camphor.
Some really stay on even after sleep is gone.
One such dream is still very alive with me.
What a fabulous dream I dreamed, my friends!
My adorable Gurudev turned up and asked my wishes.
I was told to make just three wishes in three whispers.
The first one was that I may become a poet of thousands of hearts.
The second one was that I may not run into a very tight situation.
And the final one was that I may love my love the way I love now.
He quite quietly listened to them with his eyes fast shut
and hardly had I finished than he voiced, ' Amen; so be it'.
I believe His words at the heart of my hearts.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Tale That Goes Soon Stale...

I am not alone
Since you are gone.
The bundle of lies was to break;
dies sooner and dies surely
what is nothing but just a fake!

You loved too much
and pretty too soon;
like the beam of the fainted moon
when the sun is above and at very noon.

You are as good as those clever ones
who trust more on their snapshots.
Like fluffy bubbles that look very cool
but in a jiffy give in to the rule!

You toss your own coin
what has love on one side
and hate on the other;
you make your mind- -
why on earth you will bother?

You are happy and me too;
gone the fever and over is the flue!
I am not alone since you are gone.
Just a page got so luckily torn!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Teacher`s Diary Speaks

A teacher was amusingly discussing the distinction between verses in a poem and a lyric. The class not only did pay rapt attention but went in for lively interaction as well. Soumi threw a question: Why a good poem is more difficult than a lyric for a song to understand? The teacher smilingly answered: Metaphorically speaking, verses for a new song is like a bold bride without the customary veil; exposed visage with revealed charm. Whereas verses in a true poem are thickly veiled, what need to be unraveled to get to the bottom of treasure beauty. Sreshta chipped in: Why should a poem be more complex than a lyric? Is it just because of high-brow approach of poetry? Debanshu wanted to take on it. He was readily allowed and he went on with his argument. ' A lyric is like a swimming pool; you love to play on the surface level of the big tank, maybe with many aquatic feats' ' A deep poem is like a deep well; readers have to dive into it, as the real fun lies deep within'. Prithvi now quipped in his signature husky voice: I think, the difference resides in the different purposes of composition; a lyric has an appeal to all, once it`s accompanied by music but poetry never holds any such magnanimous attitude. The discussion was going to turn into a debate. Many students like Annie and Sanjana kept listening to the class and preferred to remain passive part till the end of the period. The teacher wrapped up with a parting shot: Hope, the class`ll be more interactive next time. Many more opinions will brighten up any discussion. Thanks to the class for such a wonderful time. The class ended with beaming delight.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Tearing Strife!

keen nostrils catch

a strong burning smell;

burning at the bottom

deep inside the corporeal jail!

what penance can put to sleep

the two-minds` trauma in cozy grip?

the deadly duel between bread and quill

lives on peace at their craziest thrill!

even the panacea will fail to cure

such a finicky malady and the victim poor!

what a god-gifted enigma!

the dented spirits cringe at the stigma!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Thanks-Song....

Music came when you came
Along the way between two hearts.
The gift will stay anyway
When this heart is alone by any curse.

I hear the bell ring.
I see the world swing.
We are in our musicdom
Where you are the queen and I am the king.

Music came when you came
Along the way between two hearts.
It now strums all inside strings.
Songs come out in butterfly rings.

You gave such a wonder gift,
A sound antidote to sad break-up wound.
Not just a keepsake when our time is over
The yawning hole in my heart will have music cover.

Music came when you came
Along the way between two hearts.
Lots of thanks for such a gift anyway.
No idea when you leave or how long you will stay.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Throat Dries But Voice Sings.....

A maestro of Mozart`s class
manly voice mellifluous
music saint vociferous - -
the versatile reached superfluous
as prolific rich super glorious!
fallen star creates vacuum
descends a deep pall of gloom
music devotees across the globe
see the star dust and hear the plop
the sad chasm they truly fathom.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Tie-In Between Me And Tai-Chi

As an anti-ageing workout
I`ll go in for Tai-Chi- -it`s jolly good.
Yeah- -it`s Chinese yoga.

Once you get down to it
You`ll create a lot of Chi (energy)
Not stark alien but hidden
Inside in the god-gifted kingdom!

With time when you get nimble
And move your steps at pretty ease
You`ll feel like a horse with a bird`s wings!

It`s better to go about it in early hours.
It`ll be cool if it`s done in the lap of nature.
Nothing like age or gender or whatever matters here.

Tai-Chi is like an ocean - -full of power but calm.
I`ll go for it and keep it to the last term.
I`ll fight silly ailments off; I`ll keep fit and fine.
Yeah, I know damn well that my days here are just nine.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Treasure Gem

Shall I not confer a superlative epithet upon you
who stood by me at the time of tempest
at the mid sea as a brave fellow sailor?
When you clasped my clenched fist
with the warmth of a true comrade
and got me back my blown off cap;
as a holy savior saved me from the sure disgrace,
I held your hand close to my heart
and on the shore across the turbulent storm
we clapped together hurray and sang a carol,
the earth heard the brave hearts' rejoice.
Who could be better than you as a true friend?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Tribute To My Ladylove.

Ananya
you stand like the Britannia
embellishing
my Thames psyche
and
my Westminster Abbey persona.

Behind the backdrop
of my London life
you sang a mesmeric love song
like a brown Pipit
to my Yorkshire poet heart.

You prance
like brisk Lucy
piercing through the regal silence
of pristine Buckingham Palace
clearing up all leftovers strewn mess
in my poetry ideal way
like one phoenix segue.

You strut and stride ahead
treading a two score old carpet
piqued yet proud like Queen Victoria
like a virago suitor vanquishing my poor megalomania.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A True Self Is Golden.

a true self is golden
what if not as shiny as a glitzy photo?
does a diamond without its true property
without solid density only with a sparkle
dazzle the wise eyes of a senior jeweler?
a true heart must radiate a pleasant warmth
through the open arms and welcome smile
and times tell better ever as a stoic jury.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Verse To My Valentine.

As a fighter and a lover
I love you when you
rip through taboos like a dynamite;
crush with your love-iron hands
the shackles of marble-moral-eyes.

When you weave a floral poem
that smells the sweet smell of true love;
my rock-solid heart melts into a lilting fountain
and this volcano leaps to a heart-shaped island
with very little trail of the blessed fire-brand.

I love you
when I lose my solar ego
to your Atlantic bosom:
The brute fighter in me meets a lover in me
when you enfold me in your Peepul arms.

I met you
at a sharp bend of my unruly poetry.
And you like a mad seafarer
bowed before this sea-dog
and then began our expeditious voyage
at the same vast sea with ancient wild noise!

I love you
as you like me
never madly look for a shore.
And as you ever have damn pyromania
what goes well with my having no hydrophobia!

I love you
for I do not know the time
when I do not love you.
Let us sail through our heydays and downfalls
bound to each other with a rose band of love thralls!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Vision Afloat

all my wishes gang up
and they look to run riot
as if all rivers and rivulets
merge into a single community
and then a flood, flood and flood
and a deluge carries me off the island

away from the temple
from the monolithic past
from the pastoral paradise
from the open-armed love
from the meaty poetry lust

to one unknown maybe exotic island
with a plenty of orchards and linnets
an endless pasture and ever lush green love
and a coldly smiling long graveyard

or maybe currents defeat my sinews
in the mid way and I drown to urchin death
and maybe you will yet read my poems
wiping your last-love tears and.....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Voice From Beneath The Earth!

Hey, can you hear me?
I'm done with my work here!
Is there anyone who cares to hear me?
I'm down here a little far!

It's been long since
I heard you and met you.
Here too I don't mince
And friends are few!

I'm charred in the welcome fire!
But it didn't suck me up.
Things are dark except the flames here.
By the way, will you call me up?

Guess game is not yet over!
I greatly wanna play it over!
I now look awfully ugly like burnt goof!
Will you love me like before and smooch?

Down here is a little worse than above!
No chance of sweet mistakes like there up.
The fellows above you are free from such a low journey!
They go scot-free though their blunders are ever heavy!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

A Wonderful Fight.

With you by my side
I can fight a monster;
a monster with no head
no limbs no torso
yet fierce and onrushing.
Who cares who has set it behind us?
Who bothers in what stage it stands against us?
We are in a fight standing side by side
with a harmless weapon set right!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

About My Career

as of my career
i am not like a pillion rider
latched safe on to a carrier;
if my life is a bicycle
i am the master rider.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Activism...

I turn a belching volcano
when all my blood turns acid.
I shout like a street-corner speaker
when big hammers strike on wide walls.

I can not indulge in lotus-eating
when black snakes squirm on the paved floor.
I can not hide in my fiery poetry
when open streets call for the hit.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ah! Teachers` Day.....

What I gather from my eyes and ears
education business is like a swollen thumb.
Demand and supply is a great rule.
The essence of knowledge is drowned in deep sea.
Students dip their necks into trough(Syllabus)
and munch till a semester or exam is over.
Guardians and schools chew mark sheets.
And society needs shiny stickers or tags!

None should be squarely blamed for this.
We have to click for the prospects!
Yet we carry on with the yearly Teachers' Day.
It looks like some paper flowers thank some statuettes!
Many tutors throw sumptuous feasts to their batches
in gorgeous gratitude of their annual hefty income.
Good exceptions surely deserve heartiest kudos.
I loudly fie on the rest larger communities!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ah, Money!

Money is the practical reward of life.
Honor is like wings with which you will fly
for sometime or some distance.
Descendants love more to enjoy good bank balance
and many other material possessions than prestigious
mementos, idle trophies and big certificates;
what you live with or leave behind here.

Anything that you earn if brings a good sum of money
may be dear to you but is dearer to the rest of your family.
It is not a fault as earning fuel and burning for need and comfort
earns and burns daily calories to keep oneself fit for daily life.
And many love to make demands on the merit of close relationship
more than often maybe a bit like clever parasites!

Very few extract the juice from past sugar(money) cane
when most of us have to spend the present in money farm land
for the present and for the future maybe leisure!
Who will deny that money is the funny master
and we are happy-sad slaves that live only to die someday?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

All Are Welcome There...

There is a cozy hut in my global heart;
Where I play in joy with my little playmates
Where no awards, no points just never matter
Where no bread ever goes without butter;
Where only love, love and love with laughter
Will welcome you in the very small group
United and happy; never critical or snappy.

They have formed the group with like-minded ones
All those who love poetry and songs.
They have made this fellow poor their administrator.
How I love to see my friends everywhere get together there!
We all call it lovingly Poetry Fans Association.
With every passing day I am getting closer to these hearts.
I love them all and love this Facebook group so very much.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Ailment Or Disease?

My mind is racing like a pony
My heart brays like a lamb
My brain has turned too young
I feel happy to be a fool
Like a child too eager to kiss many mistakes
These are a few symptoms of a sickness
But I do not want any medicine

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Alley Swarmed With Bees

the damp walls
gaze like peace-lover
onlookers...
choked gutter
reveals stains
spewed spit
blood rain....
stuffy smell
muffled groans
strewn petals
spooky thorns.
grumbles mumbles
abuses whispers
men are night shadows
chastity whisked away....
henchmen musclemen
ruffians bold goons
eat flesh suck blood
snatch away daily boon!
no roof no shade
the passage open naked.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Amateur Strife

My poems are for my treasure readers
poetry lovers and my soul friends.
My Muse whispers to my eager ears
and they put my heart in poetic trance.
Often with a feverish quake I wake
and leave some gibberish notes
as a holy ritual and a faddish habit.

Seen sights and heard sounds
and many things around that abound
may gush out through prose crevice.
The exposed mystery in smart tales
may reach out to many as modern parables
and the poet may be known more as an author
than a poet in story readers` wide circle.
Yet, believe me, I love to die as a poet.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Amorous Odyssey

The lady who led me
To the desolate lagoon
Cried 'open sesame '
Looking into the eerie wilderness;
We entered through the appeared entrance
And explored the quaint empty place.
We discovered some alien glossy gems.
The human touch turned them glassy items.
Frustrated when I hugged her tightly
Her coy blushes shone like the lost riches;
Now the salty smell filled all the niches.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Automatic Quill Pen.....

a gang of unruly words
in gypsy drove lines...

still sands pages
restless emotion dune...

absorbed fertile womb
dotted with pointed cacti...

beauty sucking beholders
traverse on the exotic bliss...

aromatic waft plentifully free
honey hunters` crazy possessed spree!

thorn pricked adventurous hands
touch the invisible ambrosial petals....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Entreaty

Grow up
grow up fast
o my dear heart
with the healthy sinew of summer
and bonhomie of the pleasant rays,
with the diurnal jovial trait
of the liberal vernal zephyr,
and the autumnal creative spree,
as a boon companion; a fountain free.
Grow up, dear heart
with the bonnet of a dewy morn
and the frill-fringed purple gloaming.
Grow up amidst hum, buzz, chime and tinkle
in commune with glow-worms, cicadas and crickets.
With credence in crescent-full moon,
with ears for triumphant crescendo at Noon.
Grow up with the eyes for the duteous golden Disc
and prudent vista on the present 'heigh-ho' prime.
O my dear heart
forget it not
and adorn the keepsake vase
with all your love woven verse.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Entreaty.....

Grow up
grow up fast
O my dear heart
with the healthy sinew of summer
and bonhomie of the pleasant rays,
with the diurnal jovial trait
of the liberal vernal zephyr
and the autumnal creative spree
as a boon companion; a fountain free.
Grow up, dear heart
with the bonnet of dewy morn
and the frill-fringed purple eventide.
Grow up amidst hum, buzz, chime and tinkle
in commune with glow-worms, cicadas and crickets.
With credence in crescent-full Moon
with ears for triumphant crescendo at Noon.
Grow up with the eyes for the duteous golden Disc
with prudent vista beyond this prime 'heigh-ho'.
O my dear heart
forget it not
and adorn the keepsake vase
with all your love woven verse.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Illicit Dream.....

This dawn I dreamed a dream.
The scenes are yet clear!
I want to feel the dreamy thrill
awake as a clandestine adventure!

I looked in her eyes
and told straight to her face
what I dreamed and how I felt.
With a blush she only chuckled!

Hope, she never thought I fancied the dream
or I fashioned it just to woo her!
Hope, she too felt what I felt
and believed what I told her!

She looked down for a while
and chewed the pink fun!
Someday she may look up
and may look for the real fun!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Odd Adventure....

Years back when flood paid a ritual visit
to our low lying area, amidst common suffering
I had a chance to have a unique adventure!
The swamp nearby looked a makeshift sea.
I had the first boat ride in the grey water body!
The vision around was not at all inviting;
The sky was watching us with a sulky face.
The oar-boy was my distant neighbor.
He was wielding a thin bamboo pole quite adeptly
in the deep dirty water to make the boat go ahead.
While passing by the heads of the jute plants jutted out
from the watery clutch of the flood water, a shiver
ran down my backbone at the dreadful sight of many snakes
desperately cuddling up to the protruded jute heads.
Our boat skirted past this fearful stretch and it was more horrible
to be in the middle of huge rains pumped known-unknown sea!
I now told him in rather feeble voice that we better be back...
During the return the land dotted with half-drowned houses
and some daring tree tops made the sight very pity.
I shall never forget this kind of odd adventure.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Offbeat Fix...

A shadow like gawky figure
was making faces at me.
It looked as if it wanted me
to chase it like a mad bull.
I stood as still as a grey-hound
a little off my target.
Now the shadow turned like reed!
A little later like a dwarf and then just nothing!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

An Untitled Poem

The less we talk the sweeter will be our words.
The less we meet the harder we will miss each other.
We talk a lot to see and show how different we are from each other.
We love to meet a lot to see and show how close we are to each other.

And, often, a couple of pigeons get a pair of crows!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Animal Spirits

A fight is fought not only to win a prize.
It is often fought just for the sake of right.

Soldiers seldom play ludo in a battlefield.
Farmers never yawn away their hours in a cornfield.

Defeats wear better crests than fallow rests.
They yield better kids in sooner or later tests.

Wounded warriors gather their bated breaths.
They pay back their due with once dented strength.

To fight with all might is an ancient motto.
Only lotus eaters retire to their dreamy grotto.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Another Celebration!

Another celebration!

We are happy, we are free;
Free from the foreign rulers.
Guess this happiness is not all;
That`s not all what matters!

It`s great to beat the drum.
We are the largest democracy!
It`s great to feel that we are shining
And to drum it up in a chorus sassy!

Guess here `we` stand for all of us!
We all are shining, aren`t we?
Farmers, daily-laborers, factory workers
Domestic helps and working kids` hands: are we?

We are proud Indians.
So many things to be proud of!
Should we not talk about only the bright sides?
Why dark sides in whispers or some voice loud?

Forget all serious issues.....
Forget the pesticide that killed debt-trapped farmers!
Forget the factory lockouts and jobless hands!
Forget all small and huge scams!

We should forget such things or else we can`t be positive!
We mustn`t bother about the toothless Lokpal bill.
We mustn`t worry though rape cases spiral up!
Keep aside all so many such hard pictures; dully negative!

Come on.....let`s celebrate the red letter day.
We are sovereign, secular and republic.
Let`s not talk about the infiltration and ceasefire violation
From our kind neighbors; not even the bloody violence!

We are happy and we are pacifist.
We plead to shun weapons with a group, hardcore extremist!

Drop it! Will you tell me when there`s the next exciting cricket match?
Film festivals, rock concerts, grand finale of music or dance contests!

Bad mouths say, all voters don`t get freedom even on their franchise day!
Many rights are enshrined yet the capital is way far away!

Forget it: let`s celebrate

We need an occasion as we need a celebration!

We love occasions but lot more the celebrations!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Anyone Could Be A Warrior....

Never ever lose your heart
when the worst knocks you hard.
Thingummies play a villain or clown!
They`ll laugh at your kneeling down.

The worst is better than merely bad.
A young is naiver than his aged dad!
Storm cloud is good as it rains rain.
Cotton flecks on autumnal sky
could gather for nothing but only to feign!

A gutsy guy who swims across a flooded river;
Wading through knee-deep water
to him just a funny matter!
Does`t he know pretty well,
in crisis only guts stand by the grey matter?

Wild currents love to carry you away their way.
A swelled up river loves to show off the deadly sway.
In this event if your sinews are powered by the super mettle,
you won`t be driven away or drowned: will win a real battle!

Sometime later standing on the other bank
you`ll bid goodbye to the once foe river friend!
It`s luck and it didn`t fail to draw the blank.

Never ever lose your heart
when the worst knocks you hard.
Thingummies play a villain or clown!
They`ll laugh at your kneeling down.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Apt—award!

i stole the whole sun
to implant in your heart.
all holidays turn busy days;
your slender ?gure squeezes e
through a ?lled-up pitcher inside.
i hold the splashes in my palm-cup
and drink all the drops to the lees.
the 'wattled-cabin` reached the moon;
instead of walking down the bridge
i swim in the current of the river;
a hard struggle with all sinews
reach me across on the other bank.
the burglar is now caught red hand;
'hanged to death` might cease the kleptomania

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Art And Life Coexist...

Art and life are like a body and a dress.
Like heart and blood.
The beauty of nature itself is wonderful art;
a steady powerhouse; a fount of perennial inspiration.
The father artist poured plethora of beauty
into the unique entities from behind the firmament.
The aesthetic minds imbibe both light and shadow
in keeping with their inset bowls and assimilate placidly.
This exotic art nourishes and refines life.
Life itself has added many supplementary stuffs
to the very receptive womb of art.
Diverse real experiences bring out resplendent revamp.
And hard reality may surpass mystic obscurity!
If art is beauty and beauty is truth
life reveals the hardest naked truth.
Life doodles on the canvas of Art.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

As Good As A Deadly Devil...

a dark game played
by both good and bad angels.
who knows if he is a hero or villain
brandishing valor on a mighty stallion
whose army lashes the sea of kinsman?
spiced up history text books
with clarion pep-calls from the fossilized mouths!
a great touchstone that vividly showcases
how pathetically intelligent fools the complex brains are!
the pacifist cries are vocal and verbal;
the old hatchets are seldom buried
and all devils love to nurture poisonous grudges.
crude battles grow into sophisticated monster
the fear looms large if the third devil breaks his slumber!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

As Such I Never Relax...

To a poet the trip between two poems
stands like a unique relaxation.

A strange relief like a woman
who has emptied her half-hidden motherhood
through a painful and happy delivery.

Again like a woman whose too receptive womb
has caught a new life not long after the last delivery;
a proud mother of a yet-to-be-born baby.

For this queer involuntary relaxation
one poet has to pay very poetic price.

The big world around stands like a talking mural
and he is very much alive of his busy aquarium.
His sound relaxation waits for the final rest.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Asoka The Demigod

A royal cherub was wielding a prodigy sword;
like a vengeful soldier the little eyes glowed like hot coals!
The shadow martial flair foreshadowed an emperor warrior!

Coronation was just matter of time or maybe no matter
wiping out all next to century siblings! Just bloody wiles!
The domain of an ambitious emperor must expand far and wide!

The guiding motto 'Might is right' prompted the third Maurya crown
to invade Kalinga with all the conceit of winner army and regal general, the
voracious ventured what his father and grandfather dreaded!

The next couple of months suffered all gory rattle and gruesome clang:
The clarion call- 'Advance and vanquish...' ripped through the front line
that was rendered cataleptic before long; the death incarnate was strolling
through the debris of mutilated humans strewn all over the traversed path!

The atrocious arrogance left a stigmatized toll in the villainous necropolis.
The maiden democracy in the land of Vedas stood like a silhouette against
the eclipsed humanity! No penance can redeem such a Himalayan sin!

The horror plunged into the fount of famous non-violence.
And the rest remains a different history; a mystery within a mystery!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Awake Midnight

get more alive
at the dead of night
with fairy playmates
of sweet dreams;
often in mute hours
the secret selves muse...
the CCTV footage in open mind
counts the steps and strides
the day has taken all day.
the lonely chamber gets resonate
with the set free wild cries.
the stout yet soft bolster
witnesses all the tranquilizer tears!
discover my motherland
in the isolated island
far off my known birth place.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Awards Are Welcome

Each new feather to my poetry cap
Feels like a shot in the arm;
Like a lion I rear and roar
Like a deer I fear and bore
Into the thick air at such a furor!

But awards during lifetime
Seem better than a gallantry trophy
Given away posthumously to a soldier!
Let a fighter lick his hard-earned glory
On the licking of his multitude wounds.

Honor after honor heightens the zeal
Amidst many fails and resilient thrill.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Baby, You Are Poetry!

My verses are like stars.
They twinkle in your sky!

Your smiles are similes!
Eyes speak in metaphors!
When you flash your white lilies,
waves like poems kiss beloved shores!

Baby, every time we meet;
like a meteor you rush into my land.
Poet eyes have a non-veg feast!
Erotica shrimps play on the sun wet sand!

When you rant, it sounds alliteration!
Two cousin verses lack consonance.
Your tears trickle down sentimental cheeks
and shower melody in my sorry poems!

Like my Muse sent an angel
to catalyze my drab novel;
you cast an amorous spell
and draw out daily marvel!

Baby, you`re my poetry.
My verses are like stars.
They twinkle in your sky!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Baby, You Are The Tube...

Baby, you are the Tube
And my heart is London.
Baby, you flow like the Thames
And I hang above like the Westminster.

Baby, you be the Highlands
And I will be the Wordsworth.
Baby, no matter whatever is your mother-tongue
As all your words will come to my new song.

Baby, never be an old Epic
And I never wanna be a myth hero.
For our love must not be a mimic
And we never gonna be a big zero.

Baby, you are the Tube
And my heart is London.
Baby, be a love chapel on a love-cube;
I will stand a little away like a guard donjon.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Be Kind To Me And- -

Sorrow, o my love,
take me into your arms.
Dip me down into your
icy-cold lap.
Let your alchemy work
on my tears;
and change them into pearls
that I may wreath
a wonderful wreath
for your emaciated neck.

Matchless gift
O love
how kind you are!
Brought me
the new-moon
a pall of gloom
a sea of silence
and set me in a tomb
where I lie not as a mute agony
but as a loud verse.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Be Proud Of Your Peerless Love, My Ladylove.

You may not catch up with me
or maybe someday you may overtake me
if you are potent with the fairy speed
to zoom past my rocket fast feet.

What if you fail?
You must not feel low.
Are we not bold wayfarers of the same maze?
Shall we ever stop in a midway blinding haze?

Not even the end of the mysterious journey
can surpass your infinite love for your honey.
Such a paragon of highly amorous Arabian Nights
must feel proud for dwarfing many quintessential heights.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Being Serious Is Not A Joke.....

My salute to those kind hands
that wipe tears off the poor buds
whose adolescence sees the ugly earth
and youth turns mangled in some devils` mirth.

I miss so many able hands
that remain busy in making token bands
to wipe out the nasty 'child labor'
in mere celebration and in English-1 paper!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Beyond The Lines...

While looking at a bright flower
in the garden grown with his hands
a gardener feels himself the proud flower.

The beautiful flower first steals his gaze
then drinks his eyes and then eats his brain.
The gardener feasts his poor heart only on that flower.

The lost gardener loses the rest of the garden
to the wide open mouths of dropping in visitors.
Some regular guest insects just enjoy the fun.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Bhola Leads A Life Of Bricks.

Bhola knows the weight of ten bricks together
arranged abiding by the laws of practical physics
on a small square shaped wooden plank.

He has carried the coarse weight
placed on the coiled cloth turban on his head
and climbed up many stairs to the hands of a mason
for some years to feed some mouths
whose souls weigh more than a pack of unkind bricks
on his yet to be enough strong shoulders.

The death of a workmate
as young as him
in falling off a lofty naked roof of a building
haunts him in his almost death like sleeps
but mornings bring him to the fated bricks.

His palms now wear a daily laborer hard skin
with some prized callous honor marks.
His wage against his early teenage
against his dented youth
stands a strong pillar to put up
the daily score of his family on the destiny board.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Bloody Pathos

Abrasive pain bruised my heart.
It pricked and pecked at last.
My heart bleeds and bleeds black blood.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Body Hot But Brain Cool...

Anybody who knows the on-off
button of the mind is the master
of all the three worlds....

Anybody who holds the remote
control to surf through the provided
channels and browse over the new options
can easily modulate the mind set.

not through a meditation in calm air
but like one time-taught ace player
who goes through closely the brouhaha
and reigns in all the seven wild horses.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Born In The Moon Sign!

As a proud Cancerian
born with a nest of fancies
I often mount the Unicorn
and gallop in the air, far and near!
get torn in two minds
and act in petulant impulse
then think the thought twice!
slushy soft at deep bottom
but abrasive hard on the surface!
idealist self lives on lofty thoughts;
often on the wild wings of seagull
hover and count foamy waves` number!
earthy thoughts wake up late; only
when the forehead bumps into a brick-wall!
mind is ever like a very new tender leaf
that pants for caress and the Sun warm lovely kiss!
too alert as a watchdog that barks at paltry shadow!
and heart is ever ready to be hurt by words curt!
good and bad traits, strong and weak points
make me up as I am; a poet and a human.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Brainless Memory...

my memory is in my mind
not in brain so I never mug up
or cram up things as that`d go in vain.
what I feel and feel to the core
stays inside with an ever open door.
self-trained to give audio-visual feedback
even when it looks back to long-lost past-sack.
nothing will come clearly not even a vibration
till you know how to press my mind button.
all treasured things of mine live in my mind
and I nest there cozily off the outside wind.
happy to have much less grey matter
inside the bonnet with faulty shutter
happy to be a stupid bird whose wild wings ever flutter

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Break-Up Moments....

You tell, you wanna bury the past.
You tell, your spring has come;
so summer must not last!
You wanna kill the flower plant
that our hands put to lovely land!
So be it, if this brings to you smile;
no matter it sounds sadly vile.

You tell me so many things;
all new dreams and new songs.
Hard tales that hearts have to break
to keep many hearts happily perfect.
All your butterfly words look creepy worms!
Feel pity to feel where they could squirm!

You be happy no matter what happens.
Good luck to your newly seven heavens.
But don` t take leave from me with a smile;
it kills the earth nice and smells bloody vile.
You wanna kill the flower plant
that our hands put to lovely land!
So be it, if this brings to you smile;
no matter it sounds sadly vile.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Buddies, Make It...

Walk and walk on
no noise, no pause
and roads`ll be won- -
don`t fly above a street
better walk on it;
may be, it`s long and wide
let your mission be the guide;
and boldly opt out
any alley what`s blind - -
Roads are roads
fear them little;
choose and pick
then go and hit - -
on your steady walks
the road`ll be even;
may it be a new one
or an oldie, well-beaten - -
walk and walk on
down the road you`ve chosen;
you`ll end as a master
and the tame road`ll lie low
under your firm feet - -
Now head and hit that blessed road.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Bullies Suck Lovers!

Am I a savage beast
when I want to see you in you
with nothing at all on you?

From a lonely cabin of a restaurant
or from a bushy corner of a half-romantic park
what if we rush into a hidden chamber in a hotel
to see and read the beautiful truth in us;
what if our bold nudity laughs at our civil clothes?
And if we draw much waited geometry
in the pleasant work out of the wildest gymnastics?
And if the beasts in us make us a dog and a bitch
for a great day or for some sweaty hours?

Will you count the number of eyes
what will just lick and gobble up
any real rape video with barbaric giggles?

These holy reptiles too along with many holy books
will mingle with the cacophony of proud modesty
and will say, 'Sex before or without marriage is profanity'.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

By A Weaver Of Words And Artist Of Thoughts.

A girlfriend is like a river in spate.
A wife is like a rivulet on mild stream.

A husband is like a big and rich pool.
A boyfriend is like a fishery dam.

And a lover is like a lovely island.
Such pictures may totter or stand.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Careless Beauty....

Some are ever very serious
in their words and works.
They enjoy their proud seriousness!
They use sombre make up on their faces.
They love to think heavy thoughts
and eagerly serve to others.
Their stuffs are good bereft of charm!
Those who are carelessly careful
do lot better in more cheerful way.
Uncut diamond has its own appeal!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Caressed By Yorkers...

York never sleeps.
Neither do I. As a paved river
I pass through the heart of this ever brisk body.
I am quite wide and long and damn sleek.
Tyro tires of posh cars rub on my shiny black skin.
Some rude ones halt to screeches and I fear to have
some abrasive bruises. But I am nourished with extra
Vitamin-E. I am so used to bear with a sickening traffic.
I am so used to put up with daily cacophony. I get thrilled
with rash junky races and look on how dollars shift hands.
My eyes meet so many empty gazes of long waiting escorts.
Night has its own light what reveals under-skin darkness.
I am not allowed to lie idle or to catch a cat-sleep.
I have to stand by and back up all the unputdownable wheels.
Shiny shoes and stilettos tread on me though just for few steps.
Sky-risers on either sides clip my wings to a modest size.
I am proud that I am here though sleepless and dog-tired.
My siblings have the same fate; so crowded yet lonely.
But I have to keep a stoned face like a callous or a heartless.
No prob. Let the heads go high trampling on my slumped state.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Changes Change Changers.

Our wants and needs change with time.
Wishes and dreams too.....
We make ourselves over to fit in the change.
We get better than professional disguisers!
We make it out-and-out.
A stupid mirror loves to wait on moody whims!
We bring changes but they have their batons!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Changes Change What?

When change pecks on your forehead
All your body takes a new color.
Many new words come
And in a new tone they utter.

A storm turns a zephyr
In a sunny day in early spring!
The roar dies down
In a Xmas carol ring!

Who knows what is eternal?
I stick to 'never ending'.....
I look at the flesh and blood!
Am not I a bard nocturnal?

My girlfriend is more than a muse!
I touch her and she turns well-wrought poetry!
Her lithe body has cocaine thrill in profuse!
Like a hardcore addict I keep up the celerity!

I am a sinner and I am saint!
My willow mind knows how to bend.
I suck all bad and good stuff.
I am a Knight on my fissile horseback!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Christ And Krishna...

Christ and Krishna
grew their divine charisma
in idyllic, pristine
pastoral ambience
amidst the mute-holiness bovine!

The enshrined forgiveness
was nailed to the oozing godliness!
And the enchanting savior;
the child God and annihilator
set the prototype Machiavellian acumen
with the whirling wheel
on the tip of his Jupiter finger
by cheeky pranks and retributive miracles!

Both were the messengers of love:
Jesus held the Egyptian lotus
but the eighth Avatar of Vishnu
may have preferred the American lotus!
One enhanced the myriad hearts
with oracles or parables or healing touches:
the other bound all the creatures
blowing on the wand like flute;
fashioned the devotional illusion
in the feminine shadow of Radha
his paramour and soul relation!

Christ and Krishna
both are so down-to-earth
and again so mystically quizzical!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Clothed Lies And Nude Truths

White or black
lies wear garb
but their foes stand bare;
don't they feel like a barb?
They fly and roam
but their rivals
rest on a guard;
as placid as gnome!
They have wings
what take the credulous off
from the rough runway
daily or very often.
On every joy-ride
comes thrill and fun;
too momentary though!
Their enemies are poised
but walk too very slow!
Who bothers what will happen
in very long run?
Isn't life a crash course?
One and just for once, of course?
What if one takes such a chance
and joins fools in their paradise
defying the sages` furnace?
Do butterflies ever care,
each of them will turn a caterpillar?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Cold Come The Days...

How could you forget
Old love days?
Knock on your heart
And hear what it says.

You know the key.
You've locked the door.
If it's still open,
You've kept it so for sure.

Don't you sing that song?
Maybe now alone?
What we sang in our summer
In joy chorus happy together?

I feel too old in this loveless cold.
Gray looks the world and heart 's no more bold.
My diary holds my loud thoughts
When I brave the throttling sorrow;
You may come and look them up;
Just check it out any tomorrow.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Come And Calm Me Down!

I am in a terrible bellicose mood.
I am hell-bent to destroy my earth!
I will run through the wreckage....
My fierce laughter will rend the air!

I will cry a pool.
I will drown in the puddle!
I want my death to come
and to calm me down soon!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Consciousness Inebriated

Shall we take It as a gospel
or an oracle that calls out
from the lofty ivory tower?
I miss the voice or only blurred fragments
reach me when I gaze at the hub of a fast carousel!
What if I sing a carol in a choir of my carousal buddies?
What if a prater carries the day
on his ghoulish gibbet and paints the world red?
Many carrion crows peck at many grand caryatids;
no qualms of Casanova merriment haunt the ember ego!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Crave For The Shadow!

let me find out
one cool shadow of true love
where I shall retire and relax
for the bliss and peace
and what`ll be like the shadow of God!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Crazy Lot

Poets are like poets
possessed by a crony muse
can not but write things
that come crowding themselves
and ruffle the cranky chords;
after the bout of a throw-up
and a relief for a while
pregnant mind goes convulsive
eager for the awaited delivery:
secluded in the crowded world
the feverish entities find the
expressive mouth even for gibberish.
though blessed with unique bliss
undergo the torment of tangled thoughts.
the self-centered, self-cocooned existence
consumes the limited share of elixir;
tightly occupied poor selves relish
the gasping breaths and the benediction.
proud and happy in this plight
with the antidote against the blight
of the huge run of the mill - - - -

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Creative Fire

If you run into love fire ring
You`ll burn but not to ashes;
You`ll glow like crimson flower
In a rapid, fiery passion shower.
And two earths will dash into one;
Smash into the chaos of ancient cosmos.
A cute earth will come of this primitive phenomenon.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Crownless Thorne

????????? ????????

?????? ?????? ??? ??????? ???
??? ?????? ??????? ?????? ???????
????? ?????? ??? ??? ???
??? ??????? ??? ??????????? ???
??? ??????? ??????????? ?????? ??????
?????????? ?????????? ?????? ? ??????
????????? ?????? ????????????? ?????????? ??????????

Crownless throne

When roars lose in the whims
of a paper kite buoyant in the autumn sky,
saggy mane falls off its place
and swims in the Mayurakshi flow;
royal gait wanders about
in the stanza and imagery of a gazelle
in one lost personal African forest

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Crush, Infatuation And Love

Poets are born fools- -
fools with very different wits.
I am worse than others.
I am no better than a duffer.

You may have a crush on somebody.
You may be infatuated with someone.
You may have fallen in love with anyone.

I have looked up the nuance
but failed to make out the delicate distinction.

If love is the holiest and strongest bond
how come break-ups are so much in vogue?
Who judge what is love and what is not?

I find more infatuation in love
and what may have begun with a crush.
Forget me, forget this crass....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Dancing Shadows Cower.

Who will tell me
why all paths often lose to the hanging horizon?
Why the soil beyond it stands mutely unseen
when maybe a tract there was loudly foreseen?

Above gathered clouds
like a pack of yelping wolves
chase all the four sides
in the split up grimaced divine mugs.

And our flight of smiles
shed like tuft of plumes loose tears.
And our souls wade through wet beds
maddened by oftentimes monsoon airs.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Dare In Fair Or Unfair Way!

Men with arms never know
what sort of death is in wait
in frontier or front line.
They swear to rain courage bullets
and brave the killing battle hours.
A downfall may curse a host of them
cutting down into nine!

Why will lovers then fear any catastrophe?
Parting ways someday is surely a disaster
but this fear can` t stop losing your dear heart!
Do we ever downplay the beauty of a lovely flower
just because in some hours it will be stark over?
Life is a stoic judge; very cool and sternly smart!
It never hands the chicken hearts a real trophy.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Daredevil

Drive your naked knife
to the sanctum of my heart!
Smash me into a mangled thing!
Burn me into feeble ashes!

I will laugh at such deadly fun!
I never fancy to be a phoenix!
My devil guts defy the ugly disasters!
My supreme ego makes me immortal in a life!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Dark Disarray...

Let me drift ahead like a blind ship
and hit the cold-blooded iceberg
in the darkness caressed bloody hour.
Don` t tell me to think twice before the jump
from the killer cliff to the swirling water.
What the heck should I mind and count my steps
when I am hell-bent to be a butt in an ashtray?
Let me raise a storm that will blow me away
far from this huge heap of wilt pages.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Darling, You....

Darling, you didn` t creep into my heart
you walked straight in with a gait smart
Darling, I did see you come in
and felt my heart filled with joy within.

Darling, I didn` t stop you then
as I knew nothing could stop your come-in
why should I stop you when
the door was ajar for any stranger turned lover.

Darling, you` re so heartily welcome
in this weeds grown poetry-yard
maybe only you can be the music balm
to the old wounds of this wino bard

Darling, you` re now the valves of my heart
and your love is rich red cell blood
Darling, never leave this poor hut
for that` ll make me just a putrid cut.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Deadly Punishment.....

One thief has been caught and lynched.
They say he deserves this punishment.
He is accused of stealing things from hostels.
A few medical students did the great job.

The self-appointed judges awarded the death sentence.
The violent executioners slit him with sharp blades.
They went mad and did not spare even his private parts.
Mobocracy is peeping through their killing him brutally.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Defeat Is A Test...

Some say a defeated soul
is like a wounded tiger;
it growls with growing grit.
The egoist self is greatly cut up
at the slightest disgrace and
broods over the hurt lion pride.
The real brave is one who springs up
from the deep pit of black debacle
and holds the heart to reach the azure pinnacle.
A defeat is like a lump of coal;
a fuel to fire and a new flame.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Destiny.....

I am the shadow of my destiny.
I wish my destiny were my shadow.
As a fatalist I can see its cast!
I can not but obey my destiny.

The light of deep consciousness
or the lamp of occult science never
allows me to be oblivious of this pursuit.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Disharmony.....

Mind is a sprinter.

Body is a marathon runner.

Mind is eager for many events- -

A unique athlete with super endurance.

A body can not keep pace with

its nippy mind- - almost never.

Their conjugal life is such unhappy!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Dramatic Lot!

the loudspeaker mouth
iterated what the billboard
eyes read...
the make-believe overpowered
the moonshine consumed sot;
the loony lost himself in the abandoned glee.
no sprinkle from the font;
the fountain belched out
hellish green pain!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Elite Journal Embrace Scholar Scribes!

No need to beat about the bush
the open secret badly pokes and pricks;
many a poor heart sadly bleeds!
some fluky fellows, plume crested
and stoutly stuffed with regal feathers
easily adorn the ornate servile thorns:
academic crowns dazzle more brightly
than the holy Sun and even a crude pottery
earns plaudits of one hallowed craft.
How long will the lettered hands
scratch only the anointed backs?
No God never knows!
Let many born bards die like a blessed thrush
captive in a hawthorn fenced rustic paradise.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Erotic Fancy

the tang flavored tongue like
a rapacious leaping flame
entered and entwined hers
in the virgin fetish sensuous mouth.
the libertine palms grasped the supple prey
like a gladiator holds his proud sword!
like slithering serpents the palms
crawled frantically all over her vales
and plateaus and the shrine a little down!
then we two stuck onto each other
into one lively curvacious vibrating figure!
kick -started the game with impatient knee-trembler
and then like persistent hermits
performed all divine lotus positions!
the passive grew vigorously active
and the acrobatic feat attained the erotica lilt!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ever True Alchemy....

Ever true alchemy....
What you said I heard
Unvoiced sound and each voiced word.
What you felt I felt
Deep inside and I knelt

To pray the maiden prayer- -
The prayer comes out in a whisper.
Once two minds get together
And touched by the same love feather;
Shall they go asunder?

What if they call it a faux pas?
Why should we budge and bow?
The walls may hear the world
But they have never a heart.

What if they swear and curse?
We care a shit all the crass.
The earth may burn in solar tsunami
And all may go to ash-lulled sleep.

But we shall stand on our immortal bonhomie
And we will keep our love in our present keep.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Fate And Football

ball is now in my court.
I`m taking it along ahead to the goal.
Things are looking up pretty well.
And I`m jolly sure that I`ll make it.

But things won`t be the same as today.
The ball never stays in the same court.
This rolling ball calls so many players.
Yeah. All wait for their good turn in game.

And we all are at this bloody daily game.
Who cares here the yellow or the red card?
No flag tells that the ball is outside and it`s unfair.
No whistle blows to call the break until it`s over.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Fate Fares...

We do not reach our destiny
through the paths we choose to walk along.
Rather, we follow the paths
chosen by our destiny for us.
We think, we change our courses
at our human will or animal whims.
But, these things are not impromptu;
as willy-nilly we obey a scripted itinerary.

A death dies on reading the last milestone
next to what lies an unending unseen road
and in such a way may play all slaves with their master.
Ah! Yet we grow so fond of our costumes and make-ups
that are put on us as protagonist wayfarers or buffoon travelers.
And only at death we realize how our destiny was set
but none to tell it as such words are never heard then.
As long as we put up here in this planet
we feed ourselves on our imposing self-respect.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Fate Is An Odd Mirror...

Fate is bullshit.

It`s like an odd magic mirror.

One who finds a nice reflection

In it adores in a number of words.

And one who discovers just the opposite

Often blames the mirror or curses oneself.

Some others may not just care the mirror.

They never bother to stand before it.

They care it the damn.

They have their clear reflection inside.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Fears Are Worse.....

Fears paralyze the chicken hearts.
They have more preys than sprites.
The victims turn paper white at the bout.
Blue butterflies play in their feeble bellies.

Tall towers are turned dwarf domes by cold monsters.
The icy symptoms are worse than that of leprosy.
The poor victims lose their weight like the anorexics.
It is the Undaunted souls that end in bold history.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Fingers-Crossed...

I am pretty sure
the narrow alleys before my eyes
will open up into big paths.
And the flickering light in the hope-lamp
will turn out to be a big sun...
The mellow beam that allures off the shore
will come down and smear with silver love all over.
All the twinkling stars that now adorn only the ceiling
will have wild wings and fly into the yard of endless firmament.
The flash of thumps up will fall right on the parched forehead.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Fleeting Hours Flee To 'no – Man's – Land'

I said to her "Today is 'the day'; tomorrow may not come". "In days gone by they would look to have all that 'yet – to be – had' at any next day break".

She still preferred any other day to that very day.

I said to her yet once more "Look, my sweet heart, today is longer than any day past and surer too than any day to come".

Gosh! She grew more rigid and nodded a firmer 'No'.

Lost my temper and lashed out to her "Hey, listen, the day you are turning down will truly die;

Promise me for once and ever that later neither you'll mourn nor will you cry."

Perhaps, she too did say in her solemn silence "Marry! How could I utter my utter helplessness!

Should I give up my chastity in such an indecent way; I'll be disowned from His holy benevolence."

She did little, thought a lot and her 'tomorrow' thus never came.

How I wish now with all my heart

together had then a good weep!

the last cuddle, a gleaming burst

before the final and eternal grief.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Flowers Of My Heart.

Floral faces of the sun color
shine brightly in their green purview
wearing in their eyes molten yellow smiles
livelier than dancing Wordsworth flowers.

Delicate golden plates
with some regular beauty pleats
in slender and elegant bodies
carry future oil`s history seeds.

Poetry eyes drink the natural yellow beauty.
Prose eyes think of their naturally noble duty.
Beauty alone with no fruits for the earth
tastes like mythical elixir for a schmuck like mirth.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Foes Are Better Than Friends...

until we remain sandals or shoes
men around us are quite happy.
they love to look down on the things downtrodden
by the able or merely lucky feet.

when we turn turbans, caps or hats
they think we have gone too high up
on the heads of their own and many others.
they go green to look us up above their height.

they love to preach at the drooping figures
and readily vie with the upright heads.
they bow before the colossal statures
with grumbling ego or nonchalant gestures.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Foppish Pavilion

Subho, Subhom, Deb, Debanjon
Nikita, Rikita, Bobita, Sunita;
The list like a rail line
Will go ahead and run fine.
They`re like-minded at least in one matter,
All are Facebook fans and 'what`s up chatter'.
Wizard gadgets, glittering nuggets and nippy races
Throb their hearts; they strut ahead in rapid paces.
They grow too many friends in a lightening flash;
Mutual friends, group friends; often flings in a teenage rush.
Saucy pokes, juicy jokes and poster glamor flood their wall.
In frantic fragments tittle true comes up their funny tattle.
Images of hunk bikes and posh cars and stuffs like gaudy jerks
Possess them like evil phantoms and lead them to many quirks.
They see the world through the panorama window of the small attic
Only the next door neighbor remains as alien as an ancient Gothic.
They swim and swim in the make-believe pool
Even if the Earth goes to hell there they are cool.
Look, Subho, Subhom and Bobita, Sunita
Fiddle with their chic cells as if they`ll bring out a young Santa.
Some old calves prance as it were they are in ecstatic trance
In pseudoland along with many phoney colts and sportive fawns.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

From A Moon To A Sun

Her full love
made me a full moon
that rocked to and fro
in the waves of the sky;
her subdued beam
waned that silver glee.
A frivolous beauty
on the colossus dark body!
The crescent and dwarf
and a blemish of eclipse
made the moon so unsure
let alone being truly pure.
Got sick of this fun
and stopped the break-neck run.
The callous feature fueled fire
into my heart to the edge;
anger, hatred and wrath
pumped helium to the filling;
Ah! burning and bulging into a ball
I may soar and climb
I may die and fall!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

From Air To Water...

One young girl heard a poet out some love poems
in one poetry auditorium never that densely crowded.
As it is well known that mostly failed love grows wings
in romantic nest his poems too fluttered in a wild zest.
The saddest tale often gains the sweetest tune in soft tone.
Bound by an unknown spell the pretty girl called up girlish guts.
She walked straight up to the poet when he alighted from the podium.
And threw a missile of robust plea to the baffled loser heart.
'Why can't I be your Pagli? I have lost my heart to you just now.'
' But I love you with all the love of many million years'.
The poet looked into her eyes and found the truth crystal clear.
He lost his words as one loses one's mind in one odd hour.
In a little while he could manage his disheveled poetry pages.
He then uttered, ' I am more fond of bony illusions than fleshy reality.'
' I fear to lick tears and smack fizzy cheers in a fiery flow.'
The bold girl held his hand and took out from the fancy blow.
Then? Poetry plunged into an ocean and came out two deities.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

From Sobs To Sighs.....

Laila, minor lass
the land Bangladesh
moons ago mummy gone
collapsed Abba now
pallid, charpoy-ridden
mobbed by motley mourners
aloft to the last home
amidst wail and moan.
One distant chacha
takes the orphan his home;
high dose of sly sedative
in full-plate of fine rice
brings a stupid good slumber
a forced mid-term peace!
The grasping kinsman
sold his soul to the devil;
the time she wakes
with still drowsy eyes
finds herself in a lonely room
in a house like home.
A missing girl lost
in an outcast malodorous world!
A clump of tin-roofed shanties
on the edge of Hilsa famous Padma
in the custody of Queen, the mistress.
Let more three years wean
and Laila becomes a teen;
she owes one fated debt
to her mistress, the madam Queen.
The `due' accrues with every fallen day
on two-square meals and cheap frocks gay.
Grown in lady pimp`s affectionate care
like a mascot or one bestowed heifer.
Just three years later
at one very sultry-sullen noon
sparrows were chirping by the gutter
dropped in there a dainty Babu
and Laila was chosen soon
by her first `one hour long' beau.

Lusty gale and lewd gust
rummaged through newly blossomed
blooms ridden verdure patch,
goes disheveled every settled dust;
unheeded all groan and moan
flock and flutter in the niche-zone.
Lashed a blackish mark once a whip
as rebellious mouth made a beef;
the platter went blank for a day and night
she stepped over her narrow fenced right.
The lesson thus learnt
one fears the fire once burnt!
As many times in a working day
so much dough comes her way;
poor a slave remains under the mistress
till she pays off to end her distress.
Some hours are slow, some too fast
come of her age but mind gathers rust.
Vultures nibble the flesh to bits
the carrion-depot fills up with stigma gifts.
No more a newcomer, nothing anew
the drab drags the lacklustre hue.
This place is now her place too
the waters in Padma may often moo.
The ancient marks go fairly blurred
yet languished anguish is itself flushed.
In the wake of a brisk night
in the wee hours` rosy flight
travells a long way to a stationery stall
run all by herself, free from a thrall!
Come rupees, come coins with sweat beads
a shaft flickers and tunes the coaxed reeds.
Moist eyes go shut in a voluntary reverie
out from the stone statue the spell-captive fairy!
Small coins clang into a bright piggybank
last straw clutched from the trodden rank.
Roaring night ends up at a calm dawn
doted `will' romps like a sportive fawn.
Sea of tears streams into Padma bosom
cactuses come up and no buds ever blossom.
The sudden demise of her adorable support
upset her multiplication table in ill-lot's rapport.

Too little for the pluck as Laila was a lass
foliage, twigs were crushed; a topsy-turvy vase.
Now she stands as stuffed sack pain
so soiled a linen that wash is vain!
Still she plucks up all leftovers strength
stands up firm for a free-fresh breath.

.

They hail from the land
salt-water embraced land
mute, looks on a little away Dhaka
a feeble witness, huge flowing Padma.
The huddle in a cluster of shanties
multiply like insects in obscure localities.
Loaded wheels screech there to a stop
the pathway is spotted with betel blob.
They turn either staple or fancy food
for the hidden belly or stomach good.
In all terms merely manual-labourers
survive and subsist on odd wayfarers.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

From Sorrow To Sorrow....

You`re so kind!

Give me lots of pain.

Wash away the stain

Like a heavy rain!

"Pain is good cleanser".

Wading through the tears

You walk up to this sinner!

Things turn better in a just breather!

You teach me a lesson!

I must not take to material possession.

Like many other humans

I cannot break open the chains!

In a way pain gets a prey.

It`s You who gets a job!

`T`s very true that You hold sway

And I have to end in many a sob!

You`re so kind!

Give me lots of pain.

Wash away the stain

Like a heavy rain!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Fun Never Runs Out!

Not a single epithet is definitive.
Skin-mouths deliver them from
wise or stupid brains often with
some reason or just in exclamation.

Some humans are surely kind.
Many say that they are kind; very kind.
All say that they want good to others.
Self-proclaimed donors of advice are too many.

Many love to feel that others are sick
and need a thorough good treatment.
All are ready with almost a ready prescription.
Being good is the DNA of doing good.

A quack throws some medical suggestions
with all airs of a certified doctor to the supposed sick.
A faithful animal may think their barking is an oracle!
Interestingly, both wise and stupid ones are judges!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Fun-Filled Puddle...

It`s gonna be a great get together.
Many will come; many will be there.
Bubbles of laughter will happily smear;
Talks and chats will fill up the air.

The foodies will gorge huge goodies.
Many goggled eyes will ogle at brisk chicks.
Many leery ones will go in for side glance.
The chatty aunts will drown in gossip-parlance.

Idle talks will get very busy here.
Some brand new dresses will steal stare.
I too will jump and swim in this puddle.
Why should I stand out there as one riddle?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Funny Words...

I am not that clever.
Never a good planner.
Often tip over the bumps.
But never get the humps.

I smile at my fate.
It seems very funny.
Its stare gives me cold.
And my nose gets runny.

I sneeze sad sighs.
And jump for the highs.
Never know what's called cries.
Often belch out my neighs.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

General Truth.

What if the world around you
changes overnight and you remain the same?
Days and nights will come and go in the same way.

Mostly in the same way
Shackled with the daily rhymes and verses.
Only some hours sometimes may bite off some old biscuits
dipping them well in the fleeting hot tea
looking outside of a newly painted window
that overlooks the short-lived beauty
of a flower in a courtyard garden
what sees some alien birds
filling up some or many shadowy recesses
with their stop over chirps and coos.

Past too saw some pasts
sinking in shallow or deep water
to be out only on the other side
or to be lost under the fog shrouded sky.

Future like a peeping-Tom peeps through
the key-hole of a makeshift room
or a cardboard character
to see and enjoy the rolling things
with as such no clothes on.

Past heaves its gathered sighs
in the brand new pages of tomorrow
and of the day after tomorrow
and now butterflies
are then caterpillars
wriggling about a tired tree.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Girlfriends...

Many say that girlfriends are more complex
than difficult poetry.

Layers are thicker than Blake`s symbolism.

And their mood is more intricate than Eliot`s imagery.

The other side may have strong counter literature.

Poets may sing praise songs about their beloved

but they know how they fashioned the sweet notes.

Love poems, some say, are ever the funniest ones.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Giving Is Great But...

Before I give it to you
let me listen to my heart
as I need to know
if it is happy or hurt.
Giving something away
with a pure joy of ray
is never an easy task.
Why should I wear a plastic smile?
And put on a great-kind mask?
My throat may burn
with the poison of things
but the thirst never gives up!
It too is mine.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Goings-On Stoke The Innate Fire

as a goggled onlooker
observe and note down
on the memory note pad
all the striking goings-on
of the cronies and aliens.
no need to embark on the fantasies
as real drama is lots more amusing
than any fictitious romance!
a joker is jibing at other jokers?
the most humorous tragedy!
verses of the mystic land
often come in prose wear
and many prosaic episodes
stupefy in poetic disguise!
all the ignited sparks
pave the erupted river.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Gotta Tide Over...

Problems take place.
They may come like unwelcome guests.
We may nod them in without any sense.
Some weirdos just love to summon them.
Some nitwits have little idea about their entrance.
But all feel it bad while wading through knee-deep,
Waist-deep or up to the neck of their mucky things.
We cry loudly or silently when we get into a situation.
We look back as far as possible to dig out the root.
We brood over so many things and get more upset.
We get stuck and start blaming others or ourselves.
Thus sights around get more foggy and visibility worse.
Solution looks on and has lots of fun
To see us in such a messy run!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Grey Areas.....

Some say that they are armed with
the worthy hands to write their final writ.
Some others look at the fate lines on their palms
and pray to the heads for the best to come to them.

Both sides may tip over their philosophy boulders.
Either of the two sides may again swing to the rival pole.
We never bother such things till things go all right.
We are mostly half-believers in quite many such things.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Happy As They Are Happy..

Yeah, Yeah, I will..

Go for a broke...

Yeah, yeah, I will...

Now count the ticking stroke.

I am happy I am a loser.

They are up and I am under.

I am happy as they are happy

And I won't mourn at my blunder.

There must be some tears

on the heap of huge laughter.

There must be some fears

In those who are real victors.

When I meet myself in a corner

And we talk there or just whisper

All sighs then gather and so closely go over;

The mark sheet speaks I am an underachiever.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Happy Heart Sings...

It`s been a nice day.
Things came in a lovely way.
Some lost plume got back their home;
The wings again flutter and roam.

Black clouds now begin to flee
As they failed to cover the sun;
Wind again drinks the glee
And the royal wings hover in fun.

Who knows what comes next?
Tomorrow has a short prologue.
Who knows if it is just better or the best?
Time may read out the long epilogue.

It`s been a nice day.
Things came in a lovely way.
Keep aside the things of far away;
And let us live today with the joy of today.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Happy-Risky Journey....

I fall in love like a child stumbles.
I venture through prickly brambles
just to have my dream blackberry.
Some fresh bruises mark an adventure of late.
I wish I could give only half heart
I would then have it just half-burnt.
As I am such an odd make
and since the time unknown
so hell-bent to commit often blunders;
I plunge into the Moon-lit mouth
of a deep pit and love to get lost
for some time and I get more fond of
this down journey on each failure!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hard Challenge...

Shaw`s dramas with long prologues and epilogues
give out egoist smell of a know-all playwright....
the god of physics shouts oracular words
about the infinity of humans` stupidity....
Tagore patted on very few green-horn backs
and tore apart the next forerunner Jibananda Das.
Yeats claimed his poems are not for all;
egoist souls marry to bigger challenges
and produce prodigy offspring.....
they are their rivals
they love to see themselves
better every hour
better than themselves
as they were in the last hour!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hard Words From An Open Page...

I`d read out my poems to many; some friends, all students and seemingly poetry reading I`d often look at their faces to watch feedback. I`d allow them some time to ponder over and love to answer their questions, sometimes diving into the very depths of a of them looked to have taken it for nothing but a routine a few showed their growing interest with their eyes shining more on each of the poems. Some seemed to have given up long before a thoughtful journey began, maybe, just because they believe that poetry is not their cup of tea. Some others may think that such creative work is merely fanciful intellectuality, what has very little to do with daily concrete realty. Again, some of them may love the poems of this poet just because they love the poet personally. They love to know the poet more than his poetry. But discovering a poet through his work is the best way, I believe. When a poet gets larger than his work, it is disgrace to such a sublime fine art like poetry. In my mind, good poetry of a poet is the true identity of a good poet. None but the avid readers could know him the best. Now that I realize no good thing could be forcibly pumped into a person until their minds are ready and alert to accept, I quit the old habit of sharing my joys and sorrows through my poems with others, especially reading out to them directly myself. Finally, all have right to like or dislike poetry as many other things. But, it is so dear to me, even more than my life, I can never make it cheap by catering to all and sundry. So, my poems are only for the readers who love to read them themselves. I declare to change my habit right here and now. Thanks for listening to such personal words.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hate Reversion...

never ask me to walk back
and wade through the quagmire
for I`d badly miss
the present quixotic moor!
why on earth I`ll revert to
the pragmatic prose?
let me swim and drown
in verses...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Helpless But Not Dejected

Even the path I am married to
has little idea about what lies miles ahead;
I implored 'today' to phone 'tomorrow'
but even telephone directory could not help...
Maybe, 'tomorrow' does not carry a cell;
maybe, the cell is away from the service area!
The visibility is not that poor
yet the path here fails even in strained effort
to be exactly sure about pot-holes, bends
and pool of pain somewhere even a little far!
Heard that 'today' made one desperate attempt
but his admission to 'tomorrow`s' yard was denied outright.
I am such an obdurate that never gives up on singed-self!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Heroism Speaks In Action....

Anyone could wear the attire
of a soldier.....
The body may fit in to flaunt
but the throbbing heart at the
hypothetical booming will betray....

If prowess and mettle miss the DNA
all the fibers of the muscles play second fiddle.
A uniform confers honor to an aspirant person
but a true person makes the uniform truly proud.

A character sounds in words
but is clearly seen in performed action.
Posture could be deceptive but action
makes the real marks sheet and.....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hey, Here Goes What She Says...

Hey, here it goes what my-she says...
never leave me alone
never ever just leave me alone
whatever may happen
we must stand on our zone

it`s ever okay you only love me
i`m ever happy you just love me
i said many times before you did it first
i`m more than happy you said it last

i want nothing much
i know you`r such
but never leave me alone
and be ever in our zone

i know you`re cranky sort
i know we won`t ever be in nuptial-knot
i know i know our love is side street
and the main road is too far to ever hit

yet i`m happy you`re with me
i`m more than happy you love me
just never leave me alone
whatever may happen we`ll be in our zone.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hey, You There?

Hey, you there?
I wanna share with you some talks.
O yeah, more than may be just some.
Hey, you there?
I need to have some talks...
They have gathered for hours
and now kick on the walls of my heart!
Hey, you there?
They need you to hear
as they wanna travel to you heart!

It`s now good many hours
since I drank last aural love potion!
My mind like a rocket train
passes by too many tiny places!
And it now needs one last station.
Hey, you there?
I wanna share with you something very special.
It`s killing to wait any longer.
The womb of my heart cannot bear...

Only S.M.S or M.M.S won`t do good enough.
I have to have word with you;
I need to hear your voice too.
Such a piece of news! So very special!
It`s for both of us; our dream has turned real!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hibernation In Summer!

It looks like things are getting better now.
Clumsy things are coming in concrete nice shapes!
Tearful melody turns vibrant rap music.
But who will bathe in this flood of joy?

I feel like basking in placid stupor!
I am drowsy and dozing off to nap.
I am too tattered to be a summer grasshopper!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hmm...Mystery

Mystery walks in everywhere
like one too bold intruder.
It attacks with brain-teasing virus
caught soon by ever thrill-seekers.
Mystery begins and mystery ends
in the end beyond many bends.
It is Satan again it is Jesus;
a dark puzzle and bright Phosphorous.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hoary Head Muses Cool!

the outgoing year
renders the diary
the calender
as disused as any
lately retired piece
of furniture!

now on the threshold
of a fresh newcomer
a naive optimist
may love to embark on
a daring quest for a mare`s nest!
a veteran sailor
prepares for another voyage
in a very different exponent way!

let the breakers roar
the cruel waves lash hard
or may the sea look too calm
a cozy bed with many an amiable foam
who knows what is in store?
under the water or the safest shore?
better loin the cloth
and tighten the jaws
for only tomorrow knows
the tomorrow the best!
may the lot visit and lazily rest!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Home Alone Never Good..

When I am home alone
the home will be more loud
with the echo of their talks
and laughs and cries that are
left behind maybe to accompany
me in my silent poetry odyssey;
my wishes to see them and have talks
may go wild unlike the times they are so close;
this may end up in making me feel lonely.

I may try to hug a new poem more tightly
but maybe some heavy sighs come in the way.
I may love to wait for their getting home
at my work with a bit heavy heart.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hope Freak!

Who has such daring arms
That would welcome this scatter brained?
Isn't it ever hard to bear with a jerk?
What touch can change a lump of soil
Into a great part of a super sculpture?
There must be a wonderful artisan
Whose hands are moist with a unique potion!
Before whom the crass voice turns honeyed rich!
Who knows if such a chance is stored safe
In the hidden safe of this time's distant branch?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hope Full Then Less!

the paramour came like a gust of wind
that ruffled the wilt petals of
the rusted rose in my withered garden!
my sea of sands with many dusty dunes
turned an ocean with shore-kissing breakers!
and the Sun- like love glittered the billows!
the cobweb nets gave way to the cozy nest
built in the bosom by the weaver mind`s golden bill!
doting hopes were wildly raised
and came up like a huge useful pile!
who could say that you`d leave
leaving me in the lurch amidst grief!
alone I am yet alive
holding still the ancient hive!
bent on gathering old-new poems
that`ll cover me like the honorary shroud
as I`ll be buried deep under all the earthy qualms!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hope...

I have gotta see you very soon.
We are gonna talk it over.
We have gotta talk it out.
This hang-over must be gone.
All issues must be sorted out.
Head`s so heavy and it kills the heart
As if got stuck in a maddening traffic-jam.
Now there ought to be a ceasefire
In the long-run battle of stiff egos.
No more bullets of hard words
Should be fired cruelly into hearts.
No parley but we need to meet and talk.
Guess, the deadlock will be over.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Humanity Is Crucified Many Times!

I wish I could see

breaking open the heads

of the weeds of devil

what trigger pulled their skulls

to play with the blood of flowers!

Is their black scripture

that breeds the traders of death

so non-biodegradable?

Who will stop this?

When and how?

I wish I could go to bed

for such a next morning

when kids have no fear of bullets rain!

I wish I could see

all the killer hands

fallen and gathered like bad scrapes!

I wish all my words were bullets
into all the devil hearts
to stop the monster pump
that circulates the poison blood!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Humans Are Wonderful Animals!

Many of us love to surprise others
sadly or of us love surprises
so much that they surprise themselves too.
It`s natural as humans are wonderful animals!

Very few animals are as good as humans
at veering their minds to stark u-turns.
May be that is why break ups between matey pairs
in animal kingdom are so rare or negligible in numbers.

However base animals may basically respond to their basic instincts
they are lot truer to their bonds than lots of grey matter stuffed humans.
Many of us are led by the allied unit of a brain and a mind
when some of us simply let their brain lead them unilaterally.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Humor...

Many say, all humans have the God in them.
I thought I better check it out inside me.
I rummaged hard for long there, every nook and corner.
I got upset and while I was sitting pulling a long face;
I go a call on my cell but no number was there on the screen!
In a very gruff voice someone or something told it was Devil.
In a bit quaking tone I asked what could be his business with me.
The news that he broke shook me from my head to toe.
The God inside me has been kidnapped by his hired hooligans.
As the ring leader the Devil demanded a hefty sum of money as ransom
In fear and confusion I dropped the cell and thought for a while.
In a little while I gave second and then third thought to it.
Finally, I decided I could not part with such a huge amount
For someone who can not protect himself though believed to be omnipotent.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hurrah!

It`s great to be reborn.
It`s nice to feel oneself like Hercules.
The old adage echoes....
'Only the brave deserve the fair'.

It`s fabulous to bring the make over
through own brain and brawn
in oneself holding your own.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Hyper And Hysterical Mind

too nimble a mind
is too touchy.
even in lukewarm air
it goes soon wilt.
too shy to reveal
or too inflammable
that flares up even
at the slightest strike!
and vents the septic blood
on the soft or right target.
constrained by the paranoid fear
often takes a giant risky leap.
psycho sting gets on the nerves
conscience repents on the spurred acts
now takes many deep long breaths
to generate some balmy calm solace.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Admit That I Am A Bad Mixer.

I don` t know how many thanks
I should give to my fellow poets.
So kind of you that you read my poems
and offer your comments with no back mails.
I am a poor reader and the worst critic!
Never well-read neither that educated:
I am here just from one open street.

I am born with the blessed patience!
Will you forgive this awful maverick?
My kids crawl on many different sites.
They make friends with many great souls!
I know, poetry needs exchanged comments.
But outside of my poetry I am a darn incommunicado!
You may take me for a duffer or a speaking shadow.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Am Ever Young!

We breath in some air
and release it with power.
We sound like thunder
and punches, kicks shower.

We strike or deflect
in a twinkling of an eye.
Our limbs are supple.
All moves are nimble.
Speed is our strength.
Our art is like a butterfly!

We want to be karatekas.
Practice it ritually.
We are different ones in uniform.
Advance an inch almost daily.

We meditate in action.
Alert mind gathers even a fraction!
Bodies worship with hard sweat.
Our focus is really great.

Shadow fight is a super fun.
We go ahead; never retreat or run!
Karate is our religion.
We have a large brethren.

(The poet is Black Belt in Shotokan Karate)

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Am For 'Yes'....

Never say 'No' if you don` t have to...
'No's are caterpillars.
They give bad itches to soft minds!
Ugh! They squirm like creepy-crawlies!

'Yes' with a beam feels a good sunshine!
calls many to bathe in pleasant light.
Timely 'Yes' can save wreckage and ruin!
Who does not love to see a morning fair and bright?

'Yes' comes out faster than a 'No'...
'No' stomps and thuds; hits and hurts!
'Yes' walks and runs; gallops and soars!
One 'Yes' outweighs a hundred 'No's.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Am Insane.

Yea.I am insane.

My dewy-eyes get bloodshot
in flimsy pretexts.

Not Spartan but stoic
often like a big wooden block.

Pig-headed will rushes to the shadow
of a mythical red flag
and buffalo hard horns gorge
into the shadow cast soil
with the force of a paranoid ox.

And the illiterate mood
strays like a herd of mad elephants
to wreck a havoc in a calm habitation.

And the sentiment like a deadly iceberg
hidden in the mind sea
is quick to ambush once dashed into it.

And the samurai sword tongue
is too ready to chop and mince
an opposite wind and missile boulders.

Like a psychosis beaten taunted heart
the psychopath hands grope for something in a dark room
and rummage the regular things and vandalize the dear things.

And bottled up footling things
in overly alert memory attic
blast often like a block-bluster
ripping apart the peace palace.

The fragile fuse wires in the main transformer
give in soon to a minimum hostile power
and then a sulky black out spreads everywhere
in all rooms and houses in the mad block.

The anorexic patience is a badly sick patient

who looks like a famish perished lean.

Simply put the diagnosis
a sort of versatility
has bred and grown
in the lap of split personalty.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Am Inside My Horoscope

I am smiling back
to the smiles of the exalted Jupiter
at the transit to my birth sign
in my otherwise gloomy birth chart.

Its fatherly aspect
in the house of my ascendant
lets me father some wonder arts.

As it is now positioned
along with my birth-time conjunction of Moon and Saturn
I hear the gospels from the divine preceptor
in the heaven of Hindus;
and my retiring melancholy weaves a garland
in the light of the super benevolent guru.

My life is bound to my square horoscope
and I fly like a paper kite in the kind sky.
All the nine planets and their will
modulate my leaping high and plunging low with a thrill.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Am Like Myself...

As a man I am just an emotional fool.
As a friend I am a good secret-keeper.
As an enemy I am a bloody monster.
As a husband I am badly indifferent sort.
As a father I am not short of being good.
As a son I am not that enough dutiful.
As a grandson I am not any better.
As a teacher I am more than a dedicated self.
As a lover I am ever cinematic romantic.
As a poet, I guess, I am a gifted poetry writer.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Am Never A Singer!

I sing songs the way they call.
Waves go high and down fall.
I raise the pitch like I am high.
Bid my sorrow a loud goodbye!

I made their bodies and put the souls.
My goal never goes against their goals!
I lend my voice like a father.
Sounds it husky but little they bother.

They heard my weeps in private
with the ears of blue fetuses in the damaged closet!
They grew up on my pain protein
and played in the pool of alcohol vitamin!

My music breaks out in a mad cry!
Tone defies the tune and makes a bold try.
Keep away.....my lyrics spread viruses.
No antidote works in a love case!

I let them flow like wild streams.
They go spate with crazy screams!
We hear the summons from a deep ocean.
She beckons like a mother; like kids we run and run!

If the walls turn around
I will sing them to my heart in their sound!
Like the pet of cold loneliness
they will be with me and nowhere bound!

I sing songs the way they call.
Waves go high and down fall.
I raise the pitch like I am high.
Bid my sorrow a loud goodbye!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Am The West Wind

i am the west wind
the wavy handiwork of the god
unlike the waves with chasms in their laps

i caress tender leaves and buds
to grow them up that they may stand against the north wind
in the future to their innocuous pasts

i play the messenger
unfolding the scroll that reads aloud
how the three lives are chained under the present light`s shroud

i bring life to the replica of lives
with my fife that expands
from the salty shore to a lonely moor

i spruce up the memory of empty vaults
with so many sprightly spring faults
what may shed their youth in torrid forgotten yawns

i will blow over at an opportune hour
with a jasmine sign of a melange flavor
with you musing over the mellifluous air

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Better Be Marooned In Rhe Icescape

Let the pallid ice land
spread all over me
at the departure
of this outgoing year;
from the obscure alleys
to suburbs and highways
on the earth within me.
Let all the ground
beneath my dreary feet
be covered with even glossy silver sheet.
Let the visibility go to complete nil
in hazy, nippy cold; a morbid thrill.
Let me beg you not to sprinkle
handful of hearty, spicy salt.
Take away the spring or fall
only the wilderness here will enthrall- -
Let the summer shine elsewhere
like a self-willed exile
i`ll jog here for a while
before i myself turn too white silver!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Can Not But....

I never take my eyes off bright things.
They can not dazzle me so much that
I fail to cast my glance on dark things
on their sides, behind, above and below.
I can not but speak straight to a face
if it is found that the neck is wearing
a gilt necklace with all airs and graces!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Don` t Want To Die Early Now.

I used to think that I should die
much earlier than three score and ten
as a hero dies in the twilight of his life
with the sun in the middle of his sky.

And I hate to see me old
like a crumpled paper packet
as such of very little use
only with a tag that 'old is gold.'

I was toying with some ideas
like a juggler juggles some empty bottles
about how I should cut my life art film
down to a short documentary film.

As a poet I hit on a good plan.
I chose and clung to a royal slow death.
I drowned daily in the reddish hot liquor
being sure that I could drown to early death.

I was sailing through on my plan
but like a young meteor my ladylove
crashing through the thickly drab atmosphere
landed on my afternoon heart.

And from within the hollow of my solemn heart
came out a tulip garden bathed in the golden sun.
Since then I have been seeing things with her dreamy eyes
and living in her life afresh like a bud from a flower.

I am happy as a god in her temple.
Her faith in me has given me strength to cast away old shadows.
Her love for me has made me a newly lover poet
who worships poetry and his muse Ananya, a unique girl.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Feel Better.....

I feel better being only a poet
than being a guiding angel of poets.
I feel better being an active player
than being a whistle blowing referee.

I feel better letting my wit to weave with idea
than supervising many skilled weavers.
I feel better letting my white and black emotions
come out than idly listening to the interval sniffles.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Hear The Call...

I have to go to a place
farther than my winged dreams
can reach and swim in air there
I never wish to be lifted up by
any angel bird and dropped down
near to a citadel castle in alien land
I may walk, trot or run
with half pain and half fun
maybe the bull`s eye on the farthest altar
blinks and winks at this poor feather!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Know The Honey In The Honeycomb.

I know, your heart pines for my love
as hard as the space empty stomach of a peasant in Kalahandi
pines for some staple food
in the music of bile bitter hunger pangs.

I know, the Tiber is filled up with your silent flood tears
at the ritual wrangles between my yes, yes, yes and your no, no's.

I know how you hold your blushed Dandelion visage
in your covert Ananya vase
at the utterance of my name in any other voice.

I know, you can muster the warrior princes Xena in you
with a Hercules valor sword to safeguard
the holy Bible honor of your love
against the diabolical foes of the son of Sirach.

I know how your sleepless heavy nights
heave a long sigh of placid relief in my rock firm arms
and how your starved lungs suck infinite oxygen from my lips.

Do you know that I know your love anointed real mythology?
Once you read the murals on the walls of this lover heart
all tapestry pink valves will tell you a honeycomb tale, my sweetheart.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Know, You`ll Cry....

You must cry when I die.
You`ll miss me harder than ever!
You can`t hide though you may try
your love for me, what you told never.

You don`t tell what you feel.
Then too you won`t be able
to show your tears above fears
as the feeble are never that able!

My ashes will reach the Disney land.
Will sing and dance with a kiddy band!
The Heaven is too far and too grand!
Will you come and see the sand?

Don`t cry a river
when this fear is over.
Don`t break my sound sleep.
I`ll wake up and then weep!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Look Ugly...

I am happy that I look ugly
And very few will look at me.
No compliments for fair skin.
No amazement for great height.
A frog-face with a desert head
And the rest too looks awfully bad.
My beady eyes look around
And glean joy from the world found.
I never go green with a handsome envy
For ugly as I am I may create super beauty.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Love And Respect Him.

I have come across a rowdy intellectual.
His body is as robust as a demon.
His heart is as golden as the supreme gold.
And his brain is as sharp as the Satan.

His hard words are abrasive.
But truth sparkles in its brilliance.
As a friend he is the best.
As an enemy he is the worst.

He never goes back on his words.
He is a civilian with military character.
He challenges like a professional boxer
and shouts his victory before the bouts!

I have never seen meek humility in him.
Neither have I seen any secret cowardice.
He declares; he performs and he excels
in whatever he chooses all by himself.

He earns quite many detractors.
Most of his enemies are silent before him.
I love this wild fellow for he never hates his wildness.
I respect him as he is never a glittering gold.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Love Their Write...

I like the way we write the lingo.
I love the way the native writers write it.
We often go in a round about way;
Our thoughts travel there via our vernaculars.
It`s ever so hard to put the feeling right away in a lingo.
Our write-ups stand out even in the crowd of their writes.
Our writes put on more clothes, often wear heavy make-up.
Again, heavy jewellery all over give off a very rich flavor!
Their writes are not so formally dressed up on all occasions.
Their informal expressions feel as if they are home in casuals
And they are just having some talks with the real warmth of heart.
We bother rather a lot about scholastic reflection of our work.
They and we may head for the same station but in very different ways!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Think In This Way....

What I can do is more important
than what I want to do, for like many
I may want to do too many things.
Few dreams are truly strong desires.

Rather, if I want strongly to do the things
that I can, they will be better everyday.
And I will be better with each of them.
Reining in wild dreams is a great mastery.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Told My Pagli...

Handing to her trusted hands
a disused manuscript of deranged poems
I told her it was hers; only hers- -
Nobody would ever claim it
with any right from blood or other relation
for they just never need it.

They are too clever to see
the union of words and the unison of thoughts.
They prefer material, hard or liquid,
to anything abstract, trivial or sublime.
They will be happy with my left behind concrete things.

I told her as I love her the most
and she loves the crank with crazy poetry
she should inherit this obscure legacy.
My everything belong to them
who bind me to their rightful poles
except my soul and my poesy.

She took it with a broad smile
in which shone million stars
and her hidden tears gave light to the Moon
what came and placed in my placid forehead.
I will ever live with her
in the folded manuscript of deranged poems.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Will Not Write A Poem Today.

I won` t write a poem today.

No. There is no quarrel between me and my poetry.

No. Muse fountain is not drying up in my mountain.

I want to feel how much I miss a poem.

I want to feel how much a poem misses the poet.

I want to fathom the abyss in two pining hearts.

I want to be lost in deep glassy chasms in desired melancholy.

I want to watch a sad drama

and myself on the stage uttering alone a solemn monologue.

I want to see the moist eyes glistening with blissful sorrow

that hold the same tears as my sweet dreams` vases.

Then only, only then my ears could hear her epilogue

and our stormy voyage would write down the short-long travelogue.

And my not writing this poem may play a very strange prologue.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

I Write What I Feel And The Way I Feel It.

My poetry opens her door to all of them,
Who are ostracized by the prissy kangaroo court!
I bring my poems up like me....
Not fastidious about sin and sinners.
If profanities become the part of informal chats,
And help to vent out huge bottled emotion;
Why then slang be debarred from entering poetry?
If poetry is real, it must be inclusive not exclusive.
Should poetry be only of elite class with so called high taste?
In our country some scholars feign to be proud leaseholders!
Truth is bare; naked: some love to drape it with own fashioned drapes!
Poetry is never for the kids who are not mentally adult.
Some of my poems are blatant blasphemy

Fanatics could price my head but I will rant...
Some of my poems are born savage and rude...
I never throttle their wild ugliness....
I never hide my real self behind sophisticated attire!
My poetry is my original skin not any bought or borrowed clothe!
May be this is why themes reach me from all corners of the world!
Like me my poetry is good or bad but ever true, true and true!
When art films welcome the hard reality into their scripts,
Why on earth poetry, the oldest art should lag behind?
Guess I am not watching Chotta Bheem on a poetry site?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ice Whitens Eyes

All the oceans
between us
have frozen
into too long
an ice-land;
no ships, no boats
can go ashore;
skating or sledge
is not in vogue.
The tempest and
the tides of yore
have now forgotten
the oceans and
their fringing shores.
Ice, ice and ice cold;
an endless
ice-age both
silver and gold!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Illusory Flight!

soul stays or languishes
inside the prison
of bones and flesh and...
in the end of dutiful bondage
the destined journey back
to the holy soul above
the unique real abode.

performing penance
to cleanse the blemishes off
the black spotted invisible supreme!
redemption fantasy
haven beyond the face of heaven
the nightingale`s sweet melody
or sizzling pan in the abyss infernos!

three lives` chain
rumbles ahead as if powered by
obsolete steam engine!
exorcism on poor victims
possessed with obdurate sins
has yet a roaring trade in modish plaza!
soul is ever so holy and supreme
as any dead body is ever pure and holier
than that of the human and the humble existence!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

In Love With Ananya.

With lots orchestra of clouds
a little song rain rained.
Soil breaths out sultry breaths
what makes a mind heavy.

Cell phone sitting idly alone
muses about you now.
Many gathered clouds in my mind
dance spreading peacock plumes.

Why you are yet silent?
Are you yet lost in my poetry recitation?
Here the evening jumps to the arms of night
calling for electricity.

Power shirks in good supply
in rural areas at small rainfall.
But we never shirk in our love
in hot summer or in hard rain.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

In The Obnoxious Air...

one who is screwed up
may behave like a retard

one who is fed up with
many a nauseating disgrace

may flare up with a retch
for bruised sentiment seethes

more violently than a cranky broiler
even the died down smouldering bonfire

fumes with all its subdued hue
only wildfire seems the best opponent friend

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

India In Winter!

In a tropical land like ours
days and hours on the eve of
a new year and happy Christmas
though transitory offer the blessed cool air
and a kind relief from scorching, sweltering days.
the senile, shivering stage of an year
wrapped in warm clothes drinks lots of
parting rituals and festive country liquor!
like the last smoldering trace of a bonfire
as the trekkers` toil consummates in boisterous cheers
the dense fog wet dull morns bask in final mirth warmth.

the northerly part is largely snow capped white
Dal lake feels molten ice and bright tulips yawn in sleep!
the capital of the mother of the Veda
wears a weird cover of air; too hot in summer
and too cold in every winter like a nearby desert brother!
when the mercury plummets whimsically deep down
evening turns night and the deeper night delays the next sun-rise.

the too tender and too worn-out bones
shiver in chill blow tremor!
crouched figures feebly gnash hard teeth inside steaming mouths!
kitchen-gardens show off the freshest verdure
thus winter like a moody custodian does peculiarly nurture
and the people here both rejoice at yearly outing or picnic
and so many others, the poor, more often they do suffer.
winter is both a blessing and a curse to the masses here.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Inevitable Intervention

They say the movie will run
for 70 minutes, more or less;
then 33 minutes left in my case.
They say it`s a real- life documentary,
so no-much or not at all make-believe
stuff should come to forcibly perk it up.
I know only myself well and feel it like
an one- act play or a solo real drama.
The spacious square stage silent or
resonate with very personal soliloquy
suffers unwanted disruption thanks to
many other side-role playing characters
and their raptures or rowdy slogans.
They break in my poised ready script
and they are up for tampering with my role
that I love to play to make the film of my choice.
Are they masters, co-actors or what?
I fear they dare to keep me at their beck and call!
I wish I could rewind at my own sweet will!
Only few characters would have been with me on the stage.
Ah! I`d not have to give accompaniment to their crass chorus.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Insults.....

An insult is an injury to all.
Some just brood over, what
takes a toll on their mettle.
Their minds may thus wear out.

Some others fix their eyes on
the unseen wounds and lick them
with the innate fire and such injuries
turn out to be effective fuel for them.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Intoxicating Temptation

O nymphet, your desire-wet pellucid eyes
may awake the dormant volcano;
the drowsy crater in opium stupor
may stretch up in an yawning mouth;
with a vigorous tremor may erupt gallons of lava.
Masculine nostrils sniff the nymphomaniac whiff;
the titan rock may totter and collapse.
Maybe, mind is made to embrace the catatonic spell
languish in the fold in the catastrophic shell!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ironical Evolution!

giant steps pace ahead
like angels and like monsters
with the hearts of saviors
and the heads of destroyers;
the slaves are making their masters;
they love to be killed.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Is A Poet Such A Kid?

A jungle is wilder than a forest.
A forest is wilder than a garden.

The beauty of a garden
shows off the pride of a gardener.

The beauty of a forest
flaunts the pride of public or a private owner.

But the wild beauty of a jungle
smiles in the kind glory of the God.

Poetry grows
like a very wild tree or a flower or a herbal plant
only in a jungle
not in a forest
and never in a man-made garden.

Only some kids may play in a garden nice
and may think that the garden is the paradise!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Is Everywhere Nowhere?

I have heard trillion of times,
God is there, here and everywhere;
dim eyes of bird brains fail to see...
God smiles in a child`s grin
God talks in lovely indistinct words
And romps about even in guise of a pariah
And even rests in a lifeless black boulder.

Did He pay a visit at the concentration camp?
Did He close His eyes at the sight of Holocaust?
Did He count the toll in the battlefield of Kalinga?
If He really is there, here and everywhere
then He has infinite patience or as great toughness
as one citizen of a metropolitan city or a rustic of a hamlet.

If He is the supreme judge of the universal and ethereal court
then trials go slower than earthly snails
and butterflies turn caterpillars in too long a logjam!
He may be there, here and everywhere
like a mute spectator or a device now completely out of order!
And believers like stupid fellows are waiting for their recess
with all empty tiffin boxes for ages and ages.....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

It Horrifies Me Still Now..

I was in a hurry back home
Just then things around changed.
It was heavy black all above
As if some ghosts will come and play.
All walking steps paced ahead
And wheels rolled with all might.
A storm rose and swept fast over
Everything that stood near and far.
Things in front and behind, left and right
Were shrouded with a very gloomy sight.
My heart was thundering when it flashed a light
And things grew dark as if one very early night.
Flights of birds head back their nests
On fairy wings in well-gathered zest.
A flock of dogs bark from the road-side shed
Lightening flashed again with bulged eyes blood-red.
I felt to have stuck up there for many many ages
And prayed all the prayers once uttered by our sages.
Then rushed down volleys of watery arrows
And gusts of frenzied blow greeted them with blows.
Now my heart was racing in a deep frozen fear
And I called up all the names of my near and dear.
Rain and wind made friends with one another
And they were such a terror that I still shudder.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

It Is True....

Do I write poetry?

No. It is not rhetoric.

For I just write my thoughts
what come to me in prose.

And I type them in verses.

Sometimes I may dress them up
with the outfits of poetic imagery.
And they all read poetry.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

It Occurred Only Last Night

It occurred last night
Only last night- -
Your Net pack went nil.
Our chat didn` t happen.
No hang-on could get to hang-out.
Only later you sent a short mail.

I felt as if the midnight came to a cold standstill.
Felt too lonely as if we got cut off for ages.
A deep silence took all breaths- -
Felt like a man on the ground level
Failing to get any regular signal
Just madly looks for his spacecraft`s trace.

Love has many side effects.
Not gonna to get into many debates.
Just check it out how your B.P plays.
Just look at the light and shadows.
Guess, you` re now making the counts.

It occurred last night.
Only last night- -
I felt why love is such a stupid game
And how the clever miss this jolly charm!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

It`s Hard For The Clever To Be Happy...

It`s great, you love me a lot.
Yeah, I do, too; may be more than a lot.
You tell, you wanna marry me.
That`s great too. Sounds so good.
But if you put it as a condition
Then I have a strong objection...
Love is never like a short or long term saving;
What must grow with a jolly good interest!

Being clever is never good at this blind game.
Only this is open to all stupid fellows!
Cannot you be stupid and love for just love`s sake?
And why should you fear about the future;
If we are really just made for each other?
Chalking out a plan so ahead of time
May play a spoilsport before it reaches its prime.
Let the bell ring itself and we shall hear the chime.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

It`s Up To You...

I have given you enough hints
about my feeling for you.
Develop them into a love paragraph
with the sentences of your heart.
Expand the given expressions
with your red rose emotion.
Just follow the sequence
And it will make a coherent composition.
Then we together will give the title, 'our love'.
Or let the loud hints go mute with cold time.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Judgement

inspiration has many names;
self-inspiration is the best i guess.
nothing could be better when a good work
inspires for another and many others.
no flattery, no lip-deep bravo;
no fluffy conciliatory courtesy-
an artist can judge his art, his own art
lot better than anyone or others`s.
a true one never sucks self-important poison;
his eyes get more critic while looking over his work
and he can judge it very right before it is judged by the world.
cuddling up complacency is committing suicide!
daily strive to thrive is a healthy regimen
as being better and doing better never ends.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Just May Be....

Mind`s got heavy
with huge storm cloud.
All would-be tears gather
and their assembly gets loud.

Things went dry
when humidity attacked.
All clouds ganged up
though wind once scattered.

Things were weighed
toyed over and tallied.
More clouds then gathered
and my heart`s got pallid.

Maybe only rain is relief.
Maybe just an easy belief.
Or that what comes next
may be out of the box and ready text.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Just Some Talks...

When things go ugly
worse than ever;
who knows what prayer works?
Maybe the God will come
and run between me and the monster
before our fight turns a bloody war.
The fate has ever been a very bad mate.
We have a bond kinda both love and hate.
Maybe I pull through this acid test
and calms down itself this sudden tempest.
I have prayed to Him to my mind
but till it is over I fail to unwind.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Just Think Once

Have all lovers who have set their love as example told each other 'I love you'?

Could, can and will be able all of them among those who told, have told and will tell the historical line win and to win against times and against all odds? Does the door of a heart sound hard to the world when it is knocked by the hands; the door has been waiting for?

Don't you think that even if you utter the code words before the right door of a true heart;

even with no sound at all, it will open and welcome? A true worshiper needs no customary oath. A true worshiper needs not to drum up the god gifted feeling and the faith to any ears. Love catches a heart like a virus and neither any antidotes nor any antibiotics work to kill it.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Karate

Follow this bare hand martial art
and you will discover the better and stronger
self, hidden long inside you.
Bit by bit, day by day, you will find,
the Dojo is the paradise of perfection;
where body, mind and soul come in a line;
like a perfect synchronized band of three entities!

Through the focused practice
you will gain great overall strength.
The fabulous skill is not an offensive weapon.
A performer is advised to be like a sea;
mighty but tolerant; vast yet calm!

This art is open to all....
Along with physical fitness smartness is a gift!
Medical science knows its magical mystery.
It generates huge positive energy
that makes one performer vibrant and super active.

This is all the more useful nowadays
to keep pace with the jet-set life style.
With warmed up body and composed mind
you are ever ready to fight the battle of life!
This great art changes one inside outside.
A new identity is developed from within!
Any society needs such vivacious persons.
'Well begun is half done'. Any doubt?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ke Ananya? Who Is Ananya?

?? ??????
?? ??? ????? ??????
?????? ?????????? ?????? ??? ?????????? ??????????? ???????

????????? ?????? ???????????
?????????? ??????? ?????????? ??????????
????????? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ??????
????????? ?????????? ?????? ???????????

????????? ??? ?????? ???????????????
??? ??? ?????? ?????????? ??? ???
?????? ?????????? ??????????? ?????? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ???

????????? ?????????????? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ??????????
????? ?????????????? ??? ?????????? ??????????????? ?????????? ?????? ??????????????
?? ??? ?????????? ?????? ??? ?????? ??

?? ?????????? ??????????

That girl
who looks out for a blue lotus
in the electrical soul of the coarse atoms of 21 st century

solely devoted to remind her lover incarnate
of the memories prior to all recorded chronicles

waits in the brisk pathos of ancient Radhika
hidden in an illicit love behind modern life curtain

burning the cobweb grey poesy to silver ashes
with the glaring fire of stubborn Taurus
plunges into the bed of Tulips tinged with the vermilion blessing of the Sun

keeps her all love shed warm pearl beads
as the prime eyewitnesses in the throne on the regal hood of the invisible eternal
snake

such a girl can not be just an ordinary girl

that girl is Ananya

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Keep Your Mouth Shut

keep your mouth shut
you tell too many lies
your heart has a cobweb
you may lay your bloody trap

your lies taste honey
but later bitter goes heart
you tell too many lies
keep your mouth shut

you love ivory tower
and splash night rainbow color
you love to spin a yarn
that leads to an empty barn

you put on airs smart
you are a crap flirt
you tell too many lies
keep your mouth shut

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Kill Me.....

Kill me with the dart
that ever hurt a heart!
Kill me with the dart
that`s viper like smart!

I never like a python
that`ll squeeze me to death!
I`ll kiss the cold fangs
if it`s the snaky queen`s pet!

My eyes are red-hot;
I need bloody fire!
My feet go sick
wading through mire!

Never give me a coy leer.
It rains acid rain!
Never shed a sham tear.
It gives me damn pain!

kiss me on my chapped lips
if you know what`s the Helen`s kiss!
I will never ever miss
if you spout Lady cobra bliss!

It`s lovely to love the death
if it comes in a lover`s breath!
The drooping moments will suck the mirth
when I am gutted in the belly of my lover`s hearth!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Kites And Kites....

Kites with wings
and
kites with strings
are not the same.

Paper kites may play
with the air high above
but
kissing clouds is their dream.

Wings and strings make the difference.
Wings are gifted by the Holy hands.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Knotted Ass...

like a beast of burden
the domestic earth laden
a house-wife or house-husband
trudges on with sluggish feet.

the regular squabble hears the bray
fuming obligation opts for a fray.
sacrifice-resin constrains from within
and plastic smiles look as proud grin.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Last Wish!

Why life`s not that easy
As back it used to be?
Why funky problems do come up
And life now sucks up to so pesky?
Why, why, why...just that has to happen?
How long will this dungeon keep me here so down?
When will this life play again in the open?

Life`s got complex as good as a cobweb.
Problems never stop and badly piss me off.
Don`t know who`s flung me in this deep water!
I throw my arms and madly cry for a help.
But none seem to hear and I drown slowly deeper.
Will you, please, call in a life-boat before it`s too long?
Before it reaches here and I go dead, just sing a love song.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Let Me Write On Your Heart

the words of my heart
on your pink petal page smart....

in your pregnant solitude
they will flutter and whisper
maybe the words you utter
aloud in one celestial sound....

why don` t you share
the unruly things
that may yet bother?
the gnawing doubts
looking far into the future
may arrest the chime or clatter
and the doted anxiety will smother!

let the lived happy moments
render themselves into monuments
like the wondrous white marble tomb
may our dreams be like delicate plume!

but let at first our love bud
blossom into a full gleeful jasmine
with no heady catchy fragrance
but purely holy beauty genuine....

let me get your conservative heart
just for a little while
then mine and thine will happily entwine
and prance together in butterfly fun!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Let The Muse Decide...

I never want poetry to be very popular
even with philistine heads that churn out
some plaudits on the face of musical lyrics
prompted by unleashed flood of mere emotion.

I love to imbibe the whole poem
that has the louder soul than the flexed muscles
that`ll outlast the little reading span
that`ll electrocute all my senses

with the lightening of the benevolent fire.
poetry is as sublime as the holy shapeless shape!
why should poets manipulate the Muse
just to gratify the will and thrill of the cursed morons?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Let Us Break Into The Song...

No matter we can` t chat
On the paid internet.
Love gives us telepathy;
We` ll send and we` ll get
Our minds` update.

No matter what they say;
Know not they may,
Love is a fairy
And it` ll cross the time` s bay.

No matter, just no matter;
We may talk a few words
But our feeling is fire;
It` ll dare to tide over all bars.

No matter we can` t chat
On the paid internet.
Love is a satellite-
It hovers just above with love might.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Let Us...

No cloud; no rain.

No risk; no gain.

No race; no run.

No life; no fun.

Let`s look up and ahead

Not in a dream abed.

Let`s go and walk

With words and work.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Life And Philosophy

Life is a journey but ever very unique.
Walking along the way we know the way.
Walking along the way we guess the distance.
And while walking we have an idea of the destination.

We grow up with a name given by others.
In the efforts to establish the name we discover the purpose.
At the fruitful expedition we decode the true meaning of life.
And we love to die leaving behind the name built with a life.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Life Changes As Usual

smeared with the ash of dead spring
in the winter early afternoon sun
all the bones destitute of calcium
and the rusted joints are basking the warmth.
the northwester storm does not any more lift
the mercury of excitement to the silvery peak of Kanchanjangha.
how hard i long to roll over the autumn-dew-wet green grass
like a restless male calf! wish to get all the lion-brave
masculine sniffles wrapped in a illusory love cloth!
amid the sandal aroma of the smouldering remorse
lying on the pyre in a rectangular figure, survive like a live pain!
savor the piquant pickle made from my flesh and blood
day in and day out keeping it in a folded poem paper.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Life Discovers Its New Laws.

A recent past dream
has now turned a silvery shadow
that peeps out only at my cherished leisure.
Time changes things.
We change ourselves.

That past companion used to
eat up most of my idle hours.
Worshiping the laws of daily domestic life
ever takes a huge price!

You may be born an extraordinary;
you often have to struggle for ordinary existence!
Regular life is more complex than metaphysics.
Philosophers and working class never merge
as they have different religions and deities!
That elderly dream has not yet lost in a new-moon night
though the silver disc seems only to be utopia!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Life Feels Like...

a burning candle with flickering luster
a poor cracker that bursts to frolic laughter
a bowl of pathos that loves to spill
a marionette that falls prey to the victorious kill
a mule burdened with lofty thrill
a feeble wick that dreams of eternal stay
just a flame or ray...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Life Is Funny!

Bad examples of anything
could be many but never
as many as good examples.
As black is more noticeable
than white, it easily draws eyes.

We are often too prejudiced
to be enough liberal and.....
We often make biased decisions
and then look out for the reasons.
We play ourselves and raise our brows!

We love to think that we are right.
Pampering oneself is another instinct.
Optimists sort all bad things out.
Pessimists sort all good things out.
A rationalist begins with a skeptic mind.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Life Needs A Good Name!

Life sobs like a sissy child;
more than often nags for a success-pizza!
Sometimes like a weepy babe
falls sick and feels queasy
when it finds the delivery is not timely made!
This pizza has athletic feet;
runs good but only a few hands meet!
Life in lonely hours screams to the hollow air;
scours the earth just for a sound name!

Who are not after making a good name?
As the name with the bright glory tag
stays behind here to be cared and remembered!
A crown may be proud of so many kings;
but each of the kings is proud of only the same crown!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Life Sucks Mistakes...

I ain` t gonna fear mistakes;
Life`s so gray without them.
Each of them is a beam!
And the bunch makes a life;
May be like a stream of strife!
But life`s just full of mistakes.

What if they don`t preach to me?
And I drink the bottle like booze?
No matter they drop by me
With no hints and clever clues.
Each of them is a wild fellow!
Rants a rant that`s never mellow.

No remorse no pain;
No fear of being profane.
No heart to hush them up;
Love the cliff and climb it up.
I love the free rein
As what`s to happen will happen.

You may love; you may hate.
It`s up to you as you rate.
If you`re a moralist
You`ll just give up on me.
But if you`re a fatalist,
You may guess why I am me.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Life-Lab...

Do we not fear blind alley?
We reach there rather often.
No idea what happens really?

Do we tend to get to a blind alley?
The swirling current inside
Or the mad storm takes us there really?

Luckily enough we can come out from there
on some snuffles, cries and some frantic tries.
My feet now know quicksands and eyes blind alleys.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Like A Shepherd.....

like a shepherd he drives a flock of sheep
but not towards a pasture of lush green:
he tends them not in pastoral bliss...
he counts the drove on crossing a road:
he counts the pounds of his wage
over and again on his holiest day...

lambs bleat at the shepherd`s roar;
rams and ewes stare from the shore!
fleece is taken by the owner a whore...
as years run into years` lap
the shepherd loses his guard`s cap
and turn into a lump of rump!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Loneliness.....

Loneliness is not that bad.
You can count your breaths.
You can count on your violin existence.
You can be your thoughtful companion.

You can think deeply of many others
who may never bother to think of you.
You may find so many things in them,
that they may never find in themselves.

Loneliness is a great chance.
You can carry out some pathological tests
on your trotting mind to calm languor.
You can clone your senile self.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Look, She Is Dancing...

my muse is dancing
in the light & shadow
in my poetry & in my soul
in my cradle & in my grave
to the music I beat
to my quill-flute fleet
her glow shines in
her
halo & her face wears a bee-hive smile
I am a blind bee
we are soon to flee
to nestle in a glee &.....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Losers And Victors!

held out hands
holding taken off hats
garner generous small coins.

blessed with contempt bonanza
the drooping haggard
has his weary feet daily more soiled.

feeble past has limped to this path
and the future here lazily dozes off!
blessed with the own share of paradise!

they are losers and victors
as they endure the bloody tryst
in grinning lot`s vulturous symphony!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love And A Poet...

I just don` t care if you love me or not.
I never beg for love for an egoist can` t be a beggar.
Love knows it well that I am a volcano, a storm and fire.
I am still alive on a number of deaths.

I am a poet and I create, create and create...
I know how to extract citrus from a bitter betel nut.
I know that sorrow is catalyst and brings wisdom.
I fear love as I hate bloody impostors.

I create beauty what is not just nine days` wonder.
I quaff tears as alcohol is consumed by drinkers.
I know a white lotus outlasts a red rose.
I am quite sure that I can live and write without love.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love And We....

As the cloud-boats in the autumn sky
float on the azure vast sea
and a dreamy bird bathes
in the delight of musical wind
my love like a kingfisher
pecks into the rippling lake of my ladylove!

My magic mat
follows her butterfly wings
and we fly above many towers and tombs
to flap down in the belly of a far-off lovers` land!

We perform all artistic meditations
in a couch like seat decked with all wild flowers.
Our loud sniffles vie with the drunk free air
that stupidly tries to count our salty silver beads!

Our kisses like our oaths
have drawn a universal design
in the bosom of alert ozone layer!
I will tell you the rest
when we are back from the farthest planet.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love- -Care And Fear.

Love - -care and fear.

Who`ll fix up when my poetry
Breaks up with this poor lover?
When she gets fed up with this
Arrogant jerk and parts her way?
My metallic voice never sings in silky way;
Rude- rough words never whisper in pillow-talks.
I have shaped her lithe figure, so well- wrought,
In my own capricious way though she holds her sway
In my odd visions and fine-tunes her drawn visages.
Will she write a letter of complaint?
When she goes sick of this bully lover?
But I give her quite a leeway, don`t I?
Why then she`ll part her way?
Like a true lover I must fear ...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Comes Every Other Day....

love comes every other day
keeps like a dream one full day
love comes every other day
keeps like a dream one full day
we leap into fire and burn ourselves
leave pink petal nest turned into ashes

two hands are too ready to grasp
other too hands
two hearts are like two live match-boxes
passion-headed match-stick just strikes up
desire bomb blows up from pecks to french kisses
we love to see us stripped off and in sweat-wet pieces

love comes every other day
keeps like a dream one full day
all pillow-talks in whisper or sound
come again and again round and round
one-night-stand or just frolicsome fling
all amorous sighs give off love bling-bling

yeah..we can not go without it
yeah...yeah...we need it and must have it
all kids play the same old game
they may call it by their new name
love comes every other day
keeps like a dream one full day

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love For Love`s Sake...

One poet once said
the speech of many hearts,
love comes when it comes
and never for any reason.
Like God`s grace it comes
and does not matter a season!

If you love me, just love me;
not for who and what I am.
Love me `cause you love me
and never ask me to change.
If you wanna me a changed man,
who did you love then?
Who knows why Devi Parbati
fell in love with Lord Shiva?

If your mind trembles in a wind,
it could be blown off in a storm.
If you hear what people say,
tales lie in the sun like old hay!
I love you `cause I love you;
there`s no rhyme or reason.
If you truly feel it so,
then take a big 'yes' and never comes 'no'.

One poet once said
the speech of many hearts,
love comes when it comes
and never for any reason.
Like God`s grace it comes
and does not matter a season!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Is A Fool Toss Ball To Me!

Love is such a tight wear
That doesn't fit in my flabby figure.

It begins with giggling tickles
And erupts many pun pimples
And soon ends in very awful itches.

It blows my mind at the very first sight
And lose my heart to a petite might;
It never gets late, rather too very right.

Like a charms bound I beam with pleasure
And cling very hard to nine days' wonder!

Like a lucky day batsman I escape York cuts
I hit straight drives in couple of pace sluts.

In the middle of pitch feat hit hard a loose ball
And enemy air catches it at foul wind's out call!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Is A Wonder Drug!

Love is a wonder drug.
Who knows when and how
one takes to it or just gives in...?
Who is not a slave to love?

Once one burgles your mind
and makes off with your dear heart
not always at the dead of night
or in lie-in cozy wee hours;

will you freeze the burglar out?
Even if the person is caught in red-hand?
Will you raise an alarm or call in police
or allow the booty to be decamped free of uproar?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Is Love.....

Love hits our hearts.
We lose our minds.
It ails very hard.
In very many kinds!

Heads go above the clouds.
And dreams play the stars!
Thoughts kick on the box.
And things turn rabbits or a fox!

Love is cancer and panacea.
It`s like a tumor in mind.
Benign or malignant!
It kills appetite and earns insomnia!

It catches you like cold
When you sweat or get wet!
No extra vitamin-C can help.
All anecdotes just fail to help!

It`s like a pest that hides in crops
What we chew to be on the tops!
No fertilizer can ward it off.
We get to peaks and have steep falls!

Yet we need it as we need air.
We must play it fair or unfair!
For many it works like a magic.
For many it turns very tragic!

Love hits our hearts.
We lose our minds.
It ails very hard.
In very many kinds!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Is Not Blind...

love is not blind
love is a bull
not a totem
holy and sluggish
but one that chases danger
headlong to the bloody end
flouting all hoary rules
and happily weds to martyrdom

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Is Not Supernatural...

Who says, love comes just once in a day?
What if it looks like the sun rise
and has a chance to lie in the west bed?
A dawn has to come from the bosom of last night.
Morning is only yards away just at the doorstep.
No matter if the sun itself daily sets!
A new dawn with morning as a gift stands at doorstep!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Magic...

When my right palm lay on your left one
All that come in our way in a sec all were gone.
I placed my love in your hand
That may have sent it to your heart.
My right and your left put together against each other
It`s we who felt the love warmth and soft wonder.
If you yet feel them together when they are idly far
Then the magic has struck you and it`ll strongly work.
You can tune up the spell with pure faith and solid trust
And we shall come closer; very close come we must.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Passion...

No worry, baby.
We`ll have the fun.
No worry, baby.
We`ll have it just in the same way
as it`s so nicely done.

No worry, baby.
No matter where we are.
We may be anywhere.
Once we are together,
we`ll make things better.
We`ll love each other
and make love lot better.

No worry, baby.
Place doesn`t matter.
All what matters is our love.
As we have, we`ll have
in the same way we ever love.
No worry, baby.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Religion...

I heard you say to sing more songs;
the songs of love and joy.
I saw your tears kissing your cheeks;
the silver drops of joy.
I heard your heart that beat the beats of love;
and it said, our love is joy.

Yeah, darling, songs are coming!
In my soul and in my voice.
Yeah, darling, they`re running
in my veins in ruddy joys.

Like a choir our pair
will sing holy songs.
Love`ll be the holy theme;
and the only God, prayer.

Now wipe your molten pride
on your cheeks rosy bright;
Let our love be godly guide
and be happy to be right.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Song

your love`s made me funny;
gone are all grumpy old days!
you`ve brought me second green age;
the new sun has the golden glory- -
gone only the ultra rage...
this wonder came from you, my honey.

the garden in my front-yard
now speaks to me in flowers` words;
they may have nodded so many times.
i may have never ever cared.
i owe the color to your love
that has painted all things around
with a lovely color so loud and sound!

stars don`t look to be that too far
from the roof and from the ground!
my life used to be a small square;
your love`s making it circular.
the chirpy mind bubbles up- -
no tap is there to make it stop!

even the walls that were blind
see you now so clear in my mind;
with you even for some time
my heart shakes off all toxic sorrow;
it pumps such a rhythmic joy
that gives new life even to all hidden marrow.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Triumph!

My Napoleon life
has worn a rare love crown
with a blue sapphire embedded in its proud forehead.

The coronation was dazzled
by the brilliant sparkles of white and yellow diamonds
adorably adorned all over the gold leaf wrapped emperor skull.

My queen ladylove
with her love magic wand
has expanded my kingdom beyond many illusory horizons.

With no stigma of any bloodshed and bloodstain
the love glorious conquer now stomps along the fate laid carpet.
A pair of ornate thrones set next to each other sit hand in hand.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love Worries...

A simple thing gets twisted
In her cobweb mind...
Her emotions get entangled!
She fears that I'll leave the land.
She fears the pain of being alone!

I play a naughty trick.
I never say that I can't leave her.
I never say how much she matters to me!
I want her to be sure of this herself.
She should know that true love never ends.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love, Love And Love.

Rose, let`s celebrate our love anniversary every day.
It`s been now years since our eyes came across there.
You stole a glance at me with a pink blush on chubby cheeks.
I somehow could sense your look and did it back too.
After some thrilling pauses we got back to our holy job.
You put on a lovely smile and I caught it from the corner of my eye.
I soon changed my seat to have a better view of your face.
Then we let our smiles talk and our eyes looked on their play.
The fast liking leaped to love and it was love at the first smiles.
This followed frequent gazes to send out our mutual sign.

We stepped hand-in-hand on the sun basking salty shore.
Dropped in at lover points setting aside our clumsy chore.
Took our heels to lonely beaches in the sun for lovely fun.
We got cranky aloof of earthly screeches unlike the common run.
Often stared out of the open window to count all worm-glow.
Our hearts got entwined and sprouted so many wild flows.
In our chosen love nest we grasped so many stars.
No worries, no cares, never ever any cut or scars.
Rose, let`s celebrate our love anniversary every day.
Let us keep our love as young as that of the first day.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love.....Marriage!

She says to him
'Will you marry me'?
He got in the moon and told 'Why'?
She said, ' Then I`ll love you more than ever'.
He said, ' And if I don`t marry...'?
She hung down and went mum.
After some maybe little pause;
He said, ' You are really a very nice girl'.
'Marry someone else and love him for ever'.
The girl is very nice and the girl is very clever.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Lovecraft Journey...

all the hours, minutes and seconds
that see and hear us away from one another
wait for the diamond silence at the time we meet again
and we count our dog-pants in our godly love-lock.

our stopwatch keeps every mini-seconds
and the countdown begins in the nick of time
but the world stands guard at our meeting-point
and we wait for a thousand ages till the things around

turn like mummies by our one hypnotic spell
and then we set out for the land of abracadabra
on the flying carpet of long-waiting mighty desires
and we shuttle from India to Egypt in a few twinkles!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Love-Hope

You said just nothing in words.
I could hear what felt our hearts.

Your eyes told that you`d love to stay
with me alone for hours, for ever.
But the wish you did not say;
maybe in deep love and blushed fear.

All the times when our eyes meet
our hearts speak through them and we greet.

I know you fear the walls and streets.
I know you love music but fear to hum the offbeat;
I know you love me very deep inside;
And we must have some our-time anytime!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Lovers And Sailors.....

Lovers like sailors
are anxious for tempest
at mid sea.
In the face of the tempest
they discover their trade and tribe.
A calm sea is not adventurous.
Big waves love to see the true spirits.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Lovers Will Decide The Title...

Lovers will decide the title...

No phantom breaths
can devour the love sun lit up moon
like a mythical demon.

The new moon black magic web
in the sharp bow face of the silver scythe
flees in the shame of shreds of a torn black cloth
in a moon lit night.

The silver disc full joy
glides in the glee of confluence
in the hallowed space of an eternal love couple.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Lovers` Voice....

No pep-talks will work
as good as your love
on my shrunk heart.

Your luscious lips
pour into my mouth the earthly ambrosia!
No vineyard can grow so rich grapes
that can satiate my summer-parched soul!

What paradise could have such a spring hold
that we draw and paint together as we fold and unfold?
I am bolder than Adam and you are as much as Eve!
We savor and relish our red rose fashioned hive!

Moral-police are as quick as the God!
What if we are thrown in the custody of Pluto?
Lovers dare the write-up of the cold futurity!
With the alchemy of love in an hour we gain eternity!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Mad Truth.....

A man, nearly 40, in rags with matted hair, standing near to a tea-stall at one crossroads, mumbles and grumbles to his mind... Sometimes loud enough to be heard by the humans and dogs standing or passing by afar! At some pauses the shabby man is looking around with the bloodshot eyes and scratching his bushy beard! He just turned down the offer of a free cup of tea by one kind human. It's around 10-30 a.m. and some small humans on foot or on bicycles are heading towards the nearby high-school with their heavy bags. The man, evidently insane, calls out to each of them by no name! He then shouts, "Do try to learn something.....learn really...." Suddenly rather very frantically he pointed his index finger to all and yelled his lungs out, " You better spoil your rods but never spoil these good heads! Don` t make them poor lab rats! Don` t make them as worthy as next to unworthy! They are born as good, help them to be better at least, if not the best! ".....His feeble throat cried resounding voice. One young human walked up to him with a glass of water and tried to calm the nutty man down. He introduced himself as a tutor while handing him the glass. The mad man threw away the glass and went frenzied in a moment..... "You bunch of assesYour class is now just a pack of paid assistants with little authority. You follow the sheep students and their zebra parents; they follow moron schools and hell syllabus! You all are grazing in the same stupid pasture! And those at the helm of such education factories are like Minotaur with a litter of mules at their beck and call! Get hell off with yourself! " The young human came back to the stall hanging his head down. He grew darn curious to know about such a unique insane, who speaks so fluent English and above all speaks the pungent truth. The tea-stall keeper while attending on his waiting customers, answered to the query...." He is a freak. Many in India and abroad, who love English and write creative stuffs, know him well by his name! He wanted and loved to be a true teacher but..... He has gone off his mind yet not stopped speaking the naked truth in the King` s English! "In a while, the man in rags with matted hair left the place and walked ahead mumbling and grumbling to him and..... The callous road bears his feet and takes him just straight and very straight!

..... NO END

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Madness

May be just an ailment or disease.
Love drives one crazy.
One Jesus heart
May be crucified
Under one season flower plant.
Hark the dry cries
From the dead logs
Only little ago they were live trees.

All talismans went blunt
When the skin had caterpillar rashes.
Things that herald will herald coming fests
But a chopped heart gets worse than a mess!

May be just an ailment or a disease.
Hopes reach out for happiness.
Sham pretexts come to play.
It`s ever hard to find an oasis in Sahara sands.

This is a darn disease.
Aches nag all over.
It hammers and shovels bosom earth.
All ribs-bone powder mixes with the blood flow.
Summer feels winter and winter feels numb.
It takes onto a pyre or down under soil.

May be just an ailment or a disease.
Love drives one crazy.
Pests are alive but pesticide is gone.
Call in an ambulance the love lorn has taken!
Held-up in a traffic before one rail crossing.
Now quiet is the heart and quiet the brisk world.
Only the poor old lady is thoroughly wet in sad-tears.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Manisita And A Human Tree

O nymph, my eyes see you across there.
Your lustful charm has sent a tremor
Deep into all my rusted parts.
My ancient torso signaled to my limbs
And new foliage was soon shot at.
And I don't hear coarse rustle anymore;
The amorous air blows a passion
Over the newly shot-up tender leaves
And they now nudge and caress each other in medieval courtship courtesy.
When the mellow gloaming minutes leap into gloomy envelope at last, I
eveasdrop the
Pillow-talks of couple-birds in their twigs-built chamber on my glistened silver
lap.
At these eerie hours of otherwise dead silence your whispers carried by the wind-
angel
Lull my pined soul to sleep for the day.
Your balmy palms will heal all the hollow pockmarks all over my too wizened
bark.
My curved reflection on the tank underneath delights the pair of white-snow
swans who
Trip up the ripples across the watery shadow.
My long time diurnal companion wakes me up at the crimson dripping dawn.
My glance falls across on the paved steps afar and the fount-splashes over the
Neck-fringes of the designed pot clung on your slender recess.
Oh! How lovely! Now let me have this distant, superb invigorating shower.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Marriage And Me...

Darling, I won't marry you.
I'll tell you why; 'cause I love you the most.
I never wanna our love lost;
I never wanna you discover as a weakling your toast.
I fear to be a hubby of a dame such as you, my baby.

They say it's a yoke and only a bull can draw;
No inkling of being a good bull;
But, as you know, I am such a jerk!
Though not totally lotus eater
Yet mind is too crazy.
I can guess it pretty well how it will pain
When you find as a lover better than.....

It's great that you now see me as your man.
But what'll happen once you find me as a cranky human?
Love is a drama on a dreamy stage;
But the green-room scene takes after a marriage.
Seeing for a moment and seeing for ages are never the same!
May be you are as lovely as a bride as a sweet dame.
But if I fail it will bring me just pitch dark shame.

Darling, I am so very sorry that I tell you such a truth.
But life pages read that as a husband I have never been that good.
Sorry, I will never marry you as I love you the most.
I never wanna our love get lost and caving in your toast!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Maudlin Remorse

our love has become a ritual.
we hug each other in a parley
at the end of a clanging daily drama.
our caustic egos savor daily duel
yet we are bound by an intrinsic chord.
the idea of estrangement kills all egoistic spree;
our tears cleanse our grated qualms.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

May Be You Too....

I am looking for something.
Who knows what I am looking for?
I am comfortable but not contented.
No idea why but my life seems a mystery tour.

Life is often halting at jolly good places.
I am inhaling the warmth of all these places.
But something is always missing in almost everything.
May be I am looking for a smell or color, what is yet evasive.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Maybe Weird...

You know something?

I`d love not be loved...

Love ever pains me so hard!

Look at me and you`ll see

How sad-happy I am.

Loneliness has a kind of strange happiness.

But jilted-love sickness is more bitter than sadness!

Pain from breach of trust just shatters to debris.

No. Kipling`s 'If ' does not work that good!

I fear lest I lose the love that I have for me, in me.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Mea Culpa!

Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea culpa!
I have had an affair with my Muse.
Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea culpa!
A crow has turned a macaw.
Oh, world needs more scavengers!
Homes are ever fond of beast of burden;
even clever mules are pretty handy.
Is there in a courtyard any use of a nightingale?
Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea culpa!
A crow has turned a macaw:
Beauty is meant for full bellies- -
Isn't it a lavish luxury for plowing-bulls?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Meaty Pride

When a ravishing red rose brags her beauty
In public or on the quiet, it`s a rightful claim.
When a resolute soldier shouts his indomitable valor
The clarion claim is justified in his last-ditch struggle.
Their beaming confidence spills over and splashes;
Bubbles or froths never come up from empty pots.
Making open commitment by throwing or accepting
A challenge needs very violent guts and mettle.
One who does what he thinks and proves what he says
Stands as a stalwart out in the large and dubious crowd.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Metaphor

More than often our tongues water
At the sight of any forbidden fruit.
Strangely enough, we never dread such a danger
Nor do we feel the sure peril that unfolds little later.
Maybe just because it`s hard to ignore when fate beckons;
Too very hard not to answer the knock on all the inside doors.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Mind...

Science is stupid before religion.
Every religion has deeper science in it.
Mind is the master of a body.
The inside and outside of a body
is as clear as a fair morning.
But mind is yet unraveled dark shadow.
A body is like a television set
and the invisible mind is the remote control.
This mystery has many puzzles in her womb.
Once it is unearthed the earth will be a different place.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Morbid Epistle

hit me with your hammer
as many times you may love
dent me into an awful state
i should look terribly ugly
poison my residue little love
arouse abundant angst
a potential mother of anger
kill me with my own piled fire
delight in the relief of the earth!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

More Alive After Death

your death has given your eternal birth,
your last long days had heavy foot steps.
the paths you followed have made many ways;
bigger than the sun with myriad life-rays.
what a perennial fountain spouting 'the divine elixir'!
that'll feed and nourish the offsprings of all ages.
and the progeny souls may consume to their heart's
content.
your songs hold all the colours of human—mind,
coiled and crouched wishes do freely wind.
too humble i am to see into your poems;
how to measure the sky even with a life-size scale?
now you are more than alive; ancient and modern!
the god in a human that ever stands a colossus
guiding star.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Muay Thai And Me...

It`s not long since I fell in love with Muay Thai.
Kind of love at first sight with the amazon, Xena.
We fit with each other like a couple made for each other.
Maybe for the last seven lives, what the holy Buddha knows.

It`s not long since we married
and our honeymoon is on the high.
Never been in her land chained by their waters.
When I shall go there is known only to the holy Buddha.

Our minds match like a tree and its leaf.
Our bodies may match sometime in the next year.
Our souls look at the same way what wears armor.
Where we shall go is known only to the holy Buddha.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Much Talks And Little Action.....

Tolerance is a white pigeon word.
Many love to perch on an olive branch.
Many hate bullets and deafening booms.
Many love flowers, birds and children.

Tolerance and Patience are twin sisters.
Not identical but bound up in the same umbilical chord.
Many feign to have the quiet patience.
But a good dictionary may disillusion the puffed souls.

I love to imagine a parley between the
greatest representative of humanity, the holy Buddha
and the solid pillars of the most infamous al-qaeda.
We talk a lot on terrorism and global warming.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Music Is A Miracle...

Since when music has touched my heart
I`m on the way of maybe happy land!
Now along with this divine grace
I find in me just a brand new man!
All my airs got burnt to ashes
And that old ego is now clean gone!

The old earth has had a new rebirth
And renewed life breaths honeyed mirth!
Days and nights both smell sweet;
Sweeter than ever before!
Pretty dreams bring a saintly bliss
And a bright star gifts them a lovely kiss!

I`m ever awake wider than before
Even when my eyes go dead shut!
I see the things married with rainbow colors
Behind all dark shadows that may loom to lurk!
The heart`s got so flooded with lyrics and tunes
That I swim and dive bluffing even a deadly shark!

No fear now matters that much...
No cares and worries nibble at the poor heart!
Music has such a boon as much
That can cure the wounds and tames a bad spurt!
I`m happy; more than just happy....
Dancing in the ripples of soft-wavy melody
And crying in my mind with a great joy;
Music has got my muse and I`m her new toy!

Since when music has touched my heart
I`m on the way of maybe happy land!
Now along with this divine grace
I find in me just a brand new man!
All my airs got burnt to ashes
And that old ego is now clean gone!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Grand Lady...

My granny is super oldie.
She stays in her bed all day;
her walker stares a little away.
She`s in the seventh stage for years
almost like a child as Shakespeare said.
When her shaky hands lay on this man
the same love of the grand lady feels this grand son.

It seems just yesterday though many years back
this junior as a toddler followed her steps
in the rooms and yards of the old home.
I as a baby lay in her arms when she visited her friendly neighbors;
I as a baby from her arms looked around the outside world.
All my cries came to an end when she took in her flabby arms;
now no more cries on her lap in such a cozy and magic touch!

She was a castle around me against any shouts and snarls;
none could hit me; not even frowns or brow- beating could come.
She was a strong safeguard when I was a boy.
Even my father couldn`t break through her put- up cordon!
She told me the tales of my long dead, patriot grandpa.
She feels her old man in me and loves me that much.

Only this morning she had a sudden fall;
she was crying bitterly, worse than a child.
I rushed in and lifted her on to her bed;
now just a bundle of fragile bones and cotton muscles.
My vision blurred in a moment and memory flashed old album.
These words are just some fragments of many pictures.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Home Is Far Away From My Land...

the way they talk their native tongue
pulls this heart and puts it up to pick it up.
the way they pal up in their colloquial words
calls this heart up to get home off the native land.
maybe it sounds a bullshit crazy
maybe this mind is totally freaked out
but this heart is now locked in wolfing
all the words down that they burst out pretty often.
guess the soul of a tongue lies in the hearts of local homes
and there lies the real warmth what a lover ever looks for...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Home Tames My Heart!

a home is the hearth
aflame with the warmth
by the lighted faggots
of mutual affection
and bond beyond
to be severed
or burnt to empty fumes!
heart is bohemian
drifts from one shore to other;
the gypsy heart has to learn
how to settle down and nest a home!
the roof under which we put up
may be a sound shelter but...
a gawky geezer may stay
in a dreamy gazebo but...
a home is an earthly paradise
where eager hearts cuddle and muzzle
weave fiction into cozy reality
drown in the ocean of daily joy-sorrow
but survive for another tomorrow!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Life And Love.....

She loved me.

She loves me.

She will love me.

One 'she' must love me.

As usual this pronoun stands for a noun.

But not for a single noun here.

Here proper noun changes with time.

One 'She' must love the first person object.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Love Poems.....

My love poems often get soggy
with the extracted juice of live oranges.
Most of them are like citrus tales
and just a few are with cactus texture.

I am not a demigod of super lofty love.
As a lover I am like a sculptor who chisels
a character into the very shape with grace;
charged up with the passion of wild poetry!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My New Year Commitment...

As a human...
I will harm none.

As a guru
I will play the Sun.

As a teacher and instructor
I will guide and nurture
even the least bright feature.

As a lover
I will hold a pleasant summer
all round the year.
And.....

As a poet
I will ever remember
the lately past year.

And, above all,
I will change not at all.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Offbeat Poetry...

Like a maverick martial art
my poetry is simple, direct and non-classical.
Poetry of a style with no style.

Volatile techniques
on eclectic themes
make this spontaneous craft vibrant.

I think its an art.
An art of writing poetry
without writing poetry.
It is the art of expressing the human mind.

In this art
liberal flexibility
knocks out traditional rigidity
that binds the free bird heart of a wild will
with patterns, forms and norms.

Here verses like water
move fluidly without hesitation
using no way as way
having no limitation as limitation.

The smooth flow
will end in the last flow.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Phantom Grandpa!

The phantom grandpa.....

Just the other day I came across someone
When the small hand of grandfather clock
Went a little past the dead of night
And the night bulb lost its mellow light.
He looked known to me but not the same
As I had known him, maybe, because he had left
For his real abode quite many years back.

The night was just a regular night otherwise;
The shadow like vague figure had a white tinge
As one old man clad in all white in a dark distance is seen!
His grey hair looked whiter than that of his last picture
What hangs on a wall of my granny`s room in the left corner.
I have not been before this photo as a dead body gives me fear!

The shadowy figure said in a gruff but not that fierce voice
"I have to have a word with you, my dearie".
I turned as white as a ghost and the uncanny voice had me a shiver!
"No need to fear and panic; I am not here with any evil will"
"A good business has brought me here in the middle of the year".
"From now on you will write about us and I tell you this as their
messenger".
"Never say `No' as ghosts never swallow the refusals from humans"!
"I won`t harm you but cannot guard you against the eternal
monsters"!
I nodded down and the moment my head was up, saw the Night bulb again on.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Salute To You

O lady, you've beaten
The misfortune and misery.
Born with such a pair of ears
That can hear the music without tune
May the Sun miss your eyes
But you can see 'the silvery line'.
Your voice creates such a sound
That's heard even in deep silence.
You dare to show the creator
How a humble self can be a maker!
What pep-talk you've heard,
That cements your gifted mettle?
How we wonder when we find,
A barren tree bears fruit!
Do we look only at the bark or trunk
And make our minds about its soul?
I wish my eyes gain your vision,
May the ears hear the unheard music
And my mind takes up all 'the light'
That shone you so luminous bright!
May I borrow a little your courage
That I may stand and raise the globe
And hold it there ' cause it's Herculean?

"Life is either a daring adventure or nothing'. Helen Keller

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Second Birth!

the nightmarish break up
led me into the coffin of trauma.
came out from the grave of sorrow
at the beckon of a newly bloomed
ever smiling flower, years later...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Shadow.....

My shadow is my distorted self
on a wide wall or a long road
under the eye of the day
or in the earth made light.

I do not want to be my shadow
like ghost on leaving the stage.
My skeletons better be a part
of this earth waiting for the soul.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Songs Are Not Sweet!

Will you hear my songs
if they speak in hard words?
Will you hear my songs
if they draw out dark pictures?

Will you mind, my friends,
if they don` t borrow fairy feathers?
if they don` t shower you with confetti joy?
And if they shed light on the place
right at the bottom of a lighted lamp?

Will you plug your keen ears
if my songs sing in cacophony?
Music loses to daily tears!
Hearts bleed in blue symphony.

A lullaby has to be melodious.
It puts the eyes to close sleep!
but my lyrics are on loud mode;
they won` t idly lie and just beep!

Will you mind, my friends,
if my music does not sound like a flute?
Will you give your hands; not just big claps?
if the bugle blows and the voice truly calls?

My lyrics gather words from rag pickers!
They shout in the sad thrill of country liquors.
Lame in ragas but solid with naked truth.
Will you mind if the heady smell comes forth?

Will you hear my songs
if they speak in hard words?
Will you hear my songs
if they draw out dark pictures?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

My Take On The Valentine`s Day.

I won`t say
'happy valentine`s day.'
Neither will I celebrate
it in the customary way.

My ladylove knows
who my ladylove is.
And this lover knows
who his ladylove is.

You may know
this fellow is a hard core drunk.
You may know
this fellow is a hardened poet.

Tell me the day
on which I will celebrate the alcohol day?
Tell me the day
on which I will celebrate the poetry day?

Even if you tell me the days
and you tell me all the many ways
as to how one should worship these days;
I will have very little to do
as I ritually do
observe them everyday
day after day.

What will an almanac or a calender
tell one who is a stalwart drinker
a stalwart poetry writer
and a stalwart lover?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Mythical And Mystery.....

a mythical pot
that pours the mystical potion
into wet and desert mouths!
sensuous sniffles
in cozy cuddle
may heave a sigh
in the wide open mouth
of the nadir pit!
an alluring candy
that brings water
to the curious tongues!
rosy love and white dove
are at daggers drawn.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Naughty Mind

Mind is what who knows?
it often goes as insipid
as one never-do-well!
again turns a lout
behaves in one
insurgent`s frenzied way!
only a little later
utters the old inscriptions
of many innate sermons
ingrained on exterior pages- - -
very often gets as reckless
as one wild-free colt....
trots and trips
breaks into bits
fights back and wins....
miraculously resurrects
from any messy ruins!
like a drifted kite
a whirling wooden top
mind moves and dances!
no respite...
no intermission...
solo actor; solo character
wide awake and active
playful and sportive
till the corporeal shelter
caves in and meets with the final ruin.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Need More Money...

I need lots and lots of money.
How much if you ask
It`ll be kind of hard task
As I never know how long I`ll ask
To give me more cash ...
Bread is okay but where is butter?
When butter comes tongue waters for pizza.

Cash in hand is like a newlywed bride
But honeymoon never ends with a happy pride.
Once it`s gone or goes down the drain
Mind just pours heavier than rain.
I need lots and lots of money.

No matter what ways reach
There where money plants breed;
Just tell me the way;
I`ll be there in super-duper speed.
All look at the roof; the ladder is hidden!
So many climb it up;
Care a crap what`s forbidden!

It pains being a poor.
The worst luck for sure!
The rich know all the ways;
Why should they tell?
They know the funny toys;
Once they are out, they`ll have a fall!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Neither Rapture Nor Agony

o my departed pal
i covet your silver peace
though shed my tears
and so badly miss...

free from cares
and free from worries
you lose to the divine glory
far from this bustle and fury!

no body no mind
no cloak to wind.
sleep, sleep and sleep
no cell will even ever beep!

far better now there
with no tomorrow and fear
i now count the beads
and pray, there soon we meet.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Never Ask Me....

never ask me
who you will trust
never ask me if it is a must
just never ask me
who you will trust

i am so lost out
so so many times
why you ask me
i don` t wanna chime
in the times of you fizzy bout

never ask me
who you will trust
what will say
this poor fag-butt
this gutted heart
no more smoulders

trust has two tastes
i got the bitter one
while going through life-fests
i lost more than i won

the bridge is so frail
the breach so common
what will i tell
when i lost more than i won

never ask me
who you will trust
never ask me
if it is a must

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Nice Sailing....

quite a couple of them
among my pupils and pals
write their writing pretty well.
it`s cool to see how they encompass
in their happy creative work!
each one is a luminous spark!

love to see them rack their brains
with their mind squarely placed in art;
love to see them growing clever
with every write getting smarter.
love to love them more than ever
at all good efforts nicely put together!

basking now in the budding fervor
the poet feels a very proud teacher.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Nicely Salty...

Amorous looks work like a great appetizer.
Kisses in love taste like a piquant sauce.
Hugs are like fast-breaking first snack.
And I won` t say about the filling meal.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Nightmares Are So Common!

Gosh! the car is not going well.
It`s going too slow.
Bother! the accelerator is not working.
My goodness! this is GT road;
a thoroughfare with zooming vehicles.
A jumbo ten wheelers whizzed past;
this limping Zen had me almost crushed!
All nail-biting seconds whisper prayers.
The steering applies presence of mind;
the small wheels obey in no time.
My darling pulls out for a while,
off the road just to pull at some life breaths
and she is now pulling away with the grand
road under her circular feet to vie with nippy air!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Nine Words Poem

Love- -hate- -love

life- -death- -life

rose- -self-crucifixion.

violence- -blood- -victory

time- -trophy- -history

mystery- -again- -mystery.

land- -farmer- -food

rains- -harvest- -good

plough- -hungry- -nude.

Note: each of the three poems above has nine words. Bear with this maiden novelty.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

No Birth-Control Here!

guess it`s been several thousands
mouse miles since the mating between
a poetry soul and a robust desktop kicked off:
very old, old, very new, new- -
all siblings share the same house;
all elders and little ones are trained
to march ahead like a train of desert ships:
never in train like a chain of weary cavalcade!
all the brisk offspring romp about
in sprawling neighboring yards...
the parents are up for more unique copulation;
a lovely boost in cosmopolitan poesy population!
in a time-built museum they may bleat or bray-
they may raise their forelegs and sound victorious neigh!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

No Debate...

some say talking is an important tool
used masterly by prophets, preachers
teachers, orators and mass leaders.
some others say bunch of lies with
a few grains of truth fill the loud baskets!

thinkers tend to talk little
talkers are likely to think little
again one who can both think deeply
and talk wisely and often simultaneously
to meet with a situation, deals marvelously.

talking much or less is an individual choice
as one could be either an extravagant or a miser
or just economical about personal riches
no matter what others think and say;
like two minds two mouths are never alike.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

No Love Is Strange.

I feel but I want to read the notation
of the wonderful music of love.
I dance Polka dance
with the rhythm of love
dancing in my never old heart
but I want to read the rosy steps
of the other heart;
the steps that will never stop
even if my feet get slow and then still!
A death is never a death
when love hugs a life.
Survived by someone special
closest to the soul
maybe alien to the world
that knows only itself
that always wants to know only itself
is the best living after death.
Am I being selfish then?
Craving for an unsound life after death?
At the cost of her living death?
But...
No dream told me that she would come...
Destiny did not foretell.
It is she who told me that she has come...
Told me that she would stay
even when I get grey.
Her eyes have written the poetry of oath
and I am taken to this surrealist poetry!
My growing feet have resigned to her growing hands
and sing and dance together our hearts.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

No Need To Be A Sacrifice.

Once you think that you are doing this and that
only for me, you are doing me a favor showing
mercy on me; you puff your heart with a great
pride of a great sacrifice, what will surely explode
in the empty air someday and will sever all ties.
Once you hunch to carry such a huge load
you will suffer like a poor hunchback
and you will then sit on your haunches in a hard ground
to shed all your heavy sighs down into many silent dust particles.
And if you slump down under the cotton heavy burden
you will hymn a song of a martyr so proudly fallen.
Tell you not to do anything only for me
if you never do such things for you too.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

No Retribution But....

No retribution but.....

They hauled me to a knacker`s yard.

The raised voice was unheard.

They were many and me alone.

Whoa! A crap gonna be soon slain.

They charged that I had long knocked off,

What knocked me badly down.

Preached to my poorly pricked ears

That I can`t stay put like a clown!

The whip whacked across on my back!

I loved much to lick the black and blue!

They roared to me to walk on all fours.

And that got me back my lost young force!

They could see my flexed muscles and well clenched fists.

My gnarled joints stretched up and gnashed hard the teeth.

They put their heads together and put the thing off.

I glowered and growled to them to be soon off!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Not A Hallucination...

A fearsome shadow well-wrought
with my helpless casting on a neighborly wall
contorted its hazy torso like one mischievous spirit
and frightened me with all prissy dicta.
I gritted my teeth and took it head-on.
With a whine soon It was gone.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Not A Hedonist Voice

Look at the world and see how the minds
steeped with the strong alcohol of ancient faith
behave frantically often in a frenzied spree.
Who doesn't love to lap up own triumphant glee?
Agnostic souls sublimate themselves with holy toil
practiced in animal spirit in all undaunted hours;
fearlessly and carelessly but cheerfully and proudly.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Not A Veg-Desire...

I wish I could squeeze
my ladylove with my limbs
into love juice
to drink her to the lees!

My thirsty soul
turned a strong weapon;
as stiff and strong as the middle one of a trident.

Like a steep, upright cliff
it penetrated into moist airy layers;
bent on reaching up to the zenith of high bliss
its eager peak fumed like an active crater`s kiss.

The skirting sea beneath
was fondling huge pedestal like bottom
and the steep cliff like weapon
grew mad to increase its height
bending down through the wet depth
into the very slushy bed of the sexy sea.

Things did not allow the thing
and kept it aside for the next time

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Not Always Crocodile Tears...

Humans are both wise and stupid creature.
Thanks to bloody folly we do ever suffer.

We let our hurt mind play in an open snare.
Lose heart to a killer`s noose in a gala fair.

We take to recurrent bull-fool songs.
Madly rush to quicksands and mucky ponds.

We lick our wounds till they are healed.
And love to love the castle cards-built.

We jump to catch a pie in the sky.
On a thud we sob or bitterly cry.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Not Always Like A Chameleon..

we change every day every moment
new birth every other day is so common!
old friends go really very old if we never
meet that often though we love to get nostalgic ever.
a life like a nippy car runs the laps too fast
and all the hands that wave recede back to the last.
our likes and dislikes change like the flowers in a vase
we change every day and old humors turn now farce.
we may seem to be well known to each other
but only next day each one may be a stranger.
the fleeing years not only ruffle the life pages
they too write their words in the train of running ages.
let alone the rest of the world we are so amazed
to find our new cradles and coffins in Time`s day- bed.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Not Humorous

hey buddies
when I offer you
butter or margarine coated bread
how come you just lick the surface
like kiddies?
the slice feels let-down!
the host too feels sorry for the poor bread!
when I offer you a full dish
how come you just peck at the served things?
I guess only few guys savor like one peckish!
how come you just bite off a tiny fragment
from the whole chunk and give out a plastic belch?
the special dish may not be the manna from heaven:
goodies turn leftovers when even foodies go in vain!
let the parting words sigh for not merely sipping hisses
but for the tongues that`ll lap up to the lees without misses.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Not Patanoiac Glide...

I see the world turning abruptly green.
Spark the flames from their exposed infernos.
I feel the sharp blade under their sugar-coated praise.
They rather gift me potassium cyanide.
I should die long before the kindred faces look ugly!

All sinister eyes gloat at my drooping figure.
They lurk to bite me off into million pieces.
I am wary of all amity turning hostility and the battle.
No. I am geared up to cope with each of the devils.
Yes. I`ll keep to the crusade against the strippers.

They are brutally stripping the divine robe of poetry.
They are calling their arbitrary whim unique creativity.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Not That Heavy Words....

A poem is felt after it has been read;
no matter loudly or silently:

A song is felt while it is being heard.

On many thoughts the rainbow of even a dark poem
appears before the true eyes.

The catchy tune of a song is hummed by many voices.

And the great theme of a good poem is echoed in lovely hearts.

Rich ideas enrich those who have stomach for out-of -the-box.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

'Nothing' Is Better Than Painful 'something'...

1 is bigger than 0
and 100 than 10
but 0 is not merely a naught
though it may begin from a nano dot.

O is a circle too;
a round course of a complete journey!
O begins and O ends the mystic 'Om' sign.
O is not empty nil; a single O has its own power.

If everything is reduced to nothing
then all the things that were there
now remain folded into this super nothing!
Which mother will be happy with a half baby?
Rather a mother with very heavy heart
will bear with the sad infantile death.

If a single kiss along with the first hug
turns out to be the parting gesture;
won't it be much better
that such lovers never met each other?
Nothing has no living mark.

A poem badly incomplete with only few lines;
with no sense or not even a haze of charm
is much worse than one blank page.

They say a blind uncle is better than no uncles at all- -
What if a child`s parents are single kids with no siblings at all?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Now I Am Mr. Delight

I will not write that many poems
for most of them yelp or yell

I will not write that many poems
for most of them surge and swell

I will not write that many poems
for I will be now onward ht

I will not write that many poems
for I will live onward only on light

I will not write that many poems
for I dread the blood stained sight

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

O Night, My Night, My Love-

O night, my night, my love-
I like your deep dark complexion
and our love lives in darkness.

Why should the silver disc
spy on us at our love hours?
Half or full this prying mellow plate
acts like a nosy paparazzo...

O night, my night, my love-
tell the maid of honor
not to adorn my lady with neon-lights.

Who`ll tell the fools that you hide your face
when they make a try with their stupid flashlights?
You are as you are under your black shroud;
I love you and my love makes me so proud.

We lovers do know how to escape a floodlit place
and we count our seconds by a clock of the space!

O night, my night, my love-
let us flee to the land of Arabian sands;
no, no, let us fly to the bosom of African forest- -
Oh, yes, yes, we can rest on the pacific breast!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

O Sorrow...

O sorrow
my mother
my shiny black stone heart
owes to your kind lactic calcium.

Drought
as your dark blessing
hits my poetry farmland
but the hell-bent womb like soil
gets nagging fertile.

You love me so much
that you give me so many stern surprise tests
that I may pay off like a prodigy son.

Like a wizard alchemist
O sorrow
my mother
you have converted
this iron scrap like trifle thing
into a sum total of some fine gold dust poems.

And I am so happily sad to be so sadly happy!

O sorrow
my love
you failed me in so many bloody battlefields
only to turn me into an invincible gladiator
fighting many let loose wild animals off
in the life raised amusing arena.

Tell me
O sorrow
my love
how shall I pay the mountain gratitude
to your blue lotus feet
for all the poison
you have injected into my veins
to turn all my blood

starkly blue blood?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

O Virgin Chic...

O virgin chic
You tell, I stole your sleep.
The love arrow has gone through your heart.
It bleeds hard with no visible cut.

You too took away my sleep.
My heart has a frequent tremor with a beep!
I never want you to prove with pearly drops.
I look at mine and count our painful cuts.

Days come and days go.
Wish we could play with our bow and arrow!
Plead with the Valentine to bless with the things fine!
We have more our time to burst with blushed shine!

O virgin chic
Long wait kills!
From more to more grows love thrill!
We now burn in fire but soon will bathe in joy!
The wait is dull but can't be a killjoy.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Old Holy Chair

i see from far and near
my grandpa's sleek, rocking chair.
it still sits idle in his chamber,
the old dear thing is one fond member.
'due care is given to timely enliven',
seems to be talking once it is shaken.
it looks like a throne; over years grown,
the head is no more, now lies the 'crown'.
the kingdom yet runs, the olden days 'te gone,
the sun still shines but not like it shone.
at my leisure, my feet reach me the chair,
i chat with him; unseen yet so clear.
then the old seat nods; unheard laugh soon comes,
the phantom figure springs up and freely roams.
thus our daily talks go unfailingly to and fro,
hours fly East; stay the moments with 'the old bro'.
you may laugh and laugh at my daily folly.
that old chair brings him, that is so holy.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

On A Condition...

If you make me reincarnate
Make it sure beforehand
That I`ll come with a mind of a poet.
No matter I suffer a lot
But I must take to dream-pot.
No matter poetry has little cash
But for the second time too I must die a poet.
Happy to be a jerk than being a shirk of others` sweats.
And make it sure that if not more
Next time too my poetry finds some good minds.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

On A Popular Quotation

' A little learning is a dangerous thing;
drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring'.
- - -Pope, ' Essay on Criticism,2'

All the times I go through this complete fragment,
a chunk of blood-dripping flesh, from the masterpiece;
I hate to be intoxicated by the ' shallow draughts'
and feel like taking in the whole spring, the pride
of the great Alexander`s land, where Muses may
have frequented to satiate their fine wisdom thrill.

While walking down the lane busy with the mostly
know-all traffic, pierces the blaring honks of zooming critic.
It`s so easy to hover in the air without wings!
Silver dreams have so light plumes!
'Running a household is manual labor
when calm meditation is really a sad realization'.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

One Kiss!

come and pour your
citrus nicotine with
pomegranate zeal!
come and bless my lips
with one metamorphic thrill!
offer the charm
of rosemary extracted gill!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Our Feet Know The Path.....

A break up is never the last nail.
We can get over many coffins.
If others make up their minds
That they'll give up the path
They once chose, let that be!

A life is too long a way:
the feet of friends are too small!
Who is gone is gone!
No matter if the road is alone!

You can't stop the walk anyway.
Stumbles are there; so common!
Who is gone is gone!
No matter the road is alone!

Look back and see the heads.
They are so many at your back
They are like just themselves!
You'll come face-to-face if you turn back.

But how will you walk ahead
looking back to the tail of the front road?
You better follow the forward steps.
Your feet will obey and count the heavy steps!

The hands are few
that'll hold your hand!
Train your voice to sing a chorus
in a master solo band!

Never ever dump one or you'll earn qualms.
When others leave the way,
you don't go astray!
Your feet know the way written in your palms!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Our Soul Lies In Our Anthem.....

This is not just a public holiday.
This moment didn` t come itself
Just like one morning ray.
The blood river of tiger sons
Chased away all wolf clouds!
Mothers and sisters prayed and fought:
At very dear price this fair morning was bought!

Listen up what our anthem says.
Listen to the first line over and again.
The people of the land are made captain.
We, the people, are captain!
Our mother wants her offspring hands
To drive the ancient chariot ahead
To rein in the able horses
Once they think, they are our masters!

Let`s make a pledge today
We won`t only hum the lines of this song.
All the morning parades that march today
Must get every bit of it; no matter short or long!
Our great mother wants us to be awake and alive.
She wants her offspring to strive and to thrive.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Our Thirst Is Always Thirsty!

No wind can carry away all the sands
from a sea of sands.

No green leaves will want no more music air to let them dance.

How many gifts are just too many for a birthday boy or girl
when he or she plays with clouds boozed with bubbling joys?

What do we do when we go dry
with half quenched up thirst?

Do we not have to try to salivate
to soothe the parched heavy tongue?

We are thrice blessed when we are blessed with a full jug of juice!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Outlook Matters A Lot.

those who are led by their heads
tend to be too cautious or cunning
and they ever dread to tread any fire.

those who are led by their hearts
tend to behave like ever naive kids:
they lose a lot again gain many things.

those who are led by their nerves
tremble a lot before any tremor;
they faint at the vision on a mirror.

those who have both accelerator and brake
tend to learn how to steer their wheel:
they run and trot with the same thrill.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Paddy Is My Dear Friend...

Paddy is a unique lady;
a seasoned sailor
who knows all rough waves
who faces a tempest with a sage`s patience
who wears a godly smile
when even the god
gives her tests so vile.

Paddy is an old child
who holds ever a basket of plaudits
and showers them like a great folklore granny:
her silver words with golden touch ever come divinely shiny.
may a day be so grumpy cloudy
she never rails at even a thunderbolt;
rains her happiness prancing like a frisky colt.

Paddy is a perfect mother;
a mother of a son almost of my age-
RML is her cherished kid
that is growing fast and will lovingly rage.
her sweet home is our home
where we turn up almost daily
sing our poems and roam there freely.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Pagli, My Color

pagli, my love,
hark the loud, hark the proud call,
lady spring strums a tune; .
up, up goes; never down fall.
pagli, my sweet honey,
see the giant genie,
folded palms, bowed head,
even stands at our beck and call.
pagli, shall we play now holy?
child—like ?rolic ?in; lover's sweet folly
color, color; spray or smear,
drenched love-dove, lovely love fair.
pagli. your loving feature, healthy nature
reels, rolls my head;
cheeky heart, freaky whims
true ruddy red
pagli, summon spirit; ring the time bell
never fear, my dear, ugly last knells
our garden; ever maiden,
spring shall sure reign!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Parents Need Good Parenting.

Kids are young humans.
They are not puppies.
Nicknames with love are good
but keeping them as pets is bad.

Ringmasters try to control and train
some beasts with a long whip.
The tortured beings look for a chance!
It`s never good to bully or boss over young humans.

Kids need patient ears
for their strange feelings and good hearts
to love them unconditionally and cool heads
to bear with their innocent mistakes.

Some overbearing and over caring parents
forget their childhood mistakes and blunders
and love to see their wards perfectly perfect!
Authority can be gained easily alone with love.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Partha Alone Lives On Loneliness.

No. I am not depressed.
Why should I be depressed?
Only the channel between us
through what shuttle our hearts
has been so kindly amputated.

No. This depression won` t bring any rain.
For the sea has to turn into a long arid land.
And the stars have to smile at the dead pan.
And the green has to gasp for the green.
And the live smiles have to enlist to the smiles bygone.

No. I am not depressed.
Why should I be depressed?
I know Partha is alone with a poetic loneliness.
I know Partha has to live a solo poetic life.
And I know Partha has to wait till a poetic death.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Patience

My patience is like loose coins
I lose it rather more than often.
If you bless me with huge patience
I will lose my this present self.
Once I looked up the word in a dictionary
And now I look on anyone with this stuff a great!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Peace Has Gone To Pieces!

Buddha, peace has lost its charm.
Peace has lost its way in heavy traffic;
hog-driving and snarl-up in a pitch melting road.
Peace is dumb before deafening DJ in midnight merriment.
Peace is broken into pieces by non-stop slogans
of lay-off workers, stripped women and so many;
victims of domestic violence and let-down lashed egos.
Peace too must fear AK-47 and 3 not 3 deadly cartridges;
playmates of serpent militias and hushed extremist mines.
Peace is nowhere; neither in wealth nor in poverty.
If a mind has two wide open eyes and soul awake
all the little attained peace will lose its meaning....
Buddha, this head bows before your holiness
but peace now sounds merely another leap-service!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Pen-Pain-Picture

Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick
yet beats my heart clock
though its hands have gone to the hands
those have won me and my virgin cloak.

He has shot the dart right into the heart of my heart
and it bleeds a deep love river.
I see the beating thing daily as it has now no cover
and find me and him there together as signature love picture!

There we look like Adam and Eve
here in the earth but tightly blindfolded.
With eyes we may not perceive
But we can smell and feel our love unfolded!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Pictorial Colors

Pictures keep changing.
Maybe not the persons in them.

Or maybe changed persons are changing pictures.
Like defensive chameleons humans have aggressive predators.

In photos in an album persons dead or alive never change
though photos may decay or fade to blurred obscurity.

An album too may meet the same fate.
Persons are both pictures and are pictured.

A person may have too many albums
with too many pictures in them to burn them altogether.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Pig-Headed Babies!

A poet is a mother who conceives
And delivers his infant poems.
The fertile womb takes and holds
All the blessing of his munificent Muse.

He madly goes pregnant daily;
The embryos mature overnight
And violently kick 'the door' open
And victoriously come into their own.

They may be able or feeble;
They may talk brightly or drably.
They may express only feverish gibberish
But they won` t stand mute in a downcast spell.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Plea For Mercy!

The concrete world rails at a love-sick
That pines away in a swampy threnody;
At his French leave leisure
Away from the quay and bustling harbor
Like calm mute quadruped
He ruminates over the ancient serenade.
Shedding sorrow in form of tears fails;
It fails to exhume all the buried cheers.
Now he fidgets with a string of rosary
The heavy beads cry out for the final mercy!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poems Wanna Sing...

When my poems love to sing
Sing a song of their choice
Why shall I stop why shall I ring
Their open stage I rather give them my voice

When they love to love to their joy
And leave to live as a fizzy drink or buoy
I bid them goodbye at the not-down sea-off
I rather pack their things with my heart atop

When they sing all their songs
I keep aside our old ding-dongs
I too sing with them in their voice
And now their choice is my choice

Why shall I stop why shall I ring
The open stage where all my poems sing
Sing my own songs with no clouds in the sky
Sing our songs and now our music goes high

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poet Partha And A Night.

alcohol fueled boiling blood
denied dinner
irate chats mobbed the ways
leading to motor nerves

warm but idle body
reclined in a stoic bed
contained a stormy mind
soon to be torn apart

one half of it
whirls with the fast blades
of a whirling fan above
seems never ending and non stop
with blood dripping bloody blobs

the other half of it
runs in between two morbid events
screened as 'crime patrol'
only to be relaxed like a placid mediator

behind loosely shut eyes
eyeballs were toying with an unborn epigram
and with a whiff of a would be serenade
the pony heart turned a mule
then an ass to stall the stirred compass

they say
such nights though like nightmares in texture
muster craggy verses to wreathe a cliff like poetry
what releases sighs down in a deep sea

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poetic Divinity.

Like a flower plant blossoms blooms
a poet bears verses
in His silver aura and in His golden halo
to add a feather of beauty
to the crown of His beautiful queen.

Like the universe as a whole
a poet holds mystery
in the chasms between many stars
in the niches between their blind cousins
to the tune of His never ending music.

Like a good angel
a poet brings and carries a pioneer torch.
Like a fairy
a poet wears magic wings in his sublimated mind
to bear many minds destined to fly to His soul.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poetic Protest

In broad daylight
In an open street
Some piqued kisses
Show the prude society up.

A protest needs protesters.
Protesters are ever wild and bold.
Like poets they are being inventive.
Rebellious expressions are changing colorfully.

In broad daylight
In an open street
Some amateur protesters
exchange pink kisses among themselves.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poetry And Poems.....

Poetry is a perennial stream
a poet swims and swims
dives and drowns;
in sun, rains and nippy cold
in full glee like one nerd swimmer;
buffets the excited waves
and relishes the ongoing liaison
with the eternal virgin stream- - -
drowned and again popped up
in the weird custom of love
every morning, noon and night
and mingles with the restless flow
into an intrinsic, loyal stream- - -

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poetry Festival In Our Local Yard

a festival with unique hue and aroma
where the fanciful minds
will spread out their wild wings
in the Muse graced poetic fiesta.

with the bunch of butterflies
in the filled up or empty bellies
so many budding buddies
will utter or twitter
in their very chaste vigor
maybe at the forceful crescendo
or may just haltingly mutter.

the aroused hours
may count the fleeting seconds
or the cheeky gust of wind may
settle down on the feet-trodden soil.

half-awake souls
will be stirred by the chaste
flow of liquid wisdom.

the sumptuous poetry session
with the pluming up honeyed founts
will be the filling feast for the possessed hearts.

let the maiden charm
bind us into a holy fraternity.
let the bliss shower upon
with a little away the divinity.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poetry Is A Crazy Tramp!

Poetry is a crazy tramp...
Poetry is everywhere.
In her eyes. In her lush ebony cascade.
Just between her pomegranate insignia.
All over the curvaceous non-veg collage.
Poetry is in all subtle acts and tact.
In a beautiful sight, may be damp dark or glossy bright.
Poetry is not that prudent or prudish.
Neither foppish nor snobbish.
It visits everywhere.
From a holy shrine to a stinky brothel.
Poetry is in a vice in a sin in a pilgrimage in penance.
In a lovely resort even in a deserted desert.
In holy scriptures again in saucy Debonair.
In a new birth and in a death.
Poetry is in everything and everywhere.
Kill me before you go and kill her.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poetry Writing And Song Writing....

Writing a poem and writing a song
Are a bit same and a lot different jobs.
A poem may or may not have music in it.
Or there may be great music to be felt inside.
A lyric for a song comes from music in the mind.
Verses here are wrought in tune of melody or...
The song is sung in the mind of the composer
Long before it comes in shape of any matter.
Poetry has gravity of being beyond ordinary grey matter.
Songs are so eager to enter the warm hearts.
Poetry is selfish; it does not care others.
But songs dance in many happy claps.
Things are changing very fast.
Many poems are being sung.
Many song lyrics are being read.
Lovely! Harmony is in the air.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poets Are A Bit Strange!

Poets are both very young and old.
As philosophers they are ripe old.
As romantics they are pretty young.
Their ages change with their thoughts.

They sometimes look blue with grey thoughts.
They sometimes look pink with red thoughts.
They sometimes look yellow with dark thoughts.
They may seem very strange to others.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Poor Poetry Writers!

the number will go beyond
the number of stars if we count
the heads of all poetry writers.
only few are lucky to be poets!

so many are ever secluded
by the nebula of personal melancholy;
only a few, quite few they are
who stomp on the terrestrial Milky Way!

seven deadly sins spare no poets too
as they are humans, not an alien craft`s crew.
what`s more an evil curse befalls upon
such poor souls that weave poetry of futurity!

we gape at the loud gains in their loose pouch
but overlook the bag heavy with mute losses,
what slings about the drooping left shoulder;
as we seldom see the scene behind a sight!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Power Is Both Abused And Disused....

Try to blow off a candle,
It'll fight back in a frantic flicker;
Won't give up that soon
As you thought it would
For it knows to stand up against a killer.

Who'll dare the big ball of fire?
A feeble thing is an easy prey
To prove the might and proud power!
Beasts in us often growl....
We do bully and play a Hitler!

We throw punches on a soft pillow
And love to see it sink in pain.
But when a strong pillar comes
And stands tall before us
We hide in the garb of super excuses!

We know the things that just call for a try
But something pulls us off and stops the fly.
We fail to soar and reach the sky
Though starts love to see us touch them high!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Prose In A Poem

At the closing of an year
we ponder over our domestic ledger;
all past oaths of economical management
failed in the very mid way and the balance
of two columns tilts very anxiously.
Needs grow with years often like wild creepers:
two hands are full with work
but wallet has an insatiable appetite- -
homely concerns work as strong appetizer.
We go through such tides
every year and year after year;
we carry the symptoms of ever middle class.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Psychography

any freak experience sucks us
into a flurry of awry thoughts
what strike us like after shocks;
we tremble with brooding tremors.
then we seek for a panic room
rather grope for a secluded solace:
if we make it we recoil and recline
and if we fail we may raise resilient hood
and spew full venom like a beheaded rattlesnake.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Quite A Strange Night...

Last night was a different night
I had to stay up into this crack of dawn
like me many others had the same fate

A frenzied storm raged for a little while
And specks like woken up puny phantoms
frantically invaded all visible kingdoms

Then it poured to calm them down
For not long and neither that much
Cool air told that they were down again

Since then fans are in dead halt
Lights are sleeping and fail to wake up
And I am stomping with defeated fury

A night not that awake nor so asleep
Let a chain of monologues come out
And I felt aloud in disrupted silence

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Rain Drenched Love...

Sweetie, I know it`s been raining there too.
Thirsty March sighs a relief as foliage
takes the shower; all green crests are dripping
in the fatigued pauses of intermittent leisure.
Your face your eyes your voice
beat the pattering hoofs on the thrilled roof.
My love is doted by the aggressive pouring
and my ears are dying to hear your silent words.
The foray of cooling gust from outside open lust
leads my forage for my ever dream soul mate!
Sweetie, I know the rain will cease soon
but I hear your call even in my often euphoric swoon.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Rains Ans She.

Rains have set in with a patter song.
Summer has gone with its burning pain.
Rains bring sunny smiles in her face.
Watery beads fall and play in her love thirst.

Why her smiles are hiding today?
For rain has rained too hard?
Lashed on her tender feelings
reminding her of last happy rain?

Has she stolen some clouds from the sky
and placed them in her emptied bosom?
And such clouds what seldom melt;
only break into hot rolling memories?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ramayana, A Daily Drama...

The turbulent epoch witnesses
Ramayana in every household

too many Sitas languish in
the ignominious flames

righteous Ramas burn on
the abiding pyre; well-designed
by Ravana.....

gods and demons
share the same stage
under one umbrella- - -
a little modification.

monkeys patch up
paved bridge across
two households,
two mahallaas

timid Sugreevas
assume thrones
in a servile coup

Dasharatha still weeps
in crowded wilderness
in loud silence

Manthara yet whispers
to ears in open-secret rooms.

Kaikaiyee bisects the jet-set world
with rusted scissors

exiled land hunts for lost ones

the great Hanumana is off
on an ancient duty.....

all glittering ornaments
are dazzling with rakshas glory.

Vivison`s guile is widely
accepted as the coolest art!

Balmikies interweave the interspersed
epics over cups of lukewarm tea

endless tears stoke the eternal fire.

Ramayana peeps through the bosom
hole to the hottest crux

crusades win and fail
in all ages

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Rant At Shitty Fate!

The damn bad patch is killing me to the core!
Looks like fate has dumped me like a whore!
We were seeing each other for pretty a while.
She sucked me into ersatz emotion through bitchy guile!
Like a prodigal moron I squandered my handsome heyday!
The cow used me up like a gigolo; guess better been a gay!
I was a sucker for flattery and she buttered me up.
I mistook the buzzard for a white owl to land me up!
It was easy for her to hoodwink this bumpkin with gloating glitz.
The blithe ignorance of the outcome put me more into my blitz!
Like a worn out ship on a crappy rough voyage I squat and squawk.
I suck at everything and that slut has flung me on Vicodin quirk!
Bully for her! My rotting ego may taste piquant to her lizard tongue!
Guess I better crash out before the next round of this bum ding-dong!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Rare Birth And- - -

From the silvery ashes of the
worn-out poetry
arises an incarnation
with the insight of
a rectangular pyre,
final smoldering fire.
And the tearful sea-off
at the last harbour

Prized Pains

O lovely tender plants
now put on glorious buds
and adorn this Lyceum
with all beauty and calm.
So many colours and looks!
How sweet is the smell
that lulls the air brook!
Behold the gardener afar
What else could get him happier?
Each praise must be dearer
than one and any sapphire!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Rare Blessing For A Rare Soul

a pair of phantom right palms
spread out with mute benediction
showered icicle blessing on the
rising sun in the earth of obscure love

and Robert Browning
patted on one square shoulder
when William Blake was sternly frowning
and was curtly smiling

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Rattlesnake Contradiction

some phantom lusts
have possessed on me,
revolutionary consciousness
goes reluctant to take servitude,
abstract wishes love to get real shape
by the artisan hand of mundane needs.
Adam is still helpless in the obscure place!
one sweet chunk of that mythical apple
is relishing the intercourse with the oral saliva.
yet a boastful cry shouts: Lucifer, I`ll never
give in to the blessed temptation.
thus, comedy and tragedy go on side-by-side!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ravished In Bengal!

Poor lady democracy
In her largest house
Has undergone molestation;
Bulls have bullied her
In macho brutish order...
But that`s an old news!
In the golden land of foresighted fruits
(The glory gutted long by party politics fire)
Jack cats chase now many feeble mice
Howrah Bridge bears with deafening cries!
Satanic brains get bureaucratic hands
Snakes are hissing with scam filled fangs!
Muggers are mugging even f***** franchise
Lollypops are taken away from many gaped kiddies!
What an untimely Holi with Ruby mixed plasma!
Bereaved breasts are beating with wrenching Atma!
The poor lady democracy has badly been raped- -
Gang raped by some brokers of the system
And hyena pimps of bloody power stream;
Some pansy held her hands and some eunuchs stood guard!
Let some queer fishes gasp in lidded jars
Once they are out, will be placed behind bars!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Ready To Go More Miles!

If You have made me to be a great,
make me make it before I am dead!

I want to see it with my own eyes
that my grown cornflowers reach highs!

The deep blue down goes up on the azure canopy!
And I am blessed with the love of my infinite community.

I walk the way what you chose for me, day and night.
Set aside all prose worries and drama cares with all might.

I never dote myself to rest on my laurels.
I trust the pack of cards and the Hand that shuffles!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Reality Addict Lines...

The eyes laden with mushroom clouds
miss a silver or golden shaft
what arches across only a martial heart.

The minds clothed in only whitish fungi
grow little any flowers or fruits
maybe wait for a wrapper of moist moss.

Lotus eater quills vomit milky vomits
wearing wisdom apron of imagery plumes
and lick around a candyfloss of kiddy dreams.

A serenade in a personal soiree
adds little to daily tragedy
in which a soldier fights and may fall to black comedy.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Really Funny!

The world is not that bad
If we are fairly good.
The world is not that sad
If we don't suck us and then brood!

Jet fast life is our choice.
We play DJ to make a noise!
Race horse run has short thrill;
What may sap out huge zeal!

Smoggy view may clog the air.
We blame fate and call it unfair!
Too smart brains breed issues;
Many hearts bleed and damage tissues!

Things in a litter bin come to the brink.
They are our refuse and we daily shrink!
We create a catastrophe and look for a savior.
Battle lingers though it eats up many a martyr!

Joy rests in and out; everywhere.
Yet we sell and buy in a big bazaar!
We make easy things hard everyday
And like rich crops turn into a stack of hay!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Really Queer...

No idea what but something
Must have hit my head hard
And I feel it now just a half.
Maybe it`ll be off in some time;
Maybe it`ll love to stay on longer;
But I really feel awfully bad
As I feel too old to move like myself!
I fail to figure it out if the strike came from the heart.
The cursed heart can cause so many things!
Has the heart gone stoned then?
And it now butts my head that hard?
Who knows what is what?
I am just clueless ...how a heart could run!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Really Very Unique...

Physics has eye for everything except love.

Attraction does not follow the rule of gravitation.

The world of matters needs affinity but humans need love.

No rule of mathematics can work out the intensity of emotion.

Neither profit and loss arithmetic can figure out the sacrifice in love.

Only a good heart can easily feel this great feeling and the priceless value.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Reciprocal Approach

like a virgin forest
with inherent exotic charm
but sick of melancholy
that calls for maiden footmarks
you call out to my heart
in a feminine modest voice:
the destined exploration will start.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Relative And Essential...

at times I am happy
with just a spoonful of sugar
again often I jeer at the whole
can of sugarcane juice!
when the silvery juice
of the mellow full moon
wets the nearby still pool
their transient tryst
at once brings the bliss
that delights this moon-struck fool!
the golden gaze of the fiery eye
at the bevy of cheeky sunflowers
huddling and giggling over a stretch
of spread sari of lovely mother nature
pumps my heart with the plenty air of joy!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sad Love Song...

How could you forget
Old love days?
Knock on your heart
And hear what it says.

You know the key.
You've locked the door.
If it's still open,
You've kept it so for sure.

Don't you sing that song?
Maybe now alone?
What we sang in our summer
In joy chorus happy together?

I feel too old in this loveless cold.
Gray looks the world and heart 's no more bold.
My diary holds my loud thoughts
When I brave the throttling sorrow;
You may come and look them up;
Just check it out any tomorrow.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sadly Happy!

The edges of many 1000 and 500 rupee notes
are clipping my dream wings before my eyes!
My proud wallet is kicking my crestfallen head.
I am getting beggar with plenty of money!

Mundane cares cajole me to drab prose.
I am adding a new page to my real novel.
I may die on the stage of realistic drama.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sage Destiny.

When destiny opens its door
before the chosen feet,
the bunch of keys for the locks
of suite inside is readily handed
to the lucky hand.

Again, it brings the feet before the door!
It knows in what palm the keys will go.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sage Minds Loathe Prating Mouths...

Why should I prattle or rattle on a theme?
Is not a fit body without flab sleek and nice?
Plump poultry are not so sturdy as drakes.
Men of few words know the value of a single word
More than the garrulous who lavish words on speech.

Pouring a stream of words into deaf ears
Is like flogging a dead mare.
Scattering a few seeds in a fertile land is wiser
Than showering many on barren sands.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sandy Stretch Of Heaven....

Goggled eyes ogle at the bikini babes
basking in the sensuous warmth
on the partly wrapped aroused sands
With the gust of stranger wind.
Pert giggles rush to the hunk muscles.
The heaven in the golden glow
gives away the naked shore
to the mighty shiny sun.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Santiniketan Is A Stone`s Throw Away From My Home

from Abhilas, a particle of twelve yards
there has been quite many light years
and so so many galaxy stops
before one like the seven sages
like a polyarmed, hoary knurled banyan
sighs in a metallic essay, Paribarik Dashatwa

Gitanjali ektara strumms a solo string
the music meanders in all zigzag path-ways
the saffron baul notes mingle in happy crops
and many outcast comets plummet to kiss
the natural red soil where meteors have long
made friends with the holy dust of divine grey specks

Note: The first poem by Tagore is Abhilas, written when he was only 12 years old. The last work is an essay titled Paribarik Dashatwa (Family Slavery) .

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Science Is So Poor!

Science is so poor
It cannot say where`s mind!
God`s everywhere....
But it cannot see; such a blind!
Love`s in the blood;
In what Robot will it find?
Wow! Super-duper computers
Fail wonders like wizards!
Will any of them write a single poem?
Ah! Science needs a brain to go and gain...
Can it make just a human brain?
Let it answer how and when
Was made a complex human brain?
If cannot...shut it up then.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sentiment

Sentiment is more fragile than glass
softer than a tender grass
it loves to see itself in many shreds
it loves to feel mown with sharp blades

it bleeds
it cries the pillow-hushed cries
it bites off many threads-bound ties

it kills
its container
in its bloody bliss
with a hiss and a cold kiss

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sham Vipers

Vipers back-biters
Vipers back-stabbers
these scumbags have cold blood
from dark pit they crawl out and slither

these dolts may not know
as dolts never know
their hoods have no shadow
and their fangs are hollow

they are everywhere
under chosen cover
parasites they be must
as they grow on our trust

beware of such things
no fear of any poison
these are bloody things
but they don` t know our notion

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

She Can Not Bless The Poor.....

Who does not want the golden blessing
of the goddess of prosperity and happiness?
Many know how to worship her.
Many know how to appease her.

Riches find their way to the rich.
The poor are deprived of wealth-
as the persons who do not have fat cells
never get corpulent with glossy paunches.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

She Has Taught Me True Love.

Blind love is not merely a fairy tale.
Like a running road it too is very real.
She has taught me this with her true love
being herself too stark blind to too curvy a path.
Her spring eyes have lent light to my purblind eyes
that now twinkle like a star afar in the cloudless sky.
She is the alchemist in my turbulent sea
who has turned my ship into a boat
and she did make it float
in her private wild stream
that flows as wildly as it then flowed.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

She Is In Love...

I`ve given her a gift
and she`s gladly taken it.
The gift is too small
but the way she took tells
that she`s in love thrall!

I knew she`d take
as things are very like just before a date!
I knew I`d get a lot of love wet smile.
I knew I`d get of what she knows very little!

Guess, this kicks off a love story
unlike the past poor ones!
Guess, this gonna be life-support
for I`m alive as a corpse for years!
Guess, she too loves me just as I do.
Pray, our love gets a happy story.

I`ve given her a gift
and she`s gladly taken it.
The gift is too small
but the way she took tells
that she`s in love thrall!

I saw in her face and read all words;
if I`m not wrong they`re the same that echo our hearts!
She looked not to be happy while leaving;
maybe she`d love to leave behind some unique gifts!
Maybe she too felt that something was missing.
And may be we could have the maiden hug while kissing!

I`ve given her a gift
and she`s gladly taken it.
The gift is too small
but the way she took tells
that she`s in love thrall!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

She Loves To Be.....

Her soft sentiment was hurt
by the last poem; She and Poetry.
She said nothing in words but
her heavy face showed her tears.

Feminine emotion has its own ration.
I felt her feeling and found out that
she is not happy being just a single poem.
She loves to be my life-size poetry.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

She Won` t Give Up...

she won` t give up
no matter so many lash kissed marks
on her young hope
stay like painful stains

she won` t give up
no matter so many droughts
are thrust upon her thirsty love
by the nearest black heaven

she won` t give up
on her dear dreams
reared so long in her motherly arms
as she knows what means a ladylove

she won` t give up
for she is growing strong every passing minute
feeding herself her own melancholic silence
in the dark lap of pungent domestic violence

she won` t give up
on her child love and its father lover
for her porous heart is now fortified
with all the kind bullet comments from a domestic cow

She won` t give up
for she churns courage from her milk white will
and drinks sorrow with all the tears of great joy
to enjoy the bliss of her lovingly ossified pain

She won` t give up
on her life of yet a long wait
for beyond so many closed gates
stands smilingly her fate opened gate

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Shit Freedom!

frisky mind gasps
for free air
in a stern aquarium

they say freedom is rectangular
or a square or.....
solo-confinement
in a nano cell is damn fate!

languished soul gropes
for something more than
what they call freedom...

here even a back-driver
applies the damn brake!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Shotokan Karate

self-defense with bare hands
holistic and intensive work out
punches and kicks with roaring shouts
deep breathes often in and noisily out
white dress with belts of own merit`s choice
contest arenas open sportive events
the mettle more than the prowess
demands the victory trophy in sombre race.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Should Education Be An Empty Bowl?

Should education be an empty bowl?

Partha

sarathi Paul

What if this essay is not put forward by an educator belonging to academia? Does not a common man have as much right as one erudite to express a true anxiety over superficial education that threatens budding human resource? To speak the truth point-blank, all the three important pillars namely guardians, teachers and students ought to be held equally responsible for the pathetic plight under gaudy marks sheet wrapper. Is study like tiling a farmland with sweats, tears and toil what ends in laughter at the sight of good yield? Is it just a social compulsion for guardians to provide their wards with the best education by putting them at a school of repute? It's never a delight in hitting out to pumpkin (marks-all) education system. This caustic writing appears here triggered by the first-hand experience of the endemic malady. It is anticipated that all the three parties will address the jumbled up situation in prevailing education system. How could the students of today become the worthy citizens of tomorrow unless they are imparted true education in right way? Will bulky pillars- - destitute of original substantial strength- - be able to uphold the concrete enormous roof? Some evident shortcomings and cucumber some circumstance that call for effective and immediate remedy will be illustrated here. The present education leaves little elbow room for both teachers and students to be innovative.

We are surely not looking for any no-nonsense solution neither we do hope for any providential miracle. This essay will point out some grave pictures on the ground level of the system in question. The readers are implored to cross-check the veracity of points and then make their opinion in accordance with their own finding. This writing holds no purpose of influencing the readers with all the negative portrayal just in order to prove the loud review as proudly maverick. Only drawing a distinction between public schools and private schools- - - reposing all trust in convent schools for the prospect of I.C.S.E & I.S.C; the first-standard syllabi or even C.B.S.C curriculum that speaks highly of co-curricular and extra-curricular activities may bring fine solace but not the exact solution to the longstanding problem. The prevalent method of teaching subjects invariably produces low output except aiding serious students to score decent marks in scoring papersHere lies the irony and tragedy. The possible reasons why many teachers are indulging themselves in deliberate delinquencies or (impudently speaking) they are failing to discharge such a noble duty as imparting knowledge to learners are as follows. Firstly, most of the teachers are the by-product of rickety education system that provides little room for originality

and analytical judgment on synthesized arguments. Most of them clung to Practice-books, Test-papers and Question-banks instead of thorough textbook reading or consulting authentic reference books on varied subjects during their school days and onward. Hence, they fail to elaborate on a theme or delve into the surface layer at the time of teaching in a class. How many of them take delight in teaching with the belief that it will enhance their qualities too? Most of them, unfortunately, take this noble work merely as a job for their living. Secondly, the thin pay-packet at many private schools discourages even quality teachers in giving their best efforts. Along with uncertainty and insecurity involved in the job at such places, they have to take huge work load. Managements here are more domineering in dealing with their stuffs but as such no pay hike or perk is ensured to them. So, out of their job frustration they eventually lose interest in their work and remain mentally busy in looking for other better career options. This really aggravates the situation. Thirdly, some of them lack in the flair for teaching though they have sound academic career. If teaching students is not your niche then enjoying this job is next to impossible and you are sure to end up in depression. In this case, students are not going to be benefited at all and continuous poor performance on part of a teacher generates great disrespect in the minds of students. More so, some private schools appoint novice teachers of modest quality just because they could be paid lowly and thus such managements unethically compromise with abysmal standard- - - - depriving students of the quality education. The situation of public schools is not any better in this respect but more focus has to be laid on the private counterparts as guardians there have to cough up a considerable amount every month besides other expenses. Lack of supervision and time-to-time monitoring on teachers at public schools gives them much leeway. All the mentioned demerits plague these schools too- - - - only job security and other facilities are guaranteed to teachers by government. Students and guardians no longer rely on public schools. This causes the exodus to mushrooming private schools in cities, big towns and small towns as well. Needless to mention- - there are yet a few devoted teachers both at public and private schools as ever bright exceptions. Substandard students at times pour cold water on the teaching excitement of newly appointed highly qualified teachers. Next comes what is the issue of rapidly changing syllabus. There has been a considerable reshuffle in public schools as education ministry is trying their best to catch up with private boards. The heads who decide syllabus seem to be motivated only by the idea of increasing the things in quantity. The merit of students is never judged before thirsting huge burden upon them. However lofty the objective may be, fulfillment remains far away unless students are really benefited. The mechanical implementation or blind imitation of foreign standard ultimately leads to nowhere. As far as English syllabus of I.C.S.C board is concerned, each and every student should be able to write and speak good English but a survey will

badly disappoint surveyors. Quite many English medium goers are found to be speaking and writing glaringly erroneous English. This error strikes all to surprise as English is their main language as a subject and principal language of communication in their school precincts. Apart that, they have two English papers; language and literature- - both are rich in all terms possible. Moreover, what about teachers` speaking and writing ability there? Admittedly, homework and projects are must but their importance is hardly inculcated into those who have to carry them out. Are students not compelled to accomplish such tasks rather halfheartedly just in order to obtain some almost sure marks? Instead more class works and serious surprise tests will make them adequately active in schools and in their study in general. Do they not just get most of their project works done by others? They somehow manage with the aid of Net or tutors or guardians and thus acquired marks shine in their mark sheets. Students are kept busy with chain of semesters and many such and such things with little education in reality. Let us focus on students in general. Ironically enough, only a few of them are learners. There are so many reasons that project this bleak picture. Firstly, most of them are admitted to schools of their parents` choice and guardians may prefer private schools to public schools as they are ambitious about their kids or influenced by many impertinent merit of a student is not put in consideration while making such a decision - - - - - poor students have no say in it in most cases. Secondly, some students are instinctively negligent in study and very inattentive in classes; their interest is easily diverted to cheap exciting things and they themselves impede in their progress however other essential things are present. Thirdly, some students think it clever to mug up as much as needed to score good marks and convince their parents that they are quite good at study. Any serious student with a gross mechanical process can comfortably ensure an impressive result in school exams. The real merit reveals in entrance or talent tests. Finally, quite many students never ask their teachers any questions in fear that they too will have to come prepared or maybe they are not at all inquisitive- - - what augurs badly and deters a class from the prospect of becoming interactive and lively. Most of the students have quite happily adapted themselves as the rats to this ongoing and endless race. Some are just incorrigible and peer pleasure in many different ways takes a great toll on their study and career. There is no denying that a good number of students are yet very motivated and true learners though they are minority in this scenario. Ideal teachers, ideal students who are true learners and ideal guardians are getting unfortunately marginal day by day. The influence of the changes in name only is perceptible and victims of complacency bother little to look into the things that prevail and thus remaining oblivious to possible outcome has to pay a heavy price in times to come. As for guardians who play crucial role in making most of the big decisions and who provide all financial support to their children ought to be more prudent and knowledgeable so that they are able to give proper

guidance and suggestions to their kids. Again, they should be constantly watchful on their wards` preparation and motivation. They need to understand the real progress if it is possible on their part. Putting kids at any good boarding school may seem to be a solution but it has to be checked if all the tall claims of such institutions are real or not. Again, many children fail to get used to hostel life and some suffer long homesickness though many others love to be away from their overbearing guardians and enjoy a little more freedom there. Guardians must understand the fact that sophisticated facilities alone cannot impart the best education until many other pivotal factors combine with each other harmoniously. In fact, they are more victims than responsible while making some incorrect decisions about their kids` education. Socio-economic situation, globalization, commoditization of education, aberration and degeneration of most important parts of society have direct impact on deciding the touchstone of merit and academic excellence. Career-centered thoughts assume top priority in consonance with hard reality. The poverty of true merit comes to light when so called bright students with loaded mark sheets sit for joint entrance or other tough admission tests. Later very few of them do really dare to appear at I.A.S, I.P.S, CAT, MAT, GATE etc. It loudly proves that marks-oriented education system has very little output and high marks in semesters, board exams should not be the final benchmark of merit of examinees. All such high-profile exams arguably need very special guidance and specific training but what worries is that most students lack in the aptitude and temperament to take up such tough challenges. That is why again many students avert from mainstream education and opt for technical colleges, now available in plenty, with an aim to secure a job even for a modest pay-packet. That will be a different story where they actually land themselves up in the end. After their second Board exam is over they desperately try to get admitted to any technical college; no matter third or fourth grade, even outside the state and such institutions (actually, the modern education marts or malls) simply play duck and drakes with dream-drunk fellows. The final part of this essay sheds light on the plausible solutions to the problems mentioned above. The concise conclusion will presumably stand good while dealing with the issue in question.

Firstly, our state government has to upgrade the existing standard of public schools not only by adopting different curriculums of other private boards but by imposing right discipline both on students and teachers. The general picture of most of the public schools in our state, West Bengal, is nondescript; even at good schools science students of final year skip classes in order to attend tutorials or special coaching centers as they believe that their preparation for joint entrance is impossible only under the guidance of their school teachers. Again, there are quite many schools where students enjoy the freedom of a college; obligatory attendance is shown a thumb and unruly ones even manage to sneak out of their school at Tiffin time. This deplorable situation surfaces

mainly when politicization of education raises its venomous hood. When a school witnesses a brawl or a scuffle between two teachers or two groups of them over a petty issue incited by ostensible political tension or rift, it causes lot of disturbances in short and long term. When the head of such an institution loses all control over teaching and non-teaching stuffs just because politics has entered there, the management of students and study get on the back burner. Until and unless government impartially takes some stern steps to curb all such untoward incidents, only bringing about drastic changes in syllabus in imitation of private boards will be nothing but mere eyewash. The ambience of an educational institution should be conducive to healthy education along with all prerequisite infrastructures in an ideal school. Or else parents who are well-off enough to afford the expenses of a private school will surely opt out public schools at a first thought. And students will not look on an awful school even as their third home. Moreover, expert educators need to look over whether teachers need more pedagogy or not. But workshops and seminars at regular intervals in an academic year for teachers to brush up or upgrade their accumulated knowledge are essential. It has to be accepted that some public schools; Boys`, Girls` and co-educational institutions are up to the mark as far as discipline is concerned. Interestingly, public schools at villages are far better than their urban counterparts in many respects. The tuition by school teachers persists despite the existing restriction on it. Both in villages and towns many students take tuition from the teachers of the same school- - either this is their Hobson`s choice or it helps them a lot as questions of different semesters could be known close to tests. What`s more is that these teachers look over the answer sheets of those students too who take private tuitions from them. School authority is either oblivious to the rampant malpractice or simply never bothers about such things. The magic of suggestions for exams works wonder specially in Secondary & Higher Secondary- - lot more than other private Board exams. Thus most of the public schools are failing to cater the proper education to students who are consequently growing more and more private tuition dependent. Mid-day meal arrangement for students rather worsens the situation and reluctant schools get to the bad book of government. So it is principally the onus of the Government to keep a constant watch on schools and supervise on the deployed supervisors to check in such terminal discrepancies. The affirmative and effective changes are the emergency call of the hour.

In case of private schools, they mostly supersede the Government-aided schools in terms of infrastructures and discipline - -attendance of students, neat uniform and regular home work, projects, many surprise tests- - fine for speaking in any other language than English and guardian`s call even at small pretexts - - better library, laboratory and computer room etc. But the problem of quality teaching faculty and regular hike in remuneration is their Achilles` heel. Convent schools are popular for their super strict discipline. But teaching

standard has gone pathetically low to the inconsolable dismay of convent lovers. Many English medium goers catch snobbism as they start distinguishing between themselves and public school going neighbors of their age. They relish the hyperbolic pride that they are superior in merit to their public school counterparts. This inclination could be a potent threat to social equality. Quite unfortunately, some of them are overindulged by their dotting parents. Thus the lesson of Moral Science simply falls flat in reality. Nothing to say about their syllabus but the most important question haunts - -who are teaching and who are learning? Unless the merit of teaching fraternity and student community are up to accepting such a standard curriculum besides the harmony between them through affection and respect, the lofty objective will be just a pipedream. Admission tests at private schools must aim at screening the merit of admission seekers and before promoting morning shift junior students to dayshift senior class the merit of aspirants should be reassessed properly. Likewise in case of admitting students in science stream there should be a special exam to test their aptitude for science subjects; their merit in this field should not be ascertained only on the basis of the marks obtained in the first board exam. This holds good for both public and private schools. Looking at the dismal performance of science students of public schools in second board exam let alone the joint entrance success rate the concern proves to be very substantial. It is often found that toppers in board exams fail to live up to the common expectation in such entrance tests.

It should be concluded with a hope that better changes are likely to happen through all the requisite initiatives by government, school authorities, and teachers as well as guardians and students. For, without concerted efforts of all the parties interested no big change is ever possible to be made. This essay covers mainly the basic problems in education system- - - - what students suffer during the formative years- - - - when they grow up with aim and ambition- - - for some fault of their own and for the faulty available structure. Maybe, all the points are badly dispersed here and often arguments have been muddled up but the concern over the shaky education system needs no further justification. As a teacher by profession and a tutor with over a decade long experience the writer himself bears with the pathetic condition of students. It`s a great opportunity to gain more experience about the recently developed situation in this field by working as an English teacher at a Bengali medium mission and by giving tuition to batches of students of different boards. The want of quest for knowledge and taste for perfection in most of the students is definitely very painful for any good teacher. Hopefully, things that are really grave now will look up before long. This essay never claims to be an authentic prescription of an absolute solution to the problems in question. However, this writing surely demands for a serious contemplation though the judgment rests with all the wise readers. Thanks a lot for your kind patience.

Let only the lighted earthen lamp
Guide us through the messy pile-up;
Should we drink the neon bright?
And shuttle from wrong & right?

- - - - -Partha Sarathi

Paul- - - - -

About the author: YS Poetry Prize winning poet who has been cordially invited to present his poems, selected for the anthology Rainbow Hues of 7th International Poetry fest-2014, before the august audience at the venue, J.K.C college at Guntur in Andhrapradesh. There he`ll be honored traditionally.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Significant Sin

sweetheart, love you the most.
your amorous eyes
that melted my chocolate heart
are often caught red-handed
in ogling at teenage hunks...

sweetheart, love you the most.
far from the scene yet keenly feel
your adventurous clandestine thrill
invested hours in cellphone illicit zeal!

sweetheart, love you the most.
your artful craft with childlike smiles
and not pathological but well-fashioned lies
end in your well-stored narcotic lullaby...

sweetheart, love you the most.
endure your daily vile betrayal
with a cuckold`s futile fumes
not for the love we had
but as one anxious dad!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Silent Tears Are Good.

I am in a terrible situation.
It tells upon me very hard.
My mind bears the brunt of it.
Worries pinch, bite and maul badly.

Not yet broken or torn
but I am getting fragile damn fast!
Cheeky hopes play hide and seek.
Flashy one is caught by bleak one!

I still wear smiles on a bit dented face.
I speak louder than ever before!
I never like to share such sad secrets.
Good ears hear and tears get aloud!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Simple And Straight...

I saw you there too
in the motley crowd;
shared only looks
but again no talks.

I could pull down the walls
that stood between us;
as you`re too shy,
I made no such try.

No idea when
we`ll meet again;
just the way we did
about an year back.
May be a wish or may be greed
but if it doesn`t happen, it`ll wrack....

I saw you there too
in the motley crowd;
shared only looks
but again no talks.

I count the moments before the time comes
when I sing to your heart all love-written songs;
I know you never wanna me pine for the joy;
and surely we`ll see us back again the same buoy.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

So Aloud In So Deep Silence.....

you never told me aloud
I thought I heard your silence
I believed you told in silence
all the three words I'd love to hear
I love to hear from you ever...
It's been now several months
since we broke up ...
did we break up?
break up what?
I still hear those three words
quite aloud again and again
in frozen deep silence...
they are not lost; never
how could one take away
the dream three words
that I heard in my heart
echoed itself so very hard?
had you spoken
each of them
all of them
they may have gone
but they are mine
they are ever my own
as I heard them in silence
so very aloud with so deep a sense!
go wherever you want to go
leave me any time you want to leave
I wont feel sorry never shall I worry
for you were never mine
the three words were not thine
all of them I heard in my own dream
in deep silence in an undercurrent stream!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

So Many Lizas Are There....

Liza is a school going teenager.
Her mind is like a tube rail;
Often a spacecraft.....
Her parents find it like a palace
With a thousand riddle-doors!
Forget it for they `ll never explore....
All they want is she must be a doctor;
They say, the family needs a doctor!
They want the fruit of their efforts;
They want the fruit of their choice!
Who should care what Liza`s mind reads!
Maybe she wanna be a singer or a dancer
Maybe she wanna be somebody
After her choice; a little queer.
Oh no, she has gotta be a doctor:
Her parents love to see her only as a doctor!
Who knows what lies ahead?
Look, Liza cries abed!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sorrow Seasoned...

The poor heart is broken;
The quake was hard- -
It`s broken into pieces;
One artist`s fingers are playing on them
And they are being asked what`s their name.
The quake was hard- -
It upset the things the way it loved.

They know not their names;
They were never christened.
They are catastrophe-born- -
No holy church will ever baptize them.
But things need names- -
Even tiny particles!

They are very daring
As shattered things never fear a shock!
The artist is a wizard and unusually caring.
He sets them in order and comes up a tough rock.
Ah! Lot better than before; not fragile any more
Like the poor heart that crashed in a tremor.

The quake was hard- -
It upset the things the way it loved.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sorry Buddy

sad at the very pathetic plight!
just in morning comes twilight!
la martinere fellow, a pupil bright;
gifted qualities raised him to height
novice yet wrote poems very nice
tender emotion turned fatal vice.
?ngers drew well pictures cocktail
strummed strings in tune amidst all. turmoil.
highly proud parents` very gleaming eyes
long cherished only son outdid `the butter?ies`.
nurtured ambition set on a right mission
destiny spoiled the sport with ordained destination
dejected at failure though bent on creation
half-way rejected himself out of frustration.
drowned to death in placid still water
left a black mark as his mettle did falter.
my dear sonny, one sel?sh turned funny;
your sinful folly de?led the soul holy.
who will wipe now big tear drops?
'cynical clock' ticks; mad world hops!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sparrow

like love
you live everywhere
gather often in numbers
briskly twitter and scatter
the message of unity...
puny but adept with
such an agility that we fail
to catch and grasp and put
in our ready proud cage!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Splashed Abracadabra...

the hues of all dreams stream into one ink-pot,
mingle with all poems and songs at dawn and dusk.
in incessant love rains
dripping drenched you look celestial maid.
the mound of dry color that lies in the right-palm cusp
will adorn the plateau cheeks with vernal super spell!
the rainbow thin wrapper covers the heavy sky;
i transferred my soul into your amorous cloths.
intoxicated by the March-hare my feet totter
and soon i will plunge into your salty river.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Spring, My Darling.

O sweetheart, hug me hard
before the summer Sun hits me hard
on my inert hibernation.
Smear me with life color dust.
Splash me with liquid love lust.
Won` t you?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Squandered Teens...

I know, they will respond to their impulses
and will greet them with broad welcome smiles
as a keen host or hostess answers to a door bell
so readily with eager hands and eager steps.

I know, they grow sick of sage words from all sides
as the fire inside their naivety burns all bold notices
with an inferno awaiting them a few wrong steps away
but as a rule somehow history has to repeat itself.

I know, they love to fly their bright emotion kites
sometimes from an open roof even without a parapet
even with the news of some 'fall-to-death' cases
for now the wills of flights play in blind high tides.

I know, they will grow on some moth-eaten days
and many years from now they will tell a grey tale
in a verse or a prose or in some hidden scribbles
with a grown scruple about the miscarried heydays.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Stars Modulate The Modes Of Journeys.

When all the stars gather in your ascendant
your life journey feels air travel.

When they crowd sprawling over some moderate seats
your life journey feels a daily travel in a Mumbai local train.

When they doze off crouching in drab cusps
your life feels a heavy cart drawn with your listless hands.

When they lie writhing in terminal agony
your life feels slouching across the dim way beyond all traffic lights.

And when they cease to open their twinkling eyes
your life feels stark lifeless to resume a detour journey.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Stiff Breaths!

Am I only an earthquake-prone Japan?
Or only a deluge-prone Bangladesh?
Or a mischievous long highway
accident-prone too often?

Is my Pacific heart
only as good as holy hay?
Are my boozed poems
the poor scraps in some silver platters?
And my would-be poems
just some heady snorts?

I am snowed up
and the smoldering fire
in the unperturbed inside fireplace
snowballs to sweep over
all the many snowdrifts
that may stiffen me to snowy stiff.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Strange Journey!

I never stop it myself.
It comes to stoppage itself
All on a sudden or thanks to somebody else
Following the last hour bumpy journey
Often too nauseating to get on any longer.
As if I am such a passenger of such a bus
That gets to its depot before the stop
I were to get down with my own crown.
It`s okay...I have to walk alone....
Maybe for some time or long time.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Success Mystery!

success is not child`s candy
fire place warm winter evening
giggling gossips with favorite brandy!
a single trophy several mementos
too many hands too too many hearts
medals and medallions vie with each other
neck-to-neck fight between him and his twin brother.
hours gathered sweat beads with sour patience
delight themselves at final rich harvest.
all out earnest efforts day in day out
may bear fruits or pin all the raised hopes.
the means is as bright as daylight
or maybe a bit crook towards the last height.
good or bad many many side effects
come out easily to so so many eyes.
empty hands are up to unearth the mystery
why on earth only few hands lift the trophy!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Such A True Companion!

cast me away into your
memory litter bin...
hard reality has dented me
and bludgeoned my tadpole spirits
into sharing the same shack
with all rugged and rusted scrapes.

men commit suicides several times
in a single life without their knowledge;
I did it quite many times
and all the times quite successfully;
died blue deaths but came out from each grave
with more life and depth....
and now death is my playmate;
a poet`s ever true companion!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Sujata And A Spirit...

Sujata looked down and blue;
she was giving up on herself
as she could not get on well
with her study and exams.

she began keeping herself indoors
and hating to have a word with anyone;
sitting all alone she stayed in a world far away.
nothing was working to change this odd phase.

her parents got terribly anxious
and put their heads together with family old heads;
one preacher like relative thought out a remedy
as he could see through one wicked spirit behind all this.

it was fixed that they would take her to their village exorcist.
she cried and wept but all wanted her to see as fine as she used to be.
it was one moonless eerie evening jolly fit to drive away a bad spirit;
she looked around and froze in fear and her parents sat a little away there.

a man with his matted hair put her in a circle chair;
he lashed her with his magic broom and zoomed like a wizard gnome.
she did not know who was there inside or anywhere but lost senses in fear.
the man shouted to her parents that he had now freed their daughter.

she was taken back home at the end of this bizarre ordeal
and put to sleep as she needed long a sleep until
she wakes up herself with all her old zeal and thrill:
there are many others like Sujata in the list still.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Tapped.....

Duality has cast
a black-and-white stripe
on my love-shaped heart.

The self-centered existence
has many generous alleys.
Bohemian flow goes through
a turbine fixed at the domestic dam.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Tell It Once More....

What you just told
Tell it once more
As lovely waves get bold
And lash against a thirsty shore.

I may get a bird`s wings
But my feet will touch the foam.
I may feel the king of all kings
Yet I will walk and freely roam.

What you just told
Tell it once more.
A lump of soil will turn gold
But I will never gore...

I may get the unicorn
And I will never let it go.
Such a lovely gift and lovely love-born
Tagged on the furry boa!

What you just told
Tell it once more.
Why you keep it yet on hold?
I pray, tell it once more.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Tell Them

tell them
we are to win the game
as no checkmate
in their clever chess plate
can stop our marathon

the race
that goes for ages
that trots
like one never stopping
and never aging a horse
with many Suns and Moons
sleeping and waking
above in the blue cusps
will go for ages
passing by many life and death stops

tell them
we are to win the game
as many laps under our feet
proudly admit their defeat
and no clever chess plate
no dream checkmate
can tamper the victorious fate

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Thanks For The Call- -

Your kites hovering aloft
beckon my idle one - -
reckon the calls
a blessed chance
for the frolic fun
in the sky-yard
drawing willful designs
on the dreamy azure canvas- - -
look, mine is aloft too
happy with all the paper pyramids.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

That Chip Of My Heart Is Still Missing!

All of a sudden
felt a terrible
tearing pain!
Put all hard efforts
to hide all the contorted grimace
under the veil of feigned grin!
Escaping from the noisy crowd
into one comforting deserted corner
I threw up the unbearable pain
in one half-empty litter bin...
my heart, split up into two very
unequal halves came out in the open
saliva and bile smeared evidently dirty!
very tenderly took the larger half
and implanted it back in the place!
The negligible half may have been eaten up
by the gigantic moths of merciless time!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Agony Of Artists...

The agony of artists...

God knows why but money never comes in plenty!
Want shits with me more than a blood sucking bug!
Like pretty many I too suffer the bloodiest agony.
I scratch my head as I find it hard to make the both ends meet!
He has blessed me with so many other things never asked.
But never heeds to what I have so many times asked!
This ill-luck will be greatly a good riddance.
Life huffs and puffs just for one real golden chance!

It`s great that poems and songs feed good minds;
But what about the bellies and other good needs?
Until an artist becomes one artiste they know what life means...
How it goes through in long wait and in a terrible crisis!
Killing suffering often screws me up to a hellish pain!
What`s the use of talents with just no gain?
Better been a coarse money making machine!
Tastes taste sour however they are too fine!

We are really god damn nerds;
Always busy with so very different thoughts.
Away from the mainland and so many open paths!
Some say, poverty is a wonderful alchemy.
But changes what to what?
It`s okay that life turns more than gold inside.
But nothing happens to the world outside.
Isn`t the life of an artist is like one cursed life?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Best Way To Know Yourself....

The mystic cross inside the quadrangle
right under the mount of Saturn on my palm
intrigues me in the mysterious divine science.

Two palms are wonderful mirrors that reflect
the inner-self of a human possessor.....
You may not believe in prophesy and prognosis
but your traits and dispositions feature on these mirrors.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Bitter Thing Tastes Sweet!

I hop like a frog
and crawl like a lizard!
The cuckoo that sang long back
has now turned a buzzard!

The sky fell down.
All stars are broken.
The moon is long gone
and the crown is alone!

A sham bugle blows a little away.
The monkey won't dance; it nods 'Nay'.
All jingles and rattles go in vain!
In a desert ever comes little rain.

Time told, I am a hero.
Later edited into a zero!
On my palm the fate line is fine.
But who knew that steps are just nine?

No need to pump up the sunk hope.
This pole binds a bull with a nice rope!
The dark room is not that bad.
It's great to be happy when sad!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Boat Is Yet Afloat...

the boat that keeps afloat
never stares at the shore
it kissed the last kiss before
it embraced the swift flow...

the banks or the things on either sides
may or may not cheer the proud glide:
the boat fondles all dancing ripples
that cuddle all its woody limbs.

the nimble palms of its frantic hands
wrestle on with so many swish swirls
the onlooker sky smiles the moon
birds above catch an ecstatic swoon.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Bond Lies Within.....

Nothing is common between us.
Our likes and dislikes ever differ.
Yet we are never poles apart!
Our solemn sky has a rainbow color!

Like a pair of parallel lines we go ahead;
Side by side and hand-in-hand!
We must reach somewhere;
Where too we can see and hear each other!

What if we don` t mingle and mix?
Like any perfect homogenous mixture!
We never break down and need to fix.
We are tough inside and matters little the texture!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Cease-Fire On A Truce

You may hail
my free verse
with the plaudits
of high-brow genteel
or
rail freely at them
with philistine pincers
that pinch like new short shoes
and after some walk-cuddle
leave only a few blisters!
My verse libre
on your versos
may suffer eternal neglect
or merely end in
stooping, haggard dots;
lowered and cowered awfully
in this royal, gorgeous cosmos.
No, no need of
any meteor ray shower
any paper pansy flower
for this fully awakened bard,
a sprite possessed nerd;
for this semi-statue,
neither a demi-devil nor a demi-god:
you better curse and rail and rant
than quitting a single verse of
my poems altogether.
As the maker
is not the master here;
let me throw my offspring
on your fatherly mercy
and leave them to your motherly care.
Peace, lo, peace;
how nice the parleyed nemesis!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Curtain Drops Abruptly.....

A stage show
for a short run - -

slow or sudden end
equalizes the rich and the poor
a man and a woman- -

misadventures occur and fail
the scripture uttered the span tale - -

elderly ones or too ripe old
dying fellows make prayers bold- -

for longer stay; stage show
very few do call the end
embrace it on a courtesy bow - -

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Devil Is Above And The God Down To The Left!

Somebody from inside my red chest
Calls out and warns about so many things.
Somebody from inside my black bonnet
Cheers me up and gives the go-ahead.

With the fast accelerator set atop
I speed the hell up to the end of a road.
The break is placed down on the left side.
Like a hog-driver I break the rules and love to glide!

What animals except humans could be sinners?
The curse of power casts a black magic spell.
Wit shines like a blade with two sharp edges!
The beasts in humans stay in open door cages!

Somebody inside my often brown chest
heaves sad sighs and fails to have rest!
Qualms come in a rush and make a hard bash
but my grey bonnet fast cleans up the stash!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Few Stars....

Wish there were just a few stars
in the nightly ethereal canvas - -
could gaze on each one
relishing the nocturnal fun - -
could christen each of them
a cherished nick name- -
all the few friends would peep out
at my loving call and silent shout.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Fiery Slayer

O the eye of the day
You are not a phoenix.
May you outlive
Myriad of Methuselah
You too have three prime phases of life
And now you suffer the male-menopause.
You may grow though perilously
Into a large terrible giant
And devour all the parasitic subordinates
Those lie within your spherical parameter,
Fume the deadly ?re like a ?re-dragon
And belch the volcanic profuse heat
That'll shrink and shrivel the innocent things,
All the siblings will go mute in ashes
But your red ?ery aggressive audacity
Is fated to meet with the damn diminution.
O the bullshit ravaging bully
You'll die a pale, dwarf death
And lose in the endless hall of
Eternal darkness; stark, pitch black!
May the flowing brooks cease to run
Under the white shroud's impish fun.
Before you're buried in the dark hole,
But you'll not be spared for your satanic role.
Be on dieting lest you be too corpulent
You feed on your blood though opulent
Once all run dry you'll turn just a fraudulent.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The File Absconde...

the file that kept the tragedy
in its stomach intact left
hand-horse ridden
from the safest haven!

the poor villagers
mobilized by the extremist crusaders
fell prey to Khaki bullets...
sprung up upheaval
surged and swirled;
the ruling chair
moved from Writer`s building
to the new Nabanna.

how will now truth be exhumed
from the calm grave of bloody history?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Fire And The Flames.....

The fire never waits
For any consent;
Falls in love
Caresses heartily;
Constricts with mighty green arms.

Like one huge primitive ancestor
Just pounces on a prey
At the first prowler's sight - - - -

Fed on pampering ghee
The ravenous long tongue
Lips up and laps up
The last marrow
Of an ill-fated victim!

The gutted remnants
Bears the blemish!

The insatiable desire
Delights in rings of smoke
Spiraling up

The sinister aspect of
Omnivorous evil
Devours a slab of peace!

Who will intercept
The onrush of the diabolical fire
And award a deemed punishment
To this fast blowing fire amidst
All the lands and waters?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Four Words Chiseled It.

A red rose was handed to a poor hand.
The cruel thorns inscribed a sad cenotaph.
The forlorn gravestone savors its soliloquy.
Overgrown weeds wave with balmy touch.

The wilt rose sheds tears of old qualms.
The crispy petals prostrate to the mighty grave.
Now whispers read out holy psalms.
Neglect has decked up with lively wild grasses.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Ghost And Me....

A middle-aged female ghost
called at me last night.
She got inside though
all the windows and the door were shut tight.

My bedroom felt the cold
of the winter outside.
My alcohol hot body
was giving in to such an unwelcome sight.

She was of above average height;
fairer than white paper- -
well draped in a housewife`s saree
with long black hair a bit awry.

The well placed vermillion
in her clear parting shone crimson red
in the sleep-time light.
And I shrank in my sunk bed.

All the times I turned my face away
in unease or fear,
the lady ghost came very near.
Ah, I tried hard to sheer!

Now my bed was rocking like a cradle
and I was as frightened as a sissy child.
As the ghost unleashed her wicked fable
my state went dead or stark wild.

Who knows what happened later?
Who will ask me to remember?
The next morning I read the message
she left behind on a mirror`s visage.

'Keep away from my young daughter
or my ugly self will do sunder- - - - -
she has lost her heart to you
but if you take it, I will kill you'.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The God Is Good...

O God, you`re so great!
You`ve let me learn how to swim across
The pool of worries ...
As I buffet along, my mind gets brawny;
It feels great to be over there like a drenched rat.
You make my day; almost every day;
And you set the way; never ask my mind.

O God, you`re so kind!
You break up my ties and take the dear away;
You console my cries and ask to move ahead.
You read out to me what my stars say;
Tells me to be happy with a feeble ray!
Look at my smiles before the storm cloud
May I be flooded, may I be drowned;
But happy not to be scared, what surely makes you so proud.
O God you`re so kind and you`re so great!
You are the captain; and I am playmate.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Heiress To My Poetry....

I am the Sun to her
And she is the Moon to me.
Our love is the God that makes
Our micro universe in the macro cosmos.

Her silver beam will never let
Me run out of my power helium.
When I shall bend down in the west
She will be up above and glow with love poetry.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Jet-Black Daytime!

The rising Sun
of one drab, grey land
spread hopeful rays;
showered lofty dreams
upon so many dwarf heads.
The Sun was up
soon in the middle
of the sky above
And gloomy hours
matured to pitch-dark night.
the beady eyes groped for light
the Sun was himself bright.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Lad Krishna

Excited feet, instructed feet
tread from the venue to the venue
travelling through a public street.
Patriotic songs and catchy slogans
on independence day parade
cast an euphoric spell on the people
and recall the long-fought struggle.
The drum-beats and rehearsed symphony,
the hoisted fluttering flags atop the masts
surge the feeling of freedom through the masses
and end in the given-away tantalizing candies.
Indeed, we need an especial day
as a token or a witness of a blood-stained epoch
to steep ourselves in the warm revelry!
Royal noose and ruthless rifles and exiled land
were fed on lives and sighs and deep grieves
just for the one and yearly fabulous grandeur?
I better learn from that Wayfarer-lad
who muses and meditates and ponders
with a goodwill of an Angel who wanders
as a Santa clause from one place to others;
a harbinger of bountiful hopes and joys
with oaths and pledges for an undaunted voyage
and love for the land without clamorous noise.
Let me remember the day everyday
the Goddess was freed from the foreign fetters,
so many feuds and many a fiery fray
with meaningful words and fruitful works
and holy service morning, noon and night
amidst the new-moon or full-moon light.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Maiden Poem....

The poet eyes will shine with
the tears of proud joy
when the beloved will kiss
the poet mind with her maiden poem.

An attic is not too far
when steps sound in the staircase.
The poet catches the echoes
and counts the beads of lover hours.

Imagine the day
when the maiden poem is a heartbeat away.
Imagine the moment
when the poet clings the gift to his poetry stuffed heart.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Most Mysterious Art....

At times life feels as blushed as a new bride
Again often like an oath of a defeated soldier
When on edge for blue things it feels like one senile
yet what kicks the buoyant fast replay ball

I wonder if life is an artist or an artiste
So ever charged to add new color to the static collage
Like an amateur or professional leads to one gallery
The exhibition is on until the stage is curtained

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Off-Line Just Kills...

A small globe of green light
Brought joy at happy sight.
It went out in a while...
Ah! off-line so vile!

What a sadist mystery!
A thirsty remains thirsty.
Water gets mirage
And dries up love visage!

Kinda funny test!
Maybe tears-rain fest!
Wait, more wait
Will get all goofy sweat.

Bring that green light.
Why there`s so late?
Bring that happy sight.
Now bring them, my mate.

Enough hide and seek!
Now minutes`re getting sick!
I know fate`s like bloody fate.
It ever loves to just blink.....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Organic Spring Festival!

The rainbow feeling grows dyestuffs
in all glands
what like spring spray-guns
triggered by let loose impulse
spray gleeful colors to all muscles and cells.

The same fabulously joyous feeling
plays zinc in the iron of a will
and boils like undiluted milk to spill zeal
over an alloy mind and a celluloid brain.

At one time unknown
the quantum theory of the rainbow feeling
will come out to see through
the Big Bang of Radha Krisna bond!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Personal Ascension

Jupiter is on the threshold of
my birth-sign;
he`ll soon meet there
the native queen;
he`ll have the exalted clout
in the house where inhabits Luna;
their benign bonhomie
will display the best camaraderie;
he`ll cast a benevolent aspect
to the house of martial ascendant;
and this juncture augers prospect.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Sad Patch Will Be Over...

So lovely is the day!
I saw you in the way.
May be for a sec;
or less may it make.
You too saw me there
and gave me smiley stare.

Why just for a sec?
Why only in the way?
We need to meet to get somewhere;
just tell me the place; soon someday.

You know not how I felt
when I went past.....
You may not know that well,
I missed you too hard.
I know not how you felt;
may be like that just what I guessed.

Nothing has changed.
The same smile and look.
And time now tells
to make up for the things
that we once mistook.

Why just for a sec?
Why only in the way?
We need to meet to get somewhere;
just tell me the place; soon someday.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Shorter The Stronger....

It`s never good to use too many words
to express one mind or an outlook.
Shaw`s arrogance never goes down well with many.
When many analogies and much imagery is stuffed
in the body of any creative piece, it looks corpulent!
How about being silkworms letting readers to be weavers?
When a little is told, louder it`s echoed in wise hearts.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Soldier Is Mars!

My ascendant lord is fighting alone.
Thanks to God that it is Mars.
That it is well disposed in the 10th house
from Scorpion and in the friendly house.

And I am a soldier.
Feeble Sun and Jupiter
won` t let me get a crown and a throne.
Neither any accolade.

But I am proud.
Proud to miss a lot.
And to get a little.
Proud of spirits and valor.

Proud of being just a soldier
with a never ending will to fight on
and not to retreat from the daily defeated battle.
The wounds holed armor knows the dignity of a fighter.

The martial soul is standing with the feet firm on the blessed ground.
With clenched fists wrapped with bloody injuries.
With tight jaws along with nightmares hit grey cheeks.
With a warrior square shoulder.
And the poke marked flat forehead.

The sniffer dog like nostrils
smell the burning smell
from the burning scroll.
Yet a soldier is a soldier.
And the soldier is Mars

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Sunday Statesman And The Telegraph...

With the hours of World Yoga Day
wearing on at the ebbed morning choir
The Sunday Statesman and The Telegraph
gathered together on a stool standing near
the poetry computer call me like two cousin seas
to drown in the Alps in their deep bellies.

Like a diver I would dive;
like a miner I would delve into their priceless riches
to satiate my flame like leaping appetite.
Their blue beads embedded in my thirsty forehead
yet sparkle with the glow of glow-worms
and shine like the Sun in my open arms.

On the verge of reembarking on the ancient voyage
some rekindled wishes get wild breakers
and lash on the wet shore of reawakened dreams
in the woken up old Moon backyard beam
yet resumption gets held up in the weird traffic of eclipsed verses
in the tunnel like a furrow under the earth of a half-new journey.

Some new hopes like kangaroos
as usual hop in personal sanctuaries
with some baby hopes in their skin-bags.
Perching on the grey ground with their optimistic tails
in my planet they gaze at the treasure troves
so open-secret in those diverse folded papers.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Test Of Devotion...

A pilgrim travels a long way
to reach the shrine
to see the deity
and to touch the relic.

The journey is a big test.
Many give up on the mission
in the half way.
Many look for short-cuts.

One resolute mind unperturbed
by the gruesome challenges
of the holy journey
takes a pilgrim to the desired destination.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Three Doors.

One is closed
as no hosts live inside.
One who lives
loves to live alone as an obscure poem.

Another one is kept ajar
as the half-host inside is a bit mysterious
but talks to anyone who dares and loves to knock.

And the other one is fully open
to anybody and everybody
who love to step in and walk about
and love to feel at home inside the welcoming door.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

The Worst Pain...

When my head has a splitting ache
I may try out with any good balm;
When I get very sick in a running car
I`ll ask to pull up that I may throw it up;
When I fall terribly ill, it wakes up the near world;
They`ll pray and offer their all due care;
When I meet with an accident with just a few scars
All near and dear ones pay a visit to me once the news breaks;
But who cares when my heart is broken?
Or to who should I show the sad token?
Some of them may lend their kind ears
But it`s shame to unload the pent-up tears!
Even if I borrow my sorrow to any kind taker
Qualms will hit my heart and I will more suffer.
When this pain ails to the core;
Life lives with life no more!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

They And Me...

I can see their all movement
their acts based on any fact
I can hear their talks laughs
cries and even whispers
I can feel their joys and sorrows
but they can not see me
hear me and feel my feeling
they are so near yet too far
to reach at this hour
they will never know
how keenly I follow them
in all my words and acts
they draw me not for facts
but for their speech
they speak in the tongue
of my mind and I love...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

They Are Too Many.....

I love all of them
who love to winnow the gossip grains.
They love to scratch lovely scabies.
They have gifted nails to dig into yawning wounds.

They love to suck the pus out
and eagerly add to it their golden saliva
and quite readily spew it out in an open alley.
I love the most the way they pose as wise critic.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

They Make Their Habit Into A Craft....

Words get around
The faster the smaller the place
Is, where it brews in gossipy mouths.
Many love to savor the pickle
Made from the snatched honor
and jealous chillies.....

Many blow the piquant flavor
Far and wide with their genius craft.
They feel free to add whatever ingredients
They like to make the stuff grand saucy.
After all, freedom of speech has to be of some use!

They are like themselves.
Their genetics call for a research.
Looking into their DNA may open up
A French window for Information Technology.
Maybe their grey matter is not as sharp as their tongue!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

They Say, I`m Naughty....

Never ask me how often I fall in love.
Times know all tales; you better ask them.
What`s my fault if my mind is magnet?
I hear them tell, I`m very naughty.
They tell it with a blushed smile; smile so cutey!
Yeah. `T`s true that I often lose in a bevy of blackberries!
Yeah. `T`s true that I bite at all the lucky cherries!

I take to love as it stirs pleasure center.
Short or long love works as a mentor.
No, no, don`t frown or sneer;
I`m not a lousy playboy.
I never left one in the lurch.
They came off the rosy clutch!
They rather smacked on my fate
Yet they are okay and I never ever hate.

Forget it; love is love, gone or present.
The air yet carries the whiff of all past scent!
Each of them is a pearl in my unseen necklace!
I`m prince. I`m loser. I`m happy. And I`m sad.
Never judge me merely with facts for my heart is never bad.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

They Should Sustain...

a heron is lurking
to take away many
of my future poems:
its bill is made from the metal of coins
its legs look like serpent boughs
and wings are made from 1000 & 500 notes

it is pecking into the choppy layer
it grumbles at its futile strikes
it may ambush once the water gets a little calm
it strolls afar like a devil`s messenger
my poems-fishes sense the smell of death
hope, they`ll learn the art of hard survival...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

They Superbly Won...

The sun was blazing
Hot wave was sweeping
Over the bare road
And the green stretches
Lying along both arms;
The irate early afternoon
Was vengefully calling our bluff:
Just a few bikers who head back home
In a hellish hurry through the lashings
Of west-inclined, grumpy day....
Two truants; a couple with a bike afar
Reclined left sideways on a single stand;
They stood under a leafy tree
And the girl on the right side of the boy
Rested her head cuddled up to him
With their arms spreading around their waists
Like a pair of wild climbers:
Their faces were towards the horizon.
I took some share of their victory
Over the grueling cruel hours;
Down into my parched throat
And now cared the journey a straw.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Think It Over.....

Love yourself as much as
you may love your kid.
Respect yourself as much as
you may respect your maker.
Are you not both a child and parent?

Have lots and lots of helium
at the core of your heart and
keep yourself burning like the father sun.
Give light and warmth to all who want.....
And those who will dare to dare you
must love their silver ash!

Your truth wears the loincloth of Lord Shiva.
Your lungs give out undaunted, rebellious rumble.
You have nothing to lose except the disposable cover!
You are wild but natural; you are informal but genuine.
You never wear the make-up of many plastic smiles.
You hate like hell all the plentiful lip-service and proxy glitz.
You are maverick and mascot; you are egoist but not egocentric.

You are not the fanciful messiah on silver screen.
You are not to follow the deceitful courtesy of light-metal world!
You are not to feed your stomach with all buzzing heresy.
You are not born a lamb that will mingle with the grazing flock!
You are not fearful to lose your dear life for a good cause.
You are a true hero who blows away all the withered leaves
gathered for ages under the massive tree; passive ever!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Think Positive And Dream Superlative

Think positive and dream superlative - -
Get up and dare to be yourself
Speak up and proclaim the gifted worth
Take the enemy odds in your stride
And cheer yourself up with your stride.

Let your share of sorrow be your strength
And the pain will work as one hoary alchemist.
Let the wild jealousy of your so called friends
And the blue venom of buffoon detractors
Consolidate your grit as hostile things play a catalyst.

Let your words be loud in your bright work
And others will surely know who you are
That you have known every day each hour.
Let your life like an apothecary prepare the elixir
In the inside refinery through the self-reformation.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

This Moment Tugs At My Heartstrings....

Now when ISC result is out
(a little earlier this year)
on many many excited and anxious hours
very happy news kisses the patient ears;
O good Jesus, the news sings in the voice of a thrush!
The cruel summer here feels like the summer there
where the Sun is never that hard not even in this hour.
Soumi, Indra, Suman and many other dear ones
have got through their second acid test with a little nuance.
The special love for chemistry in my Soumi dear
will now grow up like a tall eucalyptus in the morn fair.
And the bark will have a pride of the Thames flavor!
A doctor has been growing in my Sumon dear
not sure when it sprouted or since which year
but he`ll take Hippocratic oath for ever sure;
these eyes envisage the stethoscope borne image!
Indra is like his illusive poems very close yet far;
Soumodwip, Subho, Presenjit and others
must have good avenues that they`ll traverse...
Oh sure, I am more than happy and so proud for all of them
and wait again for many others who`ll soon such become....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

This Summer Seems To Be The Last Summer

the wrathful sun with all ultraviolet rays
seems to be avenging his ladylove`s injuries;
humans inflict inhuman torments
on the generous beautiful sheila
who offers her bountiful resources
to all mute onlookers as well as the assailants.
she is a lady Christ; embodied in all feminine entities.
her irate mate is skinning us with his blistering vengeance:
it seems as if we are being rewarded with the last judgement.
the goddamn vendetta may end up with this divine mandate.

we have stripped her of lots green clothes
blindfolded her with thick plumes of black smoke
deafened her with endless shrill honks
crippled her with mushrooming concrete jungles
and hacked over and again right on her motherly bosom.
mercury is soaring deadly high every day every hour;
the vengeful sun is belching out a hellish fire.
alarm cries in the hollow go up and rend the air;
even parched specks are dying for drips and shower.
alas! were humans wise animals and the true saviors!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Thoughtfully Thoughtless

they know everything
it`s they who do everything
we are not in the bull fight
neither do we take the share of booty.
we only loo and hear.
then?
then we yawn a big yawn
and lie straight in the pacific sleep!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Time Alone Is Lame!

Time alone is lame!

Who`ll wait for Time. Right Time; good Time!

Time alone does nothing. Time himself changes nothing.

I`ll be darned! What could be only in his hands?

He is as cold as ice and as hot as summer sands!

The hearsay whispers that He heals wounds.

But broken hearts ache even with iron hands` check.

And treasured memories never ever crack though they may wrack.

Like the sediment of coffee they must be found in the grounds!

Look at the chair over there. Wait and see if it comes very near.

Yeah, every minute counts. But work must run on solid grounds.

Silver efforts make callous Time wise through pure golden use!

He is never ever our master. A dull bystander or a mute onlooker!

A pair of bullocks has to till the arable or arid Time land.

Sweats bathed toil earns the trophy, modest or grand!

When it treats one like one hail-fellow-well-met;

I fear and cast aspersions on the trap so well set!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Time Before The Smile...

Feel it inside that fate is on my side.
Things at present are not that bright.
But mind says everything will be timely right.
Zodiac nods up and down to this inner voice.
Guess wait and watch will be the super choice.
At work or leisure see the stars looking up
but they know when to beam; no use of 'hurry-up'.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To Any Gas-Balloon....

Nope, can't figure out why
you belched so hard.....
the odor was heady,
as it were, stemmed from
a clogged gutter, the dirty armpit
in a body of an orphan shanty!
I'm more screwed up
as the third child of a hag
sneezed just three sneezes
at your wolfish bellow!
Abraham knows me
I'm not a mouse!
damn with their genteel aquarium
this goldfish can't be kept there!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To Dr House, M.D

My heart goes out to you, Dr House.
Your blue eyes with ocean genius
sparkle with lots of creepy airs.
Your limping steps along with a walking stick
and a contour of expert medicos on your tail
steal all eyes and intrigue many on all sides.
Love the unique ways how you get to the bottoms
of serious diseases like a razor-sharp sleuth.
Famous as a crisis-manager for critical patients
yet often you face doubts from your juniors and the dean.
This viewer has more faith in you than in God.
Many look on you as a jerk, nerd, gawky and....
But a savior of many lives and a kind hand to the sick
knows well what he is born for and his good act is holier than a prayer.
The thin line between a genius and an insane baffles their brains,
who love to worship the true heroes after their death.
Love to see your long fingers playing on the piano rids
producing a music as golden as your heart.
Love the way you think deeply while juggling a ball like a child.
Truly a genius is god-made with a unique head and great heart.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To Her....

When you draw your pain
with a sharp blade on your skin,
you draw the same drawing on mine.
Will you draw such things again?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To My Face Book Bird.....

(V1)

You look like the city Paris
Your mind is Los Angeles
You live your life like California
And the schedule runs with New York.

(V2)

I am happy you love me.
I am a global lover.
I am proud you love me.
I am Face book chatter.

(V3)

I wrote on your wall my feeling....
Internet is cupid and we are on Face book dating.
You your Vegas like emotion.
Vibes is our common dude.
I am rapidly updated of Washington passion!

(V4)

With love bubbles often smiley free....
Mutual fizzy kisses touch the Christmas tree!
I don` t know yet if it`s just a modish freak!
Your visage covers the display screen as and when you click.

(V5)

I know of you pretty much!
The matey Face book has kindly told..
You know of me that much!
I posted a lot there; some a bit bold!

(V6)

We are hooked up overnight!
Ours is a fabulous community!
Our bond could be challenged.
But our love is cupboard love can`t be said.

(V2)

I am happy you love me.
I am a global lover.
I am proud you love me.
I am Face book chatter.

(V1)

You look like the city Paris
Your mind is Los Angeles

You live your life like California
And the schedule runs with New York.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To My Gurudev....

Gurudev, you're greatly kind.
Bless me with the strength to tide over high tides;
Keep my head high even amidst heavy sighs.
Take me to a path that takes far to a good place;
You never draw back and never stop to bless...
With your light sorrow seems a good touchstone.
And no fear can now rot my spirits-bone.
I dare to see the world as it really looks;
You let me know what's to happen will happen.
And in the end things'll be good. No worries then.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To My More Than Pupils...

I know you can make it.
Your minds will wake up.
I am sowing many seeds there.
And they will stand as trees someday!
I am holding my hope as a gardener.

My pep-talks must reach your baby minds!
They are not yet active in the outside world!
I see them very eager to toddle and walk on the land!
You will have some tremors of this volcano!
I know you can make it.

You cannot be as dull as plastic.
I send out 440 volts to your hearts.
The stimuli must have some plus feedback!
You will soon look at things with different eyes.
I know you can make it.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To My Old Study...

Goodbye, old study;
gotta make a move.
Like you I`m too sad;
like you I too feel bad.
It`s been quite many days;
some months and years.
It`s you that knows me the best;
you saw the birth of a poet.
You heard all talks between me
and my friend who has left this world.

You know so many secrets
that the world will never know.
I taught you how romance plays;
I showed you my heart open.
You bore with the pain of sentiments;
You heard me shout; saw me breaking into pieces.
I know you`ll never forget our Saturday, Sunday classes.
You may hear in your mind all the poems I read;
tore many pages and looked at you very sad.

Goodbye, old study.
Gotta make a move.
They say life must have changes.
They say laughs and cries are parts.
Tell me how should I tell them
what sort of is this love.
Like you I`m too sad.
Like you I too fell very bad.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To Some Newbie Writes...

It's s been a nice afternoon
With all of you, my buddies.
This Sunday will be among the few
That my mind will ever dearly cherish!
When you opened your hearts out to me,
I saw the same dazzle and density as of the Kohinoor!

You read out your young writes
And made this green heart dance for great joy!
I sipped and drank your newly discovered elixirs!
How great it is to see the known saplings growing to trees!
Thanks for bringing here the farthest paradise.
Wish all Sundays learn from this day wise!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To The Great Derozio

We are the trees of the same forest;
a pipul and an eucalyptus in a sanctuary.
Like an ancient forerunner and a paragon
you lead me in the midst of natural ordeal
towards the justice of our lofty undertaking.
But, I am just a miniature against your stature
of a skylark that dares to soar and hover forever.
Yet, this footling takes a solemn oath to play his part;
to worship the holy task and to sing as a modest minstrel.
Beg your blessing that I may practice the ideal virtues of yours
and spray them plentifully in my poems for pupils at large!
Better than this I have no other invocation or salutation,
O the preceptor of all teachers and a maverick poet.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

To The Lady Nero.....

Half-fed, half-clad humans
clung to your feet with a lighted lamp
in their long shattered shrines.
So many mouths tinged with silver spoons
hailed your advance to the helm.
The art bearers teamed up with the torch bearer.

They lavishly filled up the alms-bag
what would ensure liberty from hoary banyan.
The surge for a change swept over
from the hill to the bay of Bengal.
The morning sun went up soon in the mid-sky.
But the chill below has not deserted the crouching masses!

The masses are despaired of your paranoid pauses.
The tip of a gigantic scam is raising its nasty head
and the stinky slush is tainting many green bigwigs.
The heinous fundamentalists from the neighboring east
find your dreamland as their haven.....
One accidental burst flashed the future anarchy.
Yet some sycophants are blind to their deified crown!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Today Is My Birthday...

Pray and wish
That I write, write and write
Poems and lyrics
That I love and you may like.
Pray and wish
That I love as I do
That I get love the same from you, too.
Thanks for your support.
So lucky to have it.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Tomorrow I Will Be Older Than Today.

About four decades ago on this date
I was about to come out the next day
from the mini cosmos to the pocket of the universe
to create too small a bubble of controversy
in the eternally boiling disputed Time.

Who knew then a fountain of poetry
would spring from the indistinct zigzagged lines of a small forehead and would
blow like a snake-charmer`s flute?
Who knew the squinted eyes would come out to see the world very straight and
the rickety feet would come out to run a long race?

Who could read the scroll before the chart was cast
in what the foot steps of Pagli were drawn along with the holy foot steps of the
future muse? Who knew the fall could befall the hero yet the tragedy was
destined to end in joyfully romantic comedy?
Who cares who knew what when the child was yet to be born?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Tongue And Mind...

My tongue warps like a razor
But my mind is soft butter.
My tongue rattles things off
As quick as a rattlesnake;
My mind is touchy-feely;
And as touchy as a touch-me-not.
My tongue works under the steaming head;
Just a poor servant and too duty fervent!
My tongue shots sharp arrows
And hits all targets.
But my mind sobs and weeps
Under qualms like a nugget!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Too Many Steps...

too many steps to the attire
that hides the crown from others
spiral up and up above the empty terrace
pants and gasps gather in all niches
some loose bones from lumber zones
goof up with sprawling hitches
bold feet climb up and up above
kicking the putrid mess in a huff
lofty heart eyes at the bull`s eye
may the eyes close with close-shut dream.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Traffic Jam...

May be an illusion or hallucination;
I now feel to be stuck in a traffic jam.
Quite often; most of the times.
I see one in all and all in one.
Maybe not that serious; just optical illusion.
But I cannot not hear the purring of engines,
honk of horns, loud swearing of angry drivers.
I cannot see the red light or how far the snarl-up
spreads over the road so very unknown.
No idea if I am near to the head or tail of it.
Maybe I am in the belly of this disorderly queue of vehicles;
But how I have got here, amidst such a hell chaos!
Maybe this traffic jam occurs in my brain or mind.
Strange! No pile-up, no suffocation kills me for good!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Transit Resolution

like a mason
host in himself
I`ll dismantle fusty parts
to renovate the dilapidated state
bit by bit with wary hands.....

love to see a thorough make-over
creeping up through a drastic masonry!
the renewed soul with mind up to date
like a restructured hoary sculpture
will tell a nascent tale.....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Trauma Stings...

Trauma stings...

It doesn't feel as yet that good

Here in this new room.

It seems as if I am in a very new place;

In an odd land in my own house!

My Muse is here, near within;

But none of us feel it fine.

We need some more talks;

We need some more time;

Away from the noisy folks,

Away from the world of dime.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Truth Can` t Be Stripped Off.....

I ain't done anything
That makes a fellow a poet.
Just a daily worker
That earns bread with some sweat.

Never been to a library.
Never like bookworms.
The old days crossed a network of roads.
Played a gang leader of close tattooed mates!

Between arch rivals
Often broke out gang fights.
A nightmare to others in a broad daylight!
Such dog fights ate up many days and nights.

Been to a school and then to a college.
But who knew what tree bears what knowledge?
Youth pulled a trigger with youthful vigor!
Who could make out what's the price of being a terror?

No flowers no songs could cause soft ripples!
The heart was such a stone in a terrier sniffles.
Things have changed now out and out.
But they say that a terror can't ever be better than a lout!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Truth Speaks Going Off The Rails!

when planets feign luminous stars
waves of laughter ripple through Milky Way
when an asteroid feigns an asteriskos
caustic riposte pins rip-roaring giggles

when a preacher proud of voiced oracle
leaves a black mark of a poor debacle
in poor act that badly fails the claimed gospel
proves a bloody hypocrite like a guile nail!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Two Existences....

We all have two existences.
One fine and another finer....
The more athletic mind one possesses
the more aware the person is of the finer....

Poetry like many other fine arts
has the destination in the finer existence.
Those who are possessed by their outside fine
existence look on literature as idle fantasy.

They are oblivious of their rainbow strings
in their inner lute and the drums inside the bonnet.
Facts and figures are gathered in a human head
above ears but the seat of Brahma calls for
the high voltage current of sublime surge.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Two Issues.....

There is a big question.
Poems are meant for whom?
Some say that poets write for their readers.
Others say that they write for themselves.

If poets write poetry for readers
then their creation will be less natural.
If poets write poetry for themselves
then they will be less reader-friendly.

Tagore`s songs are more popular
than his poems with the Bengali people.
Lots of abstruse poems remain obscure
as few bold hands try to unveil the thick veil.

Poems may be shallow or deep.
The number of layers is the soul of poetry.
If anything that looks like a poem is poetry
then hanuman chalisa is great poetry.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Two Mirrors...

Two mirrors
standing face to face
see what?

Standing in extravagant light?
Standing in a flood of darkness?

Does the poverty of reflections
break their glassy hearts?

Do they have any choice
about the reflections in them?
Even if they had
who would bother to care about it?

Would they have not lashed on
their disliked things
had they tongues
and were they sharp?

Then the God makes them mute
with a wise purpose?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Unalloyed Love

She can not see me
yet vividly describes my look.
She can not hear my words
yet she answers rightly
through her lip-language;
her gestures and gesticulation.
She can well sense my sound and sight
and feel my feeling without fail.
She is differently-able in all true senses.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Unbending Tree

A flesh and blood of kingly stature
with a modest wallet turned a beggar:
begging was not his cup of tea;
' lashing will ' like a mad whip free,
hard head refused to bend so low,
before a tsunami or moderate a flow,
uttered a prayer; fervent plea;
aimless wander in wilderness lea.
stooping seems never an ' easy-going'.
lion heart cries out at the loud heigh-ho?
all gems, rich gold; all jewellery,
fie on naked lies; all pseudo rivalry.
heart may sink down; head be high;
whispered or loud, a firm solo cry.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Under Carpet Love...

O darling don` t get me wrong
we` ll meet in the dark
as light` ll make us apart

O darling don` t get me wrong
I do fear as never wanna lose
my dear like a sad goose

O darling don` t get me wrong
so many dragon eyes glare
they may rip our full moon

O darling don` t get me wrong
what if we chat off the record
our hearts hold them in a rose petal board

O darling never get me wrong
for we know as we know
how much we love and care each other

O darling never ever get me wrong
we wanna go....go farther together
what if we get clever to get on for ever

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Unified Soul

Out of the 'Visage-cave'
buzz out a swarm of words
and take flight in a jiffy
with butterfly wings of a verse.
The flight or cluster goes up higher;
the bills, the urns and the nectar
rest in the azure cusp
with a halo sparkling brighter!
What benediction will occur?
Any silvery dust will they shower?
Once Jehovah offered holy mamma-dew
to a band of dog-tired travellers;
no such phenomenon will recur!
When dreams dream a verse
they pair and share a new universe;
light years away from this earthly curse.
Thus such flocks of words,
many or few,
crawl up into the hidden sanctum
and the 'Visage-vase'
now turns a verse.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Unique Bedroom!

Talks my bed room
In a metallic-soft tone;
I get company - -
Never ever alone.
Tells many nitty-gritty
Kinda close pal; so very cool-pretty!
Oh, my! Walls are alive- -
Throw all cozy talks
To boost up low drive!
I had no clue, my dreams they knew;
Took in old sorrow, bartered new joy;
Such a pep- friend may have very few!
Tell in a voice of four good angels- -
"All buds you have will bloom someday";
Then my face beams facing the top ceiling;
No moon droops there; only a fixed ray.

When I wake up, see them stand still;
Gone are by now dream like happy thrill.
Run my palms and rub on them well
With my heart open if now they tell...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Unique Courtship...

Unique courtship

An oriole is peeping out
from behind my desktop.

I`ll let it perch on the top edge
of my poetry machine.

I`ll listen to its sweet call
while yielding very new crops.

The lilac air from the lap-yard garden
is doting this liaison and the jealous pansy
is listening in our in-between cozy talks.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Venus Lines.....

When rainbow colors go blurred
and the giant world turns bleak,
I cringe and close my eyes.

Then my red rose flashes a love beam
and I roam about in the rose and lotus land
and I conceive a brand new rosy earth.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Versatility Is A Unique Quality!

Jack can be a master in many trades.
Each of us plays many roles in a day.
A cook prepares many food items.
One can be very uniquely many in one.

It depends on the quality and flexibility
of a person about how many roles they will fit into.
A complex personalty with many different strong traits
looks like a prism, that may puzzle regular sorts.

If a person is born with a reservoir of merits
many outlets will release quite evident outputs.
What wonders others is when someone walks down
two paths quite contrary to each other at the same time.

Well, versatility is such a unique and rare feature
that both dazzles and baffles if manifested prominently.
All minds are good mines but only some give us gold or diamond.
A few of us who are brilliant thinkers and excellent doers stand out.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Very Open...

A debate rocks
If a poet hides himself
Behind his poetry
Or he reveals himself
In a naked mystery.
Many say poets love lies;
And they put them in their art.
And add the color of their skill.
Poets are not like that....
A poet`s poetry is a living diary.
He tells the truth in his own way.
It may look poetic. It may read fantastic.
His poems are his talks; the words of his heart.
He is ever candid in a different way.
His poetry lovers can feel his moods.
The bond between a poet and his poetry
Is like that of a train and rail....
His readers know him more than his family...

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Very Tearing Contrast...

not two but many
persons live together
in my single personal self.
the bonhomie or camaraderie
is often missing badly and sadly.
they ensue scuffle and wrestle
among themselves in a bloody way.
their wild skirmish; my seething inside
quite often fumes bubbles up on the surface
and the quiet persona turns a chameleon.
the steady strife between cynical and good
Samaritan selves, between bohemian dereliction
and domestic ethics: several tangible entities
like provoked stout stallions pull very hard
into extremely opposite many directions.
Thus I find myself often broken into
many evident fragments and again unified
into a patched up shoddy complete self.
the increasing rift between two inimical selves
and nasty tug-of-war among other subordinate
ones bring about a drastic mercurial mood.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Very Unique Lovecraft!

All lovers have their love crafts;
faster and more reliable than spacecrafts!
They have a kind of shuttle journey
between the earth and all seven heavens!
Their fantasy could easily outdo any super science-fiction!
They are gifted with such a telepathy that runs faster than the fastest rocket!

Like many I and she have been to the space many times!
No meteoroid could puncture our spirits in our first steps into there!
Our love gravitation made us feel at ease beyond the pull of the Earth!
We hovered here and there along the thermosphere at our wild glee
and Hubble Space telescope could not capture our space fun!
We once got very close to the dwarf Pluto and Charon.

We had a fun of a carousel, swirling in the Whirlpool Galaxy!
Looking at the dazzling Star Cluster I pledged her my troth!
We played the run and touch in the Magnetosphere of the Uranus!
We together kissed on about sixty two moons of the infamous Saturn!
We dared the unwelcome Venus and put ourselves up there for a night.
The Mercury went green to see us fondling with no fear for next Mars Curse!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Village Politics.....

Village politics is a populour sad word.
Many villages in Bengal have learnt it for pain.
The poor bastion of red, green or lotus
goes through sudden capturing or recapturing.

Big thumbs give such cataclysms the nod.
The capital knows the ugly venom bags.
But the snake-charmers are eager to pet the vipers.
Poor villagers are bathed with the acid of power battery!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Voluptuous Drug

No problem

You preferred Paso doble

To Pas de deux.

Your pleading gesture

Racy pleasure

Pepped the raddled portraiture!

Your agile feet-work

Nimble stances

Revived the drooping fag-end

As a decrepit temple is renovated

Vigorously by youthful masons!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Walking Down The Last Lane!

Knapsack that hugs my upper back
Is the buddy-stash of bugging undoing!
So long! I`m gonna team up with the dolt broke!
The fear of being a loser will chase nevermore.
It haunted me long like a creepy stalker!

No hopes never now will run in a curvy graph!
Deflated tube stands no risk of puncture.
Loitering about the duffer-smart earth
Will take some break in one stuffy corner.
A unique intermission like a pot-smoker!

Pressed tight against a wall gives more freehand!
Blows, kicks or thrush...anything would go.
If all tries go in smoke, bruised mind will ache
Any may cry hard to the deaf air and the blind sky!
A beggar is neither a chooser nor a loser.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Water Against Fire!

when it rains it often pours
things get dripping drenched;
a lavish bonanza amidst dog days
slapping on the face of frowning dog star
thumbs down before the fiery crown!

artisans of good rain harvest
values each drop at every second.
as if godsend quite out of season
to pump some watery life into parched soil
divine shower blesses the earth with slushy foil!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

We Are Comrades...

Life`s gonna change a lot
In a couple of days.
Guess the change for better.
Long hard time`ll be gone soon.
No peskier tight situation.
Good time and bad time
Have their smell that
Reach earlier to persons or places.
Short or long stay; doesn`t matter;
The thing`s that change`s in the air.
Guess the change for better.
What more could I ask for
Once the sweats are known and prized?
I`ll be just beside myself
Once I get many hearts to survive...
Anyways, I`m gonna write many more writes.
So, bye for now; we`ll meet sometime just right.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

We Are Puzzles....

(V1)

We all are hard puzzles;
each of us is a big riddle.
We think we know each other.
We try it year after year
by all means hazy or clear
but we know each other never.

(V2)

We know many by their names.
We know some by their faces.
We choose our friends.
We are told who are close.
All say they are friends.
I see them as my eyes see my nose!

(V3) [Repeat once]

We are too kind to make many big promises.
Break them too often and give others great offense.
No other animals have so many mouths and faces!
We are proud of black sheep and snakes in the grasses!
Our super brain is the mastermind behind all terrific art!
We are supreme and we act like damn-cool-darn smart!

(V4) [Repeat once]

Things look calm, quiet and just perfect
until cupboard bonds cave in at a sudden quake!
We love to play each other playing a potent Lucifer!
We love to weave lies with the threads of truth laced fibers!
We love to feel happy and relish the daily banter!
Hard to say who is prey and who is a hunter!

(V5) [Repeat once]

I have put off my goggles and see the dark thing.
In concrete jungle somewhere I have lost my flash thing!
I am not a lame; no need of any positive crutch!
I see the naked grime and give a loud scratch!
It`s too hard to know well own self.
It`s ever hard to know well any other self!

(V1)

We all are hard puzzles;
each of us is a big riddle.
We think we know each other.

We try it year after year
by all means hazy or clear
but we know each other never.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

We Are Stupidly Bold!

Many old sayings are more than just gold.
They ever hold good and never go too old.
We are super fools and often go extra bold!
We choose silver in exchange of pure gold!

We often love someone
Who may or may not love back!
And turn down a true heart
That weeps ever back!

The one who is in front...
Looks at someone who is opposite to...
The one who is behind....
Looks at you or me in front.....

We often love someone
Who may or may not love back!
And turn down a true heart
That weeps ever back!

We cry and cry; cry a sea.....
At the times we are ignored time and again.
We forget that we ignored someone
Who weeps till then!
Wish love were not that blind arrow
That`d be shot even into the blank air!
Love suffers a hell lot of misfire!
Again a bleeding heart pines for a kind care!

We often love someone
Who may or may not love back!
And turn down a true heart
That weeps ever back!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

We Kill....

The sad Tajmahal
is looking at the sick Jamuna.
She is too ill to move like before.
He is not at all in pink health.
He needs lots of calcium and vitamin-E.
They are upset at the human mercy!
And humans are like humans.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

We Miss The Immediate Present....

We miss the immediate present.

We either look back
or look ahead.....
We hardly look down
at our feet.....

But once we learn that
moving far forward is not possible,
we lift our feet up and leap high
and understand, our feet rest not in a small place!

Life is mostly like a sandwich;
the present lies like the filling
between the past and the future breads!
We look at the top and the bottom and.....

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

We Must Have Love

Love is whatever but we must have it.
Bees with stings can not keep us off a honeycomb.
Our long distant relation bit off a chunk of the Apple.
And the lust has passed on to us through ages.

Animals, inferior or superior, must love
to figure out that they are nothing but animals.
Love is must to prove that we are better than objects.
Not much is known about the love of trees and insects.

Love is whatever but we must have it.
Our brain has a ready software for this.
Our heart has a ready microchip in it.
And our physique has ready hardware.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

We Will Never Die.

She is sick
in a running hell
far off me;
far off the land of mine and hers.

Her visiting mind
tweets mine
and I fall sick of anxious pangs.

Down with worries
wish I could fly
to the place she may lie
and tell her
we are sick of such a disease
that nothing can catch us
and we will never die.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Weavers Too Look At The Sky...

when a woodpecker
pecks at a hollow stem
his pains may be prized
or may just go in vain

the sky never wears a dark finery
of thick fleece of floating clouds
just to entertain an eager peacock
who`s dying to spread out the proud beauty

dead men never tell tales
but living voice stirs them in the graves
they die to let others live
all the years they would miss

hard to overhaul pig-headed undoings
yet like a bolt from the blue
one may hit the long desired jackpot
long before they kick the cursed bucket

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Were This Poem My Last Poem!

Were this poem my last poem!
No other poems would tell you many other things.

How I wish I could obscure
the remaining half voyage before anchoring the oblivion!

My daily poems like regular floods
erode fast the soil of my dream autobiography.

I am writing and depleting the varied forests
growing ritually and grown over years in my wild expanse.

Am I not sick of my life commentary
that keeps you alive of my goings-on?

Like Hercules I am lifting up my heavy soul globe
wearyed of many more poem attacks and poem counter attacks!

What if my dearly cultivated dreams backfire
and my dearly cherished love turns out to be a good Frankenstein?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

What Brings You Peace?

well, it varies from mind to mind
some vainly hunt and some easily find.
clever ones mostly disrupt the gifted prize
in the hot pursuit of pleasure and glitz.

my egoistic self finds fault with my folly
only fruitful efforts make my days jolly.
beaming faces of friends bring lots of delight
my grit loves to try out my own new might.

never attempt to catch up with a mirage
with too knitted brow or contorted visage.
measure my height before leaping to anything lofty
candy in the air never makes me too much jaunty.

modulate my wishes unlike the natives of Pisces
reign in wild wills and squirm like mud-fishes.
peace is not a product never in or out season
evasive may seem but much within your vision.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

What If.....?

What if I play, play and play
and never ever score a goal?

What if I make no friends;
sit and lie very alone?

What if I read, read and read
but never get a wisdom seed?

What if I love my love for nothing
and no word is never given?

What if I write many new poems
but never ever become a poet?

What if I die just in three days
and then just nothing remains?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

What Is A Poem?

A poem is a petite babe
that has all charming niches
and alluring sea like chasms...
When I read or write one myself
I am rocked by her tsunami waves.
A poem is like a widow mother
who has pored through the pages of sorrow
and has read out to her future walking sticks.
A poem is a solo violin, not that of Nero`s
that once relished devilish inferno,
but a lover of solitude draped soliloquy.
A poem is a pot of pampered bubbles
that holds the beaming bliss in her belly.
A poem is a poet`s choicest open page
that ventilates the inside boiling rage
and plays a messenger for an errand`s wage!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

What Is Poetry?

Poetry is the 'Forest of Arden'.
A dream land that hollers ' Eureka'.
A bee-hive that never goes dry.
A complex cobweb fashioned by intricate impulses.
A Belgium mirror that reflects keen intuition.
The queen of all fine arts with a revolving hallowed orb.
Poetry is placid sedatives for revelers who make whoopee.
A fair ground for gypsy thrill of inexplicable excitement.
Poetry is very concrete with abstract soul.
A kind ventilator of claustrophobic minds.
Manna for the mystics and ambrosial fluid
to the eternal thirsty sages and hermits.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

What Is Purely Pure?

My mother speaks in Bengali.
My mind speaks in English.

But English is not like French
Spanish, Latin or Sanskrit.

Like a kaleidoscopic of color
it wears many Halloween masks
with its soul made of a heterogeneous mesh of souls!

I have seen many love at first sights
straying into an astray or a blind alley
or ending in a frustrating labyrinth.

I laugh to myself
while reading As You Like It
while Rosalind in disguise is busy
in teasing the poor Orlando!

Practical jokes in a real life
mock at sheepish theories.
Shakespearean wisdom
now flashes a monkey smile!

Milkmen and women know it well
how much water is added to the white fuel.

Whose mind is but a prostitute- -
a flower, a thorn and even a sharp weapon?

Paragons of tragedies
show their yellowish teeth at baggy comedies!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

What To Say...?

What to say when you know everything?
Description is the job of an experience.
Explanation is the job of knowledge.
Feeling is the job of both desires and emotions.

What to say when you know everything?
Nothing to add to your realization.
For opinions are like weathercocks.
The end of the day will write of the day.

What to say when you know everything?
Do you not know everything?
Knowing soars and plummets.
Do you swallow swallows from open mouths?

What to say when you know everything?
Wait before you say that you know everything.
For knowledge is growing kid.
And wisdom comes in the end.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

What Will Poets Do?

Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the Earth. (The Bible)

Do poets only grow and count
the number of fig trees grown
in their personal Forest of Arden?

Is each of them a repository of wit?
Like a sage of the East?
Or just a lotus eater idealist
that loves to suck the mythical elixir
from some fanciful pansies?

Do they serve to communities
societies and above all humanity?
Art is never just an elite decorative piece
to adorn the crowns in echelons.

Is poetry not the queen of all arts?
With the hallow of many cosmic rays?
But do the divine shafts reach out to
the remotest corners of this gigantic globe?

Is the blessing of creation
just to attain selfish gratification?
Patriotic and devotional poems
have passed on to the G-4 generation
in the hands occupied with latest gadgets.

Some stern norms of all poetry sites
block out loudly bold poems that shout against
iron hands and modern monarchs
and stand by the blessed souls.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

When A Grief Sucks- - - - -

when grief sucks
the pink fluid of
my receptive mind,
my spirits cowers
at the corner of walls,
the self-appointed
bouncer inside fights,
fails and badly falls;
I just pray to the unseen;
see Him with my inner eye- - -
utter the words borrowed
from my parents and grand parents
farthest ancestors and - - - - -
silent answers reach
my claustrophobic heart- -
And my sunken self
rebounds from the
dark pit of despair- -
He leaves in a jiffy;
an inbox message
on my mind e-mail- -
I have to open and read it
over and over, over and again
as I forget and commit- -
as a humble human.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

When I Go Within...

get both giddy and dizzy
on an introspective journey within;
see many queer fishes romping about
but they wriggle out from my attempted grips!
slink ahead and dig out a few rusted diaries
the cranky pages try to throttle my river veins!
discover there some incongruous smashed busts
now reduced to scrapes but who`ll buy!
looked up into the larger sky
and gazed at the soaring eagle
that loves to hover loftily high!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

When Worries Turn Wolves...

When worries turn wolves....
Some worries are just bad beasts.
They close in on like wild wolves;
The prey mind like a gazelle
Flees from the lush green pasture
And runs pell-mell in a look out for a shelter.
A stop watch counts all the rapid heartbeats.
All heavy pants will gather in a private history!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

When You Come, Comes Music...

When you come, comes music
close to me and deep in life.
Now my poetry gets a combo
and my heart a beating bongo.

I was dead quite a while
as I drank pure female guile.
Took my hands in your ones
and I live now in your years.

I am in the seventh heaven
on your pep-touch in the real Arden.
I will sing all the times
bidding goodbye to Edger`s raven.

Your kisses wake a slumber
And I will go for Adam`s blunder.
Our story will tell a different tale
As we will write our own Bible.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

When You...

when you lock yourself in my arms
as a chunk of iron does to a block of magnet

when your west wind breaths
blow across my love drinking chest

and in no time brews love drugged storm
to sweep over my hilly rocky geography

stirring up all the many chemical compounds
in me and in you as per the physics of love

i see great nature in you
i drink the green potion kept in your font

the seething and shimmering organic biology
crafts poetry of purely romantic comedy

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

White Tears Of Black Sorrow!

A piece of news on an electronic media
had a mild ripple in the shallow pool.
One young girl made a naive try to stop
her dark night existence and now in a hospital
she regrets her failure and rails at her lot.

The azure sky is fair and beautiful
but if it never gets black with dark clouds
there won` t be rains and crops and.....

The girl`s father is not in the frame of a mind
to understand a black diamond; all he wants
is white; diamond does not matter to him.

All that matters to him is the cover; the skin-
may it be overly looked after by Fair and lovely!
Daily abuses hurled by him at his daughter
have some nasty blisters on the feminine heart.

Ah! all the tear drops she sheds are whitish!
A black butt of thorny humiliation at home!

Her attempts may meet with success someday
but the stoic Earth bears with many mental fellows.
Most of the viewers as usual are ever damn callous.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Who Called You?

Who called you?
Don't cross the doorstep.
Don't come into the room.
Was the door kept ajar?
How did you get so near?

I never called in.
You were never sent for.
I won't give in.
You may count times four!

Why you are here?
I won't go anywhere.
My home is sweet home.
I'll stay in this room.

You bring so chill air!
It douses my summer fire!
Get off, I say, right now.
I won't ever bow...

I can't make them feel sad - -
Who, I know, will miss me hell bad!
They are all pretty good.
And with them I am damn glad.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Who Is The Brewer?

my temper is like a storm
that worries all the due resentments
crowded in the inside wide veranda;
venting bile-bitter spleen is like
sweeping those prickly specs
with a sprung up spooky broom!
even i never dare it to groom!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Who Knows How Many Pages Are Yet To Run....?

While adding a new line
a minute and a page a day
to an anonymous autobiography
this life meets some poems
what spread across the last a few hundred pages
in the a little over half written draft.

They are strewn like natural gems
like some good pauses in shape of commas and semicolons
between two short and long prosaic phrases and speeches
all over the last couple of a bit poetic years.

Days, months and years enjoy the courtship with the fate
and cash in on all the cruelty unleashed by the unseen thing.
The elixir is strained out from the gifted pebbles and stones
not thrown at but dumped upon the poor scribbles on personal pages.

In between some lines with bold periods at their ends
some planets along with some constellation are seen to be smirking
at the afflicted birth sign and arrogant ascendent.
But a scorpion partnered with a crab will steal some stars!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Who Loves To Be A Killjoy?

O rain, will you, please, stop for sometime?
My wait has waited for long hours
and this time is very near to the prime!

It seems ages since we met
and my eyes gaze at the main gate!
She could be here anytime.

Why you are being so hard?
My eyes can` t catch the road.
The vision around is going blurred!

My heart is thumping in fear.
She must be waiting somewhere near!
The time is passing out; it`s now over an hour!

The afternoon is now rat drenched.
My heart sinks in the ocean trench!
I plead with you soon be over.
How long should we two suffer!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Who Will Listen To This Voice?

O daddy, mummy, tell me
What day is my holiday?
Weekdays wear out in school classes.
All days are important even some Saturdays!

Sunday is a long day!
It`s not any better.
Daytime is eaten up by the busy coaching center.
Afternoon is too short and evening hops faster!

O daddy, mummy, tell me
When shall I play my darling guitar?
The sketch on my drawing page calls for some color.
The river is drying and missing its murmur!

I learn moral science in convent discipline.
But too stern a situation shunts my spleen!
Get up pretty early to get ready for the rush!
Doze off on a daily journey in a big yellow bus!

Exams are wolves and semesters leopards!
They keep chasing and easily catch us!
Like trapped rats we make some vain try!
Python routine crushes us and we vainly cry!

You tell me to wait till I am a big man.
Can a grown up man be a child?
Something pokes on my mind now and then.
Shall I get this age back the same as childlike wild?

O daddy, mummy, tell me
What shall I do if monotone kills me from inside?
If I go out of puff on the way
Will you spread out your hands kind?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Who`ll Hinder The Inevitable?

Ruthless hatchet of iron-hands
may slay many selfless, upright heads
but their martyrdom will surely
sing a joyous anthem and their progeny
will boldly dare any death-knell.

We can turn a flood-light off
and blind all neon-street towers
but who`ll blindfold the helium father?

So many pilgrims perish
in half-way willful acid-test;
so many wishes hide in the ozone sphere
but their faith has banyan leg and growing arms!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Whose Space?

when ravens make a jury
and judge doves` coo
or cuckoos` neoclassical songs
the poor singers are sure to fail
at the mercy of self-proclaimed maestro.
judges now breed with hushed creed
and the true performers must care bullshit!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Why And How Loves Occur?

I could guess a number of reasons why
She should not love me; let alone that much.
But I really cannot figure out why she loves me so much.
Yeah, I know, love is too delicate and intricate to be reasoned out.
Still I am more curious than being excited as I fail to fix it.
Maybe I am way too skeptic and not that rash romantic.
Yet there must be a law or laws of love too.
I look forward to the finding of your research on it.
Don` t just offer me the potion to be under the spell.
Maybe I will be able to discover it before I answer my death-knell.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Why Don` t You Hate Me?

Don't kill me with your love.
let me live with your hate
let me live with my strength
redoubled by the poison.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Why Nature Is Ever A Wonder?

Gurgling waterfalls awe many.
Melodious fountains spell to wonder.
Fools get into stupid comparison.

Nature is like Lord Krishna.
It has both masculine and feminine attributes!
It has both enormous strength and immense charm!
The two in one ever feeds the creative minds!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Wild Orchids

You look so uniquely different
and so differently beautiful
in unique shapes and sizes
and kindly open up
your inherent varicolored
exotic splendor.
the versatile grandeur
with prolific bliss
offers the aesthetic eyes
very divine beauty kiss!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Will You And Will You Not.....?

will you cast me away
if i get poor in sway
if i lose my heart
and wear a grumpy face
with little tinge of the last glide`s trace?

will you not forgive my sage eyes
that go blind with too much philosophical light?
and the mind that stirs at the sniff of the tempest
with its legs rooted in the shore quite afar the sea?
and the poor soul that knows yet misses the goal
for it hovers and flutters and rubbernecks the whole?

will you not forgive your lover
a poet who bears the runny pain of an active volcano?
and an escapist who sees light in the power cut night?
and a vocalist who wakes up a long gone dead?
and a moron who sees into a storybook romance
and binds into bale all the elicited morbid grains?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Will You Define Me 'A Poet'?

If poetry is as abstract as mythology
Then I am not a poet.
If poetry is a flight of fantasy
Then I am not a poet.
And if poetry has to be abstruse
Then I am not at all a poet.
My poems are Belgium mirrors.
They reflect the reality

My poems come out from the souls of
Catchy joys and touchy sorrows.
They play the spokesperson of
A capricious mind and volatile life.
If telling the truth in poetic way is poetry
Then I am surely more than a poetry writer.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Will You, Please...

Will you once come over here?
So badly I need you;
I need you my dear.
My love`s run out;
I need a full feeling.
My heart`s gone arid;
It needs a good tilling.

Maybe just once
Like a great chance;
I`ll try it out
Like a drowning hand
Catches at a straw.
I badly need you;
I need a way out.

Ah! Out is the dagger
That once you offered.
Put right into the heart
And it bled bloody smart.
Ah! That dagger is fine.
It tells a sad tale- -
How it poisoned your heart
And why it went into mine.

Will you once more come over here?
I really badly need you, my dear.
Will you, will you do me a favor?
Just the very very last favor.
Love me, love me, more than ever.
You may choose the other in order.
You may lay your hands on me
With this old, love dagger.
This time make it double sure
That it does its work.
I`ll be happy whatever is your favor.
I need you, badly need you, my dear.

Willful Downfall!

Arteries transmit all habits to brain
And come out Hitler from all veins.
Undaunted human hand slams on Pluto
Trifling the holy ambrosia:
Let the red cloth wrapped whooping
Book of divine itinerary lie idle!
Let the inferno gutted purified golden plaque
Deck my forehead up in the next birth!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Wind And Storm

Wind blows
Storm rages
Things dance in the blow
Things go awry in a storm

Wind is welcome
Storm is hostile
Wind has rhythm
Storm is reckless

Wind brings joy
Storm brings changes
You may like wind
You may like storm

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Winter Herself Is Romantic!

O shyly blushed beauty
your dewy veil is tenderly
lifted by nervously hesitant
late morning sun rays...
in your tight love embrace
the masculine eye of the day
gives an effeminate look everywhere!
the warm courtship in pleasant afternoon
without warm clothes feels nicely naked!
the Moon`s hubby retires early to his chamber
longer night gets resonate with the clandestine whisper!
all the possible onlookers curl themselves up
under an idle soft quilt! even nocturnal hearts
get reluctant for any adventurous foray!
the air is rift with a dizzy rumor
whether you have the curious affair
with the mellow light or long silent night!
so cool you are and so uniquely fair!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Winter Herself Is Very Romantic!

O shyly blushed beauty
your dewy veil is tenderly
lifted by nervously hesitant
late morning sun rays...
in your tight love embrace
the masculine eye of the day
gives an effeminate look everywhere!
the warm courtship in pleasant afternoon
without warm clothes feels nicely naked!
the Moon`s hubby retires early to his chamber
longer night gets resonate with the clandestine whisper!
all the possible onlookers curl themselves up
under an idle soft quilt! even nocturnal hearts
get reluctant for any adventurous foray!
the air is rift with a dizzy rumor
whether you have the curious affair
with the mellow light or long silent night!
so cool you are and so uniquely fair!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Wisdom And.....

Wisdom makes one wise.
But it takes many things.
A wise human misses and loses a lot.
One of its side effects is long-sightedness.

It looks down upon gross pleasure.
It sees the cloud of consequences.
It smells the rotten rat almost everywhere.
It makes one more thinker than a doer.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Women In My Eyes...

tender physical existence
piously responsible firm at heart
warm with plentiful affection
for all kids of the Earth.
a devout homemaker
and a diplomatic tactful boss
and if need be a violent annihilator
to obliterate the raised serpent hood evil.
an inexplicable power of powerful illusion
gets epitomized in an image of each woman.
an woman again stands as a dark protagonist
behind the tragic screen of each epic!
my mother provided to me the wholesome life
in my girlfriends` rosy company discovered
the masculine virility in feminine paradise
and again my daughters` eyes give me a hearty look
as balmy silvery as that of my dear mother.
a woman is an immense dormant power
if only the will is kind and good
this world is heaven with divine bliss.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Words Are Clever But Works, Real Smart...

Words have no business
When works get good jobs;
What you say may not die
But what you do make you living.
Tell any tale that you may love
But if it is about you; got to prove
That you mean what you say
And your track has the same say.
Failures live on lame excuses.
They may come as the blessing of luck!
But it is success that makes a story.
And all love to suck the shaft of such glory!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Words Stay....

Acts and their rich fruits
stomp across the boundaries.
Words may run or fly;
they too stand and never die!

Talks are never just nothing!
They are often really something.
Parables are ever golden treasure
and great quotes yet wisdom shower!

Besides the acts, the words of first love
remain cuddled in the ever pink cove!
Shall we ever forget the sharp arrow
that we have to swallow with a sulky furrow?

All words are never like a bubble.
Just make a noise like many a rubble.
Words come out in busy talks.
And talking too is one of the acts.

Acts and their rich fruits
stomp across the boundaries.
Words may run or fly;
they too stand and never die!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

World Poetry Day

I learned, 21st March is the World Poetry Day
only yesterday in the late evening.
My television played the messenger
and offered me this proud piece of information.
World Poetry is getting a sumo
with a number of new poems
everyday, every minute.
Horde of poetry sites, a few e-journals
digital mags, the festivals and contests
together like a glorious ensign flutters aloft
in zephyr or in violent tempestuous air
on the lofty pole of the ancient poetry chariot.
The track of world literature is slippery with
the showered lubricant of novella, flash fiction, fiction
glittering numerous potboilers...
Yet the resolute and robust wheels of the quaint dignity
roll on and roll ahead along the road towards the Seven Gates.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

X Has No Fear Factor...

X has no fear factor
he once set fire on fear
to meet many sisters of danger

on the gutted throbs his guts grew
never withdrew under any fire
dreadful or painful aftermath is his energy chew

such a weirdly rare
is born to set the world on fire
his impulse stream has many drive-currents

libido follies and medieval thrills
gladiator mettle and warrior zeal
bring him often close to a banshee shrill

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Yeah, We Are On The Way.

Isn't it great when you're on the way?
Why on earth we should measure
The distance that we've traveled
The distance that's yet to be traversed?
Isn't the journey itself greater
Than the moment when the road ends
Or bends somewhere maybe unknown?
It's cool if all the wayfarers share their joy
And sorrow and never feel mad in a quiver like arrows!
Alleluia! We are on the way and move inches or yards ahead.
Is our journey not even half-way decent?
We are more than just happy for we have
Made the move and not stayed in any in-between stage!
Who knows what tomorrows have for us in store?

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Yes, Bro...

Yes, bro...

my poems now speak
not with tongue in cheek.
they may shout with their lungs out
maybe unlike before now up the spout.

Yes, bro.....

my poems have put off downy wear
to fix things up bizarrely sheer.
they have slipped out from a geometry box
taking off the garb of a faddy fox.

Yes, bro....

my poems now strain their voice box
and come out not giving a single toss.
I`ll speak more in my poems
than I used to write in my talks.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Yet...

Sentimental love songs
sing eulogies or elegies.

A sojourn soiree gathers
numbers for a solemn dirge.

Moth-eaten verses make a lyric.
Dragonflies and butterflies both are insects.

Time sees them with blind eyes.
Time hear their joy with deaf ears.

Yet love breeds in each of all minutes.
And love grows in each of all seconds.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

You And The Butterfly.....

You have brought a butterfly
and let it fly in my somber hut.
Its colorful wings carry my mind
and take fragrance from the maiden love.

I stare and enjoy its proud play.
Young and wild turn I may!
I feel like a slave to its beauty.
Such a gift you have gifted, O sweetie!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

You Better Talk To Them...

I do talk with my poems.
They`ll speak all my words.
I have no such hush-hush tale
That should be between me and them.
My poems are my comrades.
They see the big world as I see.
They hear the large crowd as I do.
If I happen to win a battle
They are up to win a war.
They are the loud voice- -
They read out my open pages.
Once they go dead-mute
I will turn a stupid tomb.
We wake up together - -
But they never go to sleep.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

You Can Not Kill Me...

you hit me just bang on time
you hit me
you gave me one banshee rhyme
you gave me
you purred like a black cat
when you lapped up rosy blood

no- I am not a zombie.
never was I a lapdog.
I need no fake love.
I need not.....
you may not know
my poetry-age.
I am a ripe old sage
asleep and very awake
on my burning poetry-pyre.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

You Can Win But Can You Own A Forest?

You want to own this forest.
Okay. Go and own it.

The piece of land will be yours.
The desultorily or densely crowded trees will be yours.
The fruits of all sorts, if there are or will be any, will be yours.
All the dead boughs, twigs and leaves gathered in the shadows
on the ground, once you own it, will be yours.
Some or many timbers, if you love to kill..., will be only yours.

You want to be a master like the selfish giant?
You can possess a land but a forest is not just a piece of land.

You can not control the birds that may love to visit
and love to stay here in summer or winter.
You can not control the golden light
raining into its every nook and corner.
You can not control the wild weeds at the feet
of some or many trees or anywhere they love to grow like themselves.
And creepers what will entwine their chosen trunks
like soft ropes around the chosen bodies
will not hear your voice and will not care your eyes.

Some half buried and half upright rocks

will wear emerald moss cover along with old trunks.

You can not stay up all nights
and stand a guard like a night guard.
A forest as a part of nature knows well how to play with the moon!
And darkness knows how to spell a wild magic.

A forest is not a plant in a pot placed in your chosen spot.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

You Chose The Gift Above The Giver!

You yet love the name
that I once gave to you
as a sweet love name.
You yet love to be called by
that old name
by what this voice called you
with all love for the first time.
Only that love is gone!
Yet you love only the name!

Your face would beam like diamond
when I called you in whisper or sound
by the pet name I once named.
You hold the name yet dear to you.
You love all to call you by the same.
The name once I gave you is now your nickname!
You find any other voice friendly and lovely
that knows and calls you by the name!
You don` t smile anymore let alone proud smiles
when you are called with love by your old flame!

You would love to fill a blank page
with love calligraphy in a love-name sketch!
You wrote it everywhere; on your books and notebooks.
You had fun with it in preteen wild craze!
Ah! You have clung to the name since you were christened.
Only the love is gone that earned you the name!
O baby, really you are great and greater is your love!
You pull in love-fold and then in a while give a good shove!
O baby, really you are great and greater is your love!

You yet love the name
that I once gave to you
as a sweet love name.
You yet love to be called by
that old name
by what this voice called you
with all love for the first time.
Only that love is gone!

Yet you love only the name!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

You Guys Are True Buddies...

Kudos to all of you.
A lot and lots of love...
Been with me and hope, will be ever
By my side comes whatever.
Times bad and good have clearly shown;
You ain't gonna ever leave me alone.

I'm sorry, super sorry
If I ever hurt any heart
With words or acts;
Too caustic or piquant!
I give you my word,
My tongue's no more a sword;
It won't cut or chop...
And hard I'll try
Never to make one cry.

Just be with me as you are
Like before and for ever;
I'll bring to you glory and joy
Come may what, doesn't matter.
As a return gift of your immense love
I'll gift you back more poems and songs.
I tell you now, I'll make it sure
That I bring you smiles and world of fun;
No more worries what may happen
We'll face it and never run....

As love's our super bond,
None and nothing can make us bend.
We're through the worst time;
Know now how to use the time prime.
Just be with me as you are
Like before and for ever.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Your 'yes' Will Open The World

An awful fear has clutched
My growing-up will.
When your 'NOs'
Echo inside hard
My heart throbs,
Throbs my heart.
I wish you stepped forward
And walked yourself a few yards,
You would have, for sure,
Met my over stretched arms
That wait for you and
Will wait forever.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Your Eyes...

No, I could not see your soul
through your open windows;
all the times I cast a fond or an intent gaze
I got me stuck in the pathway maze!
All the times I looked into your voiced pupils
I found my miniature self; auto-caricature image!
Your eyes have neither white nor black magic
but they have a divine pull of a virgin brown cascade!

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

Zindagi And Life...

zindagi ke har pal
ajnabi lahar ki
muskan vora
namkin gharai halchal
maut ke samundar me
ek bund pani bhi
sagar kehelati hai
zjindagi pine se
har pal lahar ho jata hai.

each and every moment of life
is nothing but a unique confluence
of exotic ripples borne smiles and tears;
in the vast ocean of death
even a drop of water is a part of sea!
once life is consumed to the lees
each and every moment in it
turns itself a self-willed ripple!

Let me admit that my knowledge in Hindi is very poor. I`m just trying to learn it.
Please forgive the mistakes.

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL

?????? ?????? ???????

?? ????? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ??????? ?????
?????? ??????? ?????? ??????? ??????? ?????? ???????
????? ?? ??? ?????????? ??????? ??????
????????? ??? ??????? ?????? ??????? ??????????????

?????? ?????? ??????????? ?????????????????? ?????? ??????
??? ??????? ??????? ?????????? ??????? ??? ?????? ?????????????? ??????????
??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????? ?????? ??????????
??? ?????? ??????? ?????? ?????????? ??????? ??? ??????

?????? ??????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????????? ???
????? ?????? ?????? ??????? ?????? ??????? ?????????????????? ??????????????????
????????? ?????? ?????? ??????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ???????
????????? ?????? ?????? ??????? ??????? ??????? ?????? ??????? ?????? ???????

PARTHA SARATHI PAUL